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THE
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THE
COTTAGE LAMP.

AN AID TO HAPPINESS
IN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

"THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORDS GIVETH LIGHT; IT GIVETH UNDERSTANDING UNTO
THE SIMPLE."—PSALM CXIX. 130.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1853.



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THE COTTAGE LAMP.

SAVED OR LOST?

My friends, when this little tract meets you, we shall have begun a new year; it will reach a great many of you upon new year's day; and I hope all who take in THE COTTAGE LAMP will have opened this year with "prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving." My dear readers, it is my most earnest hope and prayer, that "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may keep your hearts and minds, through Jesus Christ."

It is a grievous thing to think how much we need stirring up about our souls—how dead and indifferent we are about our everlasting condition—how contented we are to know nothing at all about these great things; while we labour night and day to get a living for our bodies, and keep a close account of how our worldly affairs stand, for fear we should get the wrong side of the post, and suffer loss.

In the morning of the resurrection, my friends, there will be "a great cry." We shall have risen up, most of us, on *this* new year's morning, alive, and well, and cheery; going forth to our daily business, and looking forward to lengthening days, and busier seasons. But in the morning of the resurrection there will be a great cry! Oh! think what a wail our ears will hear when *that* new year's morning dawns, and sinners wake up from their heavy sleep of carnal security to the dreadful sight of Jesus Christ coming in all His glorious majesty, to "judge the world with righteousness, and the people with His truth." Do let us think now of what we shall feel *then*. Do let us consider a little how we shall ever bear all the horrors and terrors of that great day, which is drawing very near us, and which some of us will know a great deal about before the end of this new year. We cannot

get away from that day by refusing to think about it, and make ourselves ready for it; it *will come*—it will not tarry; every living soul will be awake, and up, and stirring, on that dreadful morning, and, oh! there will be a very great and bitter cry!

My friends, you know very well in your hearts that you are living ungodly lives—you are living lives that will not bear the searching eye of God; you would not like your neighbours to see and know *all* you are doing and thinking; you would not like a man to sit in judgment upon your walk and conversation, because we are all sharp-sighted about each others' faults, and can see a good deal more than we sometimes speak of. How then shall we bear the sifting of God, "from whom no secret is hid," and who knoweth the thoughts of our hearts, and the meaning of all our ways? You know very well that your ways will not do to be looked into; you know you are not living up to the Bible rule; and it is the greatest wonder in the whole world, that in this state people should be so little concerned about the matter. It is the devil's work this; it is his great business to keep people quiet and asleep while the house is burning over their heads, and he is robbing them of all they have.

My friends, these are not pleasant things to say or to hear; but they are still more unpleasant to feel and to know; and I want very much to stir you up to think about them while there is time to mend matters; for though it does not much signify whether you are fed and clothed on earth, it signifies a great deal whether you are saved or lost for ever; and one or the other you must be, because there is no third place to go to after death. The Roman Catholics think there is: they think there is a place called purgatory, where sins are punished, and souls cleaned up and white-washed for heaven; but I have never yet found the passage in the Bible that tells us this, and I have hunted for it from one end of Scripture to the other. It may be among the traditions of men; but in the Bible it is not; and we are now talking of what God's Word teaches, and not what men choose to say.

When the morning of the resurrection comes there will be a great cry. As in the day of Noah, when the flood came, the world will be going on just as it is now. Worldly business will be carried on; men will be working in the shop, in the forge, in the fields, in the streets, on the railroads; they will be ploughing, and digging, and threshing, and hammering, and grinding; they will be thinking of anything else in the wide world than their own souls.

But a great and sudden cry will rise up from the earth ; men will rush out from the beer-houses, the play-houses, the dark unseen dens of secret wickedness, which will be all broken up, and brought to light in the twinkling of an eye ! Wives, and mothers, and sisters, and friends, will rush out too, from their homes and kindred, at the sound of that dismal, piercing cry ! There will be a shaking, and uprooting, among kindreds, and peoples, and nations, and tongues ; there will be no thought for our friends and families at that morning's dawn ; but every man will quake with fear because of his own soul ! Depend upon it, terror like this will make us forget everybody and everything but the Judge, and the burning lake that yawns before us.

There are many signs in the world now that warn us that the great new year's day is at hand. The prophecies of the Bible are coming very fast indeed to pass ; and one of the most wonderful of all the signs is, that the City of Jerusalem is being again inhabited, and talked about, like other great cities of the earth. For hundreds of years we never heard the name of Jerusalem, or saw it written about, except in the Bible ; it lay desolate and forgotten, among the wild people that have lived in the Holy Land since the city was broken down and burned with fire. Now, the time is come for Jerusalem to awake, and shake herself from the dust. The Lord stirred up the hearts of two great sovereigns, the Queen of England and the King of Prussia, to "remember Jerusalem," and they have built a Christian, a Protestant Church upon the very place where the Temple used to stand ; so that Jesus Christ, the despised Nazarene—the crucified One—is set forth, and preached, and glorified, on the very spot where he was hated, and rejected of men ! Oh ! my friends, this is a very great sign that the second coming of Jesus Christ is at hand ; that the great new year's day is about to dawn, that "great and terrible day of the Lord," for Jerusalem was to lie in the dust, and none were to build up her waste places, until "the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

The day of our death is, indeed, the second coming of Christ to every one. Whether Jesus Christ comes to us, or we go to Him, makes no real difference to us ; the great new year's day will come whichever way the Lord appoints it ; but in one of these two ways only can it come, and it is a matter of very great concern to us to be ready for it when it does come. "Be ye, therefore, ready," says our Lord Jesus Christ ; and if we are waiting

and watching, like faithful servants, that great day may come "as a thief in the night," but we shall not be startled or affrighted; we shall be able to say, with a shout of joy, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

My friends, with these signs and tokens before us; with the Bible in our hands, calling us to repentance, and warning us that "the time is short;" do not let us say to ourselves, and to our poor, dark, dead hearts, "peace and safety," because, if we do, "sudden destruction" will come upon us, and we "shall not escape." The Bible tells us this, and very solemnly too. Let us rather cry out with tears, "What must I do to be saved?"

Look to this matter, dear readers, without loss of time, now. Remember the great new year's day, when you can look to nothing, for "there will be no place for repentance" then, though you should "seek it carefully with tears." All this must be done *now*, and got ready against that day, or else we shall curse the day that ever we were born.

Ask yourselves one plain and serious question before you lay down this little tract—Am I saved, or lost?

Cannot you answer this? Do not be content to say, "I am sure I do not know. I hope I shall be saved; but who is to know whether they are or not till the judgment day comes?" Oh! pray do not be content to say this; pray do not sit down quietly with such a tremendous question as this unsettled. If you cannot tell whether you are saved, depend upon it you are lost, or in the way to be lost; for no man ever died in a saved state yet, without knowing it. A man may die in a lost state, and not know it, because the devil will do all he can to keep the conscience asleep and quiet; and sometimes he does this to the very last; but no man dies in a saved state, without knowing it, and, therefore, if you do not know that you are saved, never give sleep to your eyes, or slumber to your eyelids, until you have found it out.

Let me ask you a question or two, and answer me. Do you know Jesus Christ? Do you love Him? Have you accepted Him as your Saviour? Have you taken refuge in His blood, His righteousness, His redemption? Have you embraced Him with the arms of faith, as the only hope of sinners, and felt your burden of sins taken away by the healing touch? Are you changed from what you were before to something new? Are your heart and affections set upon different things to what they

used to be ; things of heaven and not things of earth ? And are you trying with all your might to walk humbly and godly, examining yourselves as if you were your own enemy, and fighting as hard against your sins and iniquities as if they were highwaymen struggling to rob and murder you ?

If you can say "Yes," with all your heart, to these questions, my dear friends, you will not need *me* to tell you how you stand with God. You have the "Spirit of adoption," that Spirit which "beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God;" you are already watching for the great new year's day, and waiting for it to come. You can readily and cheerfully answer the question—Am I saved, or lost ?

If you cannot answer it—if you cannot understand the matter clearly—look to it ; you are in a desperate state. It is a matter which *must* be settled this side the grave, if we are to be saved at all. It is no matter of chance ; we shall not be chosen for our good deeds, or voted for like members of parliament, or balloted for like members of clubs, and other bodies of men, who cannot tell till the polling or balloting is over whether they are chosen or not. No. We must make "our calling and election *sure*;" we must know all about it beforehand, and wait with patience till the time comes for us "to enter into the joy of our Lord." There must be no *peradventure* in this matter ; and he who is content to know nothing for certain while he is in the body, will be calling upon the mountains to fall upon him, and the hills to cover him, when the great new year's morning dawns.

Some people say it is great presumption and proud boasting to believe we are already saved. I cannot see it. If it was for our great goodness that we were to be accepted of God, it might well become us to be humble and fearful, and not confident of the matter ; but when it is for the sake of Jesus Christ's great name, and blood, and merits, and atonement, which God owns, and honours, and accepts, that poor lost sinners are pardoned and justified, I cannot see where boasting or presumption lies. It is only believing "the record God gave of His Son," which saves us, and there is no self-righteousness or proud boasting in this. The "record" itself is our warrant ; for what does it declare to us ? "That God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Then St. John goes on to say, in the same chapter, 2 John v., "These things have I written unto

you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye may have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." Now, here we are told that *we may know that we have eternal life*. It is a fact we *may know*, and be satisfied of; we have a scriptural assurance of this. Where, then, is the presumption and boasting? If we had the title-deeds of a fine estate given to us, we should be ready enough to call ourselves owners of the land, and enjoy the possession of it: why not be as secure and as joyful in the title-deeds of eternal life which God has given us in His Son?

There are hypocrites, I grant you, who say they believe and are saved, when they do no such thing; but this does not upset the Bible command. We are not to say, we will not stand upon Bible ground, because our neighbour yonder pretends to do so too, and we know him to be a hypocrite. The wheat and the tares *are* to grow in the same field, and to spring up out of the same soil. Leave all that to God; you have no cause to meddle and pry into that matter. Do *you* stand on Bible ground, and see that *you yourself* are not a hypocrite. Judge yourself, that you be not judged; but do not refuse to do what God bids you, just because your neighbour brings discredit upon the cause of Christ, and makes men think and speak hard things against you. "Show your faith by your works," my friends, as St. James bids us, and you will soon live down reproach. If not, never mind. You will be cleared when the great new year comes, and eternity is quite long enough to be happy in, and to enjoy the favour of the Lord, and all your fellow-saints. What you have to do is to *believe the record*, and *know* that you *have* eternal life; and then "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."

My dear friends, this is a great matter—a very great matter, indeed. "It is high time to awake out of sleep;" "the day is at hand;" that great day of the Lord, which shall "burn as an oven." Pray do think about it. Pray do begin this new year with deep thoughts about the great new year, which will never grow old, or come to an end, either in heaven or hell; and do ask yourselves the solemn question, Am I saved, or lost? There is no other question in the whole wide world of so much consequence as this—no, nor anything like it. It is the one great question of life or death. Every thing hangs upon it. As I said just now, if you do not feel sure that you are saved, or if you do not know

any thing at all about the matter, look to it; for you are in a very dangerous state. Remember, it is nothing in *yourself*, or of *yourself*, that saves you; but only, simply, and singly, *Jesus Christ the Righteous*. There is nothing to puff you up, or cause vain boasting here. *A sinner saved by grace* is all you can call yourself at the very best; and the dust is the only place for us to lie in before the footstool of Christ's throne. "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay; but by the law of faith."

Dear readers, I close as I began. May this new year, and, oh! may the greatest new year of all, be richly blessed to you! May you "*know that you have eternal life*," and may "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds, through Jesus Christ." Amen.

JACOB LAWRENCE.

THE opening of a new year is a loud call to all men, whether high or low, learned or unlearned, to consider their ways. We are all children of one Father, and His commands are addressed to us as such—there is no law for the rich but that which is also for the poor; and none can slip through its meshes, because he is small and of no account. The poor man may perhaps think that his low estate preserves him from many sins, and screens him from many temptations, and that the quiet, sheltering roof of his snug cottage, and the waving trees around it, shut out *the world*, and much of the dangers that surround the path of man. There is indeed, or might be, peace within the latticed window, and the rose-covered porch, and few may be the temptations that approach him through the narrow wicket that leads to his neat and comfortable home, as much *his own* as the lordly castle, or the palace of his sovereign; but his heart is cast in the same mould with the hearts of all men, and it is from *within* and not from without that peril comes. If the heart was sound, no outward attempt could move it; and where it is evil, we are never safe—not even in the lowliest walk of life, among the calm and beautiful things of the peaceful country, where few sounds reach us but the stroke of the spade, the lowing herds, or the roar of the wintry wind.

Let the cottager remember this, for he may be comforting himself under a terrible mistake; and when he hears the startling midnight peal that marks the beginning of another year, he

may listen quietly to its music, without considering the solemn warning it so loudly gives.

The cottager's "daily bread" comes as immediately from the hand of the Lord as the rich man's plenty. It is *daily bread* in the full meaning of the words, as regards bodily food, for his loaf depends upon his labour; and if work fails or slackens, he has no store to fall back upon to supply his wants. He needs as deeply as his richest neighbour the daily blessing and the daily grace; for how can he tell what a day may bring forth to cut off his scanty earnings? How many poor, hard-working labourers have I seen, during the prevalence of severe frosts, unable to earn one shilling! and in other times when work was scarce, either removing with their families to the Union, or bringing upon themselves a debt for bread, that years perhaps could scarcely clear away! It is impossible to say that one class of persons is *more* dependent upon God than another, for He is able to bring ruin on the merchant, the landed proprietor, the tradesman, or the nobleman, "while the meat is yet in their mouths"—in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, for all hold these possessions only by his will; but the peasant is no more safe than his betters; and the new year solemnly repeats those impressive words: "Consider your ways."

A striking instance of the gracious dealings of God with the pious "cottage gardener," occurred about two years ago; and as I was an eye-witness of the fact, I can state it fearlessly. An old man of very religious principles,—one who had for years loved and feared God, and knew "the truth as it is in Jesus," met with an accident of a frightful kind. He was assisting to take in a wheat rick, and went on the top of the load into the barn. By some unintentional want of care, a pitchfork that he had with him struck against the top of the barn, and by this means Jacob Lawrence was thrown off the waggon with the fork, which struck deeply into his leg, and was obliged to be drawn out with manual force. The flow of blood that ensued was immense, and the poor man was carried home almost in an exhausted state to his agonised wife. The wound was so deep and severe, and the weakness from loss of blood so great, that his medical attendant at first entertained little hope of his recovery: but he lay quietly in his bed "in perfect peace," trusting in the Great Physician, who brought him signal deliverance. No fever followed, comparatively little pain was felt, and the lacerated flesh healed as soon as

possible. Even the surgeon expressed surprise at the rapidity of the cure, but Jacob felt no surprise at all. He blessed and magnified the Lord who had so remarkably preserved and made him whole, but he said, "the promise of the Lord was sure to all who trusted in Him, and why should he feel *surprised*, when His word came to pass?" He said he had endeavoured to walk with God forty years, and during the whole of that time he found that "mercy and goodness had followed" him; his trials and afflictions had been good for him, and he had been, as in this case, "delivered out of all." It was a beautiful sight to see this Christian lying in his humble but cleanly bed, rejoicing in the affliction, because he said it brought him into full and close experience of what his Bible taught him, and of the *faithfulness* of Christ. Many might have learned a wholesome and blessed lesson by his bedside, who were far beyond him in station and learning; for "the poor of this world, rich in faith," can set an example that monarchs would do well to follow.

How good would it be for all cottage gardeners to walk in the steps of poor old Jacob Lawrence! How quietly they would then rest under those Almighty wings, ever ready to shelter them, and from whose mighty security no man upon earth can tear them! How harmlessly would the evils of life pass over them,—how complete would their enjoyment be, whatever might betide, and how dazzling would be the home awaiting them, when their cottages are crumbled into ruins, their gardens broken up into wild desolation, and "the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up!"

We are beginning another stage of our journey towards eternity, but we cannot tell how soon our chariot wheels may stop. Let us be watching against that hour, of which "knoweth no man;" for it may be "at hand" to every one of us. As the new year opens upon us, whether in youth or age, in poverty or plenty, in health or sickness, let us all, my cottage readers, "*consider our ways!*"

COTTAGE VISITS.

Few persons can be in the habit of constantly visiting the poor without bringing a blessing upon their own souls. I do not speak of alms-giving, which is now often

insisted on as a work of merit, but I mean, that in caring for the souls of those around you, and in sympathising with them, both in worldly and eternal things, that a great benefit to our own souls may

be expected to be the result. In Christian experience, we learn many things from the dealings of God with others, and the effect wrought upon their hearts, their heavy trials, and the great amount of bodily suffering which comes under our notice in this way, ought surely to teach us great lessons of thankfulness, patience, and submission to the will of God.

The following sketches, it is hoped, may not be found useless, though they cannot be expected to yield either the interest or the profit which our personal visits might be expected to do. As regards them, I can only say that they are, without exception, *strictly true*, having come under my own observation.

Mary Willis was the daughter of the upper servant of a wealthy farmer, she was an only child, particularly active and industrious in her own habits, and as her father had been, for his station in life, a prosperous man, it was supposed that she would inherit some little property. Possessing the great benefit of a Gospel ministry, Mary had been one who very early in life had appeared to choose "the better part." From the time of her confirmation, she had been a regular communicant, and an un-failing attendant upon all the means of grace afforded in the village in which she lived. To her mother, who was always an invalid, she was an excellent daughter, and, in short, she fulfilled all the duties of life in a way which was consistent with her profession. At the time I am now speaking of she was about twenty-eight, and she was engaged to a most respectable young man, who worked under her father, and to whom it was said that she was very shortly to be married. But unexpected mis-

fortunes for poor Mary were at hand. A slight inflammation of the eyes, attended with great pain in the head (nearly the first illness she had ever had in her life), was the means of sending her to the Hospital of the neighbouring town. She became extremely ill, and the alarming fact came to her knowledge, that her sight was in danger. The medical men recommended her going to London to consult an eye-doctor, and she came home from the Hospital for that purpose. I went to see her immediately, anxiously desiring to speak comfort to her. I found her in the deepest distress, though I did not then know the extent of her grief, and supposed, that as she said, the idea of partly, if not wholly losing her sight overwhelmed her. Arrangements were soon made for her going to London, and during her absence, Mrs. Willis told me that poor Mary's lover was on the point of being married to a young woman whose character was by no means of the best description. The poor woman shed many tears as she told me of her daughter's troubles, and added, that grief at her disappointment had certainly been the cause of the attack in her head, but that the two misfortunes had come so completely together, that Richard's faithlessness could not be blamed for more than that. In due time poor Mary returned home with the certainty that her eyes were incurable! I visited her constantly, and her grief was saddening to behold. She was always glad to see me, and said that I gave her much comfort; but her sadness was so great, that her mother thought it really would kill her, or deprive her of her senses. To me she said very little; never spoke of anything but the sad prospect of blindness, though she

was always ready to declare that she felt the blessedness of having her eyes opened to the importance of eternal things. For many months she never left the house, but after a time I succeeded in persuading her again to come to church. Her health was improved, and though she had not sufficient sight to read or work, she was able to walk alone. Again, Mary filled her accustomed place at church, at the communion-table, and the weekly lectures. As I foresaw, her spirits rather improved, though for a very long time after this she used to spend whole days in crying, which she declared she was unable to prevent. Gradually the cloud appeared to withdraw. She talked more cheerfully of the future; of the many blessings she still possessed; of the mercy of God in placing her above want, so that she might reasonably expect to be always kept from the workhouse, although unable to support herself.

Finally, she said how mercifully God had ordered it that Richard should desert her, for that she now felt how wretched it would have been had she married in her afflicted state; and that she felt that if he had remained faithful she could never have given him up. She was now peaceful, if not happy, and my visits to her were no longer sad. She shed no tears, and listened to the portions of Scripture which I read to her with joy and thankfulness. At last, one day, after a longer, and, as I felt, a more than usually profitable visit, to myself at least, she said, "O, Ma'am, I have never told you the reason why I used to cry for days together, times ago; 'twas not my outward troubles, though they were great. I never have told any one; but now I will tell you. I was like Job, when his

calamities came; Satan came with mine, and I have known enough of his devices. Oh! dear, I cannot tell what I suffered; but God has been gracious to me, and I don't feel it now. When first I thought I should be blind, day and night I was tempted to do away with myself. Wherever I was, or whatever I tried to do, 'twas all the same. For months and months that dreadful thought was never out of my head. Through it all I knew that the enemy was striving with me, and I prayed earnestly at times to be kept from this awful sin; at other times I could not pray. It seemed as though there was nothing in the world left for me; I was a burden to my parents; everything was against me. Still I could not put an end to my life. God gave me grace to keep me from it. Then I was tempted in another way; other thoughts came; they seemed to say, 'Don't *kill* yourself, but *starve* yourself! You wish to die, and it can't be wrong to do that. You are never well, and nobody would think you did it on purpose if you took less and less to eat, till you took to your bed, and then eat nothing.' This was a sore trial, and lasted longer than the other. Oh! for more than a year; and I did my poor eyes much harm from crying so; but again God was merciful to me, and brought me out of this too. I could always see that 'twas as wicked to starve myself as to kill myself any other way, and after awhile it came less and less into my head, and now for a very long time I have never been tried with it at all. Now I am content to bear my afflictions as long as my heavenly Father sees fit. He has helped me through great trials, and I know that He will keep me to the end. I am satisfied to live, and to suffer as He sees fit, knowing how much

my Saviour suffered to redeem my soul from the power of Satan;" and she added, "I have surely reason to know, from my own experience, that Satan *has desired to have me, and has sifted me as wheat.*"

The bodily presence of the enemy of souls is a thing which many people stumble and are offended at, and which even Christians often lose sight of much more than they ought. But few could hear the simple but touching account which this poor woman gave of her lengthened temptation, and not feel convinced that Peter describes a terrible reality, when he says that the devil, "as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour." How blessed is the portion of the children of God, even in this world. They shall be saved from the hand of the destroyer, for the promise to them, and to them only, is sure, that "when the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." J.

A CHEAP DISH.

To seven quarts of water, one quart of split peas, or the whole peas will do as well; sliced carrots, onions, turnips, parsley, and mint, fried in two ounces of butter or lard for a quarter of an hour; then put these into the peas and water, and let all boil together until the peas are soft enough to be bruised, or beat through a cullender; pepper and salt as you like.—A. B. X., *from the Cottage's Monthly Visitor.*

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"ALL the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies" (Psalm xxv. 10). The paths of the Lord! My soul, never follow thine

own paths. If thou dost so, thou wilt be in danger often of following sight rather than faith—choosing the evil, and refusing the good. But, "commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass." Let this be thy prayer, "Show me *thy* ways, O Lord; teach me *thy* paths." Oh! for Caleb's spirit, "*wholly* to follow the Lord my God"—to follow Him when self must be sacrificed, and hardship must be borne, and trials await me. To "walk with God"—to ask in simple faith, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" to have no will of my own but this, that God's will is to be my will. Here is safety—here is happiness. Fearlessly follow the guiding Pillar. He will lead you by a *right* way, though it may be by a way of hardship, and crosses, and losses, and privations, to the city of habitation.—*From The Faithful Promiser.*

"I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints; but let them not turn again to folly" (Psalm lxxxv. 8). The prophet having prayed, in the name of the Church, that Jehovah would "show them His mercy, and grant them His salvation;" declares himself resolved, concerning this "salvation, to inquire and search diligently what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in him did signify, when it testified beforehand the coming of Christ, and the glory that should follow;" would attend to "what God the Lord should say," and report it to the world. Now, what was the message which the prophets had commission to deliver from God, but that He would "speak peace," or reconciliation, through a Saviour, "to His people and His saints?" The Gospel is

accordingly styled by St. Peter, "the word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ." And what was the end of this reconciliation between God and man, but that men should become, and continue, the servants of God; that being washed from their sins by the blood of Christ, and renewed in their minds by the grace of Christ, they should walk in the paths of wisdom and holiness, and "turn not again to the folly they had renounced."—*Horne on the Psalms.*

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

JOHN x. 11.—"I am the good Shepherd." That this allusion was very striking with regard to the persons to whom Christ addressed His discourse, the condition and custom of the country may convince us. The greatest part of the wealth there consisted in sheep; and the examples of Jacob and David in particular, are proofs that the keeping of these was not usually committed to servants and strangers, but to men of the greatest quality and substance. The children of the family, nay, the masters and owners themselves made it their business, and esteemed the looking to their flocks an employment no way unbecoming them. Hence, probably, came the frequent way of speaking of styling kings the shepherds of their people; hence, also, the prophets described the Messiah in the character of a shepherd; and Christ, to show that He was the person intended, applies the character to Himself. The art of the shepherd in managing his sheep in the East was different from what it is among us. We read of his going before, leading, calling his sheep, and of their following and knowing his voice.

Such methods were doubtless practised by them, but have not been practised amongst us in the management of our flocks.—*Burder's Oriental Customs.*

Matt. xxii. 11, 12.—"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in here, not having a wedding garment?" Among the Romans, the master of the house often prided himself upon furnishing his guests with magnificent habits. They consisted of a kind of loose mantle. It was also customary in the East to change their robes at feasts. The master of the house gave one to each of his guests: none were to appear without it. Thus in the parable of the marriage-feast, the guest who had it not, was driven out by order of the king.—*From "Extracts from Travellers."*

HINTS FOR THE COTTAGER'S WIFE.

"A WORKING man's wife has many things to attend to. She had need to rise early, move about briskly, and make the best of every minute, or her affairs will all be behind-hand, and in confusion. Among other things, her family will rarely sit down to a comfortable meal. A good manager is known by her forecast. She thinks of what she has to do; she knows when a thing ought to be begun, in order to its being finished at the proper time, and she takes care to do it accordingly. In the business of cooking, a minute's timely preparation may save an hour of bustle and discomfort. Even in the difference of having to draw a pail of water, when the pot is wanted to be put on the fire, or having it stand ready for use, may consist the difference between having the family meal ready in proper time,

or too late, and ill-cooked. To think of things at the proper time; to have a time for everything, and everything to its time, are habits worth many pounds in the year to a family manager, and contribute much to family comfort, whether the house and income be large or small.

"She should also understand that everything is of use, and that most things may be made useful in more ways than one. A good manager will prepare a wholesome, savoury meal from what a wasteful slattern would throw away. This kind of skill is very valuable, and makes a great difference in the living of a family.

"There is also the management of firing: a good cook keeps a good fire. By 'good,' is not meant extravagant, but a fire suitable to what is required. Fuel is an expensive article of consumption. This is keenly felt by families of narrow income; but in this particular much depends on management. A fire is often suffered to blaze away in waste, and then to go nearly out for want of attention. But a thrifty manager knows that a good steady fire may be kept up with less consumption than a bad one. A fire will last twice as long, and throw out a better heat, if a shovel of small coals or cinders be thrown at the back, than if the large coals be left to burn alone. In the hard winter of 1846-7, many families placed moderately-sized lumps of chalk among the brightest coals on their fires. These, when covered with cinders or small coals, retain a glowing heat for a great length of time, highly serviceable for warming or cooking. The careful manager attends to these things; not to let the fire go so low as to require sticks and bellows to draw it up; always to use the

least expensive thing that will answer the purpose; and always to make good use of a fire when it is burning. The labour of cooking may be lightened, and the article improved by timely preparation. This is especially the case with stews, and other things that require more time than between one meal and another. In the evening, when a family generally sit round the fire an hour or two, such things might as well be going on for the following day." — (*Family Economist*.)

If you have a shilling to lay out for the use of your family, get a bit of the cheapest kind of meat. For that money you may buy three pounds, at least, of coarse beef, or scrag of mutton, or trimmings of meat. Cut it up into little pieces, and put two quarts of water upon it, and let it warm by degrees, and do *very* slowly, until it boils. The meat must be peppered and salted before it is laid in the pot. This may be thickened with oatmeal, or rice, or toasted bread, done hard. Bits of crust may be put by, and kept for this purpose. This broth may be used for three dinners by a little careful contrivance. Put onions, carrots, turnips, rice, to it for the second day, and add water to make a little more of it. Keep stewing it very gently, so as not to waste, which it would do if let to boil; and keep the lid close down. A few potatoes always make a useful help, but they must never be boiled in broth, only put to it afterwards. A few small suet dumplings, or dumplings made of flour and water and skimmings of fat, are excellent, and make the broth go further.

The proportions of salt and pepper for cooking should be known, as a careless or ignorant cook may make her husband's dinner so hot,

or so salt, as to make him uncomfortable. For a gallon of stew, one table-spoonful of salt, and one tea-spoonful of pepper is plenty. Therefore, one quart of stew or broth would take one-quarter-of-a-tea-spoonful of pepper, and so on.

A nice vegetable soup may be made by a pint of peas that have been soaked all night. Chop small three turnips, four carrots, four onions, and a stick of celery. Add to these three table-spoonfuls of *brown* sago, which may be had at 4d. per pound. Put six quarts of water to these, and boil gently for three hours. Then thicken a pint of water with oatmeal, and put it to the soup with parsley, thyme, and mint. Season with pepper and salt to taste. This soup will be thick and very nourishing when done. R.

THE CHILD'S ADDRESS TO THE
OLD AND NEW YEAR.

WHEN I look backward upon thee,
Old Year! What dost thou say to me?

Dost thou say, in accents mild,
That I have been a better child?
Since thy course did first begin
Have I conquer'd any sin;
Have I been kind to all around,
And duteous, and industrious
found?

Have I been thankful as I ought,
For all the blessings thou hast
brought?

For health, for food, for happiness,
Which many want, and I possess;
And for the lives of those most dear,
Which have been spar'd another
year?

If this be so, then you and I,
Old Year, shall part most pleasantly;
And I shall see thee go e'en now
Without a frown upon thy brow.
But tell me, mother, mother dear,
Where flies the old departing year?

MOTHER.

All mark'd with evil, or with good,
He joins the years beyond the
Flood;*

Oh never, never give him pain,
For he will ne'er return again!

CHILD.

When I look forward unto thee,
New Year! What dost *thou* say to me?

Thou ans'wrest nought, nor can I know

If thou wilt bring me joy or woe.
I know, New Year, that thou wilt bring

The pleasant, smiling days of spring;

Wilt bring again the summer hours
All gay with sunshine and with flowers;

Autumn and winter will be here,
And thus complete another year.
But whether I shall live to see
Thy end, thou dost not say to me.
Thou ans'wrest nought, nor can I know

If thou wilt bring me joy or woe:
Thou only criest, in accents mild—
Still try to be a better child.

MOTHER.

And thou *wilt* try, and then I know,
Whether the year bring joy or woe;
Whether thou seest its end or not,
Thou wilt not be by Him forgot
Who gave thee every year that's
past,

And who, if this should bethy last,
Can give thee more, far more, in
heaven

Than all He yet on earth has given:
For from His smile such bliss shall
flow

As *here* we cannot feel or know:
Oh! may my child and I prepare
That smile to gain, that bliss to
share. B. W.

* "It is the knell of my departed hours—
Where are they? With the years beyond
the Flood!" YOUNG.

D	D	of	M	W		SUN	
						Rises	Sets
						h. m.	h. m.
					JANUARY. THE MOON'S CHANGES. LAST QUARTER—2nd Day, at 54 m. past 9 afternoon. NEW MOON—9th Day, at 53 m. past 3 after- noon. FIRST QUARTER—17th Day, at 29 m. past 5 morning. FULL MOON—25th Day, at 43 m. past 5 morning.		
1	S				Circumcision is that of the heart. <i>Rom. ii. 29.</i>	8 8 4	0
2	☿				2 SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee. <i>Ps. lxiii. 1.</i>	8 8 4	1
3	M				Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin. 1 <i>John iii. 9.</i>	8 8 4	2
4	T				The name of the Lord is a strong tower. <i>Prov. xviii. 10.</i>	8 8 4	3
5	W				Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden. <i>Matt.</i> <i>xi. 28.</i>	8 8 4	4
6	T				Jesus said unto him, follow me. <i>Matt. viii. 22.</i>	8 7 4	5
7	F				Look to yourselves. 2 <i>John, 8.</i>	8 7 4	7
8	S				The just shall live by faith. <i>Gal. iii. 11.</i>	8 6 4	8
9	☿				1 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill. <i>Ps. xcix. 9.</i>	8 6 4	9
10	M				Even to your old age, I am he. <i>Is. xli. 4.</i>	8 5 4	11
11	T				Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. <i>Is. xliii. 1.</i>	8 5 4	12
12	W				They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. <i>Is.</i> <i>xl. 31.</i>	8 4 4	14
13	T				Give us this day our daily bread. <i>Matt. vi. 11.</i>	8 3 4	15
14	F				Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. <i>Rom.</i> <i>xii. 21.</i>	8 3 4	17
15	S				Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. <i>Rom. xiii. 14.</i>	8 2 4	18
16	☿				2 SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. Serve the Lord with gladness. <i>Ps. c. 2.</i>	8 1 4	20
17	M				As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. <i>Rom. viii. 14.</i>	8 0 4	21
18	T				Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind. 2 <i>Cor. xiii. 11.</i>	7 59 4	23
19	W				For ye are all one in Christ Jesus. <i>Gal. iii. 28.</i>	7 58 4	24
20	T				Every man shall bear his own burden. <i>Gal. vi. 5.</i>	7 57 4	26
21	F				He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption. <i>Gal. vi. 8.</i>	7 56 4	28
22	S				By the deeds of the law, shall no flesh be justified. <i>Rom. iii. 20.</i>	7 55 4	30
23	☿				SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY. Ye that fear the Lord, praise Him. <i>Ps. xxii. 23.</i>	7 54 4	31
24	M				While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. <i>Rom. v. 8.</i>	7 53 4	33
25	T				Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God. <i>Rom. xiv. 22.</i>	7 52 4	35
26	W				The kingdom of God is not meat and drink. <i>Rom. xiv. 17.</i>	7 51 4	36
27	T				Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more. <i>Rom. xiv. 13.</i>	7 50 4	38
28	F				Mark them which cause divisions. <i>Rom. xvi. 17.</i>	7 49 4	40
29	S				The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock. <i>Ps. xviii. 46.</i>	7 47 4	42
30	☿				SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever. <i>Ps. xix. 9.</i>	7 46 4	44
31	M				Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path. <i>Ps.</i> <i>xxvii. 11.</i>	7 43 4	45

THE LAST GREAT CHARGE.

It is a very astonishing thing that in a Christian country, and among professors of the religion of Jesus Christ, there should be so little attention paid to His precepts and commands. My friends, there is utterly a fault amongst us; and upon no point is this fault, this sinfulness, so strong and plain as upon the point of the Lord's Supper. Now I am going to say a few simple words to you about this, because I know that with some this great subject is quite neglected; by others it is misunderstood; and by others, again, it is so lightly considered, that it is made a matter of very great sin and condemnation; and I think it likely that among you, my readers, may be some to whom a few words of advice may do good; at any rate, they may waken you up to think about it, and to search the Scriptures for help and instruction where you feel yourselves dark and ignorant.

When our blessed Saviour ate His last Supper with His disciples, He gave them a solemn charge. They were keeping a holy season, and it was a holy feast—the feast of the Passover, which was commanded by God to be kept by the Jews every year, in remembrance of the last great plague of Egypt, and the Lord's wonderful deliverance of His people from that terrible captivity. You all know about this, of course; how the angel of the Lord passed through the land of Egypt in the night, and smote the first-born of the Egyptians, both man and beast; and how the Lord had commanded the poor captive Israelites to prepare a lamb, and slay it that evening, and take of its blood and strike it on the lintel and door-posts of their houses, and to shut themselves closely into their houses on that awful night, and to be ready to start away at the morning's dawn. They were to roast and eat the lamb they had killed, every family together, while they were shut closely and quietly in; and they were to have their loins girded up, and their shoes on their feet, and their staff in their hands, all ready, like men prepared to set forth upon a journey. The Lord had told them that if they staid out of their houses, or if they neglected to strike the blood upon their doors, the destroying angel would smite *them*, as he smote the Egyptians; but if they did as the Lord commanded them, they need fear nothing; the angel would see the blood, and would pass over the house where it was, and do the inhabitants no harm. You have all read about the dreadful dawning of the next morning; that there was “a great cry,” for there was not a house belonging to

the Egyptians throughout the whole land in which there was not one dead. The children of Israel were all safe and unhurt within their blood-sprinkled-houses; not one of them, not even one of their cattle, was dead; but there was not a family among all the Egyptians in which there was not one dead!

As soon as morning dawned, nay, while it was yet night, the King of Egypt called for Moses and Aaron, and bid them take their people away from the land, "to serve God in the wilderness," as the Lord commanded; and they went out of the land of Egypt that very day.

From that time the Lord commanded that the Passover should be kept as a solemn feast every year among the Jews, in remembrance of their great and miraculous deliverance out of their captivity in Egypt; a deliverance wrought *for* them, and not *by themselves*, because they were poor, hardly-used, helpless prisoners, and could do nothing but pray to God to save them from total destruction. *The Lord did it all for them*; "He spake, and it was done."

Our blessed Saviour and Redeemer, who fulfilled every tittle of the law for men, kept and observed all the Jewish religious ceremonies, and went up to Jerusalem to eat the Passover with His disciples before He suffered. At that last solemn supper, in remembrance of the great national deliverance of the Jews, our blessed Lord gave his first followers a last, solemn charge. While they were eating, Jesus "took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you." A very few hours afterwards, even during that same night, Jesus was betrayed into the hands of sinners, and was crucified and slain.

Now, my friends, this is a plain and perfect picture of the way sinners are delivered from the captivity and guilt of sin. The Lord God wrought out a great national deliverance for the people of Israel from the captivity of Egypt; and the Lord Jesus Christ has wrought out a great spiritual deliverance from the captivity of sin and the devil for all the people of God. The Lord Jesus Christ gave Himself up to be slain, that His people might be saved from everlasting death. His precious blood, applied to our hearts by faith, "cleanseth us from all sin." When we wash in "the fountain once opened for sin and uncleanness," our guilt

and condemnation is removed from us ; we are loosened from the bonds of death and of hell ; Satan hath no more dominion over us. We may rest as peacefully and safely within that strong tower, "the name of the Lord," as the children of Israel did within their blood-sprinkled-houses. *We* are blood-sprinkled too, if we have truly believed in Jesus Christ as our Redeemer and Deliverer, and trust for salvation only in Him ; and we shall find ourselves as safe and unhurt at the great day of the Lord, as the Israelites did when the wrath of God fell upon the unbelieving Egyptians.

Oh, my dear friends, Jesus Christ is the Lamb whose blood saves us from everlasting destruction. This is a great and glorious, and most precious truth ; but I am afraid some among us do not think of it, and rejoice in it, as we ought ; and to such it will be no deliverance, but we shall perish just as the Egyptians did, though we may choose to *call* ourselves Christians, and expect to have eternal life.

Now, as the feast of the Passover was commanded to keep in remembrance the great *national* deliverance from bondage, so the feast of the Lord's Supper is commanded to keep in remembrance the great *spiritual* deliverance from bondage, and Him who wrought it out for us. "Do this in remembrance of *me*," said our Lord ; thus fixing our eyes and our hearts upon *Him*, as the one great and precious cause of our deliverance from a more dreadful and hopeless captivity than any that can happen to the body. Christians are, therefore, as much bound to keep this feast, as ever the Jews were to keep the Passover. It is the *sign* of Jesus Christ's sacrifice—the bread and wine are the *signs* of His body and blood ; and "as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

This being the case, how can any body, calling themselves Christians, dare to turn their backs upon the Lord's Supper, as many do ? You all, I suppose, hope, or, at least, *expect* to be saved ; but you don't eat the Lord's Supper ; you don't keep His commandment. What are you about ? What kind of remembrance is this ? What kind of "showing forth the Lord's death" may this be called, I wonder ?

My dear friends, you are in a state of woful danger if you go on in this way. You have no life in you. Jesus himself says, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." This is a frightful condition to be in : look to it.

Many and many a poor sinner, high and low in station, says, "I am not fit to receive the Lord's Supper. I dare not do it, for fear of 'eating and drinking damnation' to myself. I do not feel myself good enough to receive the Sacrament." My friends, I grant you willingly that you are not fit to eat the Lord's Supper; but if so, you are not fit to die; and, therefore, look to this too. The sooner you set your house in order the better; the sooner you flee for refuge to Jesus Christ the better; and then you will soon be glad and thankful to remember Him at His table, and to show forth His death; for the blood He shed, and the sacrifice He offered, and the atonement He made, are your only titles to eternal life; and if you don't lay tight hold of them, you are standing on the very edge of the bottomless pit; and if you die *as you now are*, you will go down into the very middle of hell-fire. If you *do* embrace them with the arms of faith, you will turn away no more from the Lord's table—you will press to it, as to a "feast of fat things," where your grace will be increased, your soul refreshed, your heart comforted, and strength given you to go on in the ways of godliness, and to strive with good success against the temptations and power of the world, the flesh, and the devil. The Lord's Supper is a means of grace; it is a *means* whereby we receive grace. It is an ordinance of Christ's own appointing; and He commanded us very strictly to keep it. Christ *thought* so much of it, and *meant* so much by it, that He declared very solemnly to His disciples, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." My dear friends, I am not afraid to repeat to you what Jesus Christ Himself said; and, therefore, I very earnestly and affectionately remind and warn you, that if you do not go to the Lord's table, let your reasons be whatever they may, you have "no life in you;" you are alive in the eyes of men, but in the sight of God you are *dead*; and when your body dies, your soul, like Judas Iscariot, will go "to its own place."

Now, on the other hand, there is as great a danger, but of a different sort. There is a very great danger of *not* eating and drinking the body and blood of Christ in remembrance of Him, and there is a very great danger of eating and drinking it "*unworthily*," "not discerning the Lord's body." I know many people who go as regularly as possible to the Lord's table, time after time. Some of them are openly bad-living people;

and others are so ignorant and unconcerned, that they can hardly tell you anything at all about Jesus Christ, or what He did for us. They know nothing about conversion of the heart, nor about justification by faith, nor about sanctification by the Holy Spirit; they have never felt sin to be a burden, and salvation the one thing needful. They are very content and comfortable in their own minds, and know no more about the matter than if they were going to sit down to tea and bread and butter. My friends, I will engage that some of *you* are of this stamp. Oh! let me beg and pray of you to stop and consider. *This* is not "discerning the Lord's body;" *this* is not remembering Christ; *this* is not seeking grace, and refreshment, and comfort, and strength! Oh! no. It is eating and drinking *unworthily*, because you are doing it all as a *form*, as a *custom*, without knowing Christ; without examining yourselves whether you are in the faith; without that sprinkling of His blood upon your heart, which can only make you fit and acceptable guests at His holy table. Oh! you are bitterly, terribly deceiving yourselves! Pray, *pray* stop and consider. It is not being a constant attendant at the Lord's Supper that makes you His disciple, or saves you from His wrath! It is not because you regularly eat the bread, and drink the wine, that you remember Christ, and are one with Him. This is a fatal mistake with many, even of us Protestants, who are Christians in name and by profession only, but who have no life in us. Among the poor Roman Catholics this doctrine is taught plainly. They are taught to believe that the priests have power to *make* Christ's body and blood; that is, to turn the bread and wine into the very flesh, and very blood of Jesus Christ, so that it is bread and wine no longer, although it looks just as it did before. And then they worship the "host," as they call the bread, when they have turned it into the body of Him who ascended up "where he was before;" they bow down before the bread that their own hands have made; so that the people believe, and are told that whoever eats that *real* body, eats Jesus Christ, and *must*, therefore, be one with Him, whether the person is an open sinner or not, or knows what he is doing or not. No matter for that: he has eaten Christ, and all is right with him. Oh! what a horrible lie is this! Here is a stone given instead of bread! and poor souls are deceived and destroyed, for whom Christ died! "Do this, in remembrance of me," was the simple direction given by

Jesus Christ; and as if to warn us against the lying spirits that should rise up among us, He went on to say, "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before? It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

My dear readers, what are you doing? Are you *neglecting* the Lord's Supper? You are turning your back upon Jesus Christ; you are denying Him; He will deny you, before men and angels, at the day of Judgment; and even while you live, "you have no life in you."

Are you *afraid to eat* the Lord's Supper, because you are not fit to eat it? Are you afraid of eating and drinking your own damnation? Let me tell you, you will do *that*, whether you eat it, or whether you do not, while you are in this condition; and so long as you are not fit to eat it, not fit to remember Christ, not fit to eat His flesh and drink His blood spiritually, with a true and lively faith, *you are not fit to die*; and "while you live, you have no life in you."

Are you eating and drinking the Lord's Supper, not discerning the Lord's body? Are you going to that sacred feast, without repentance and without faith; without self-examination and without a sense of *need*; without troubling yourselves about the state of your souls, or feeling that the body of Christ was broken for you, and His blood was shed for you, and seeking after closer union with Him who is our only *real* life, and who has bid us do this always "*in remembrance*" of Him? Are you fancying that the *act* of eating the Lord's Supper is enough, without anything else? Are you fancying that there is some kind of virtue in the bread and wine that is to save you, though you do not know what it is, or where it lies? Are you fancying that when you have eaten and drank at His table you have done a very good work, pleased and satisfied God, and shown your obedience to His commands? Oh, my friends! you are on the very brink of ruin, if you think, and fancy, and do these things. Satan is at your right hand; he is pulling you along as fast as he can go, and blinding your eyes that you may not see your danger. Do stop and consider, before it is too late. The Lord's Supper is a great matter with us all, and we need to have right thoughts about it. It is no light thing to eat it, but a great spiritual act between the Lord Jesus Christ and our soul. It will not *save* us—it *cannot* save us—Jesus Christ only can do

that; and we must feel and know what salvation is, and have fled for it to Jesus Christ with all our hearts and souls, before we can discern His body, or "remember" Him in this ordinance; so it is no use at all to us as a passport to heaven. Many people, when they are dying, think it is right to receive the Sacrament, probably for the first time in their lives. Oh! what ruinous ignorance and superstition this is! It is a *remembrance* of Him who has "opened the kingdom of heaven to all *believers*," and not a ticket of admission to let people in. Unless we are *believers*, we cannot *remember* Jesus Christ, do what we will. We may say, "Lord, we have eaten and drank in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets." But He shall say, "I tell you, I know ye not whence ye are; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity."

Oh, my dear readers! I feel that I have not said half what can be said on this very great subject; but I hope and pray that I may have said enough to rouse you up to ask your own hearts what you are about. If you do not eat the Lord's Supper, there is no life in you; if you are *afraid* to eat the Lord's Supper, there is no life in you. If you eat the Lord's Supper as a form, without a clear and saving knowledge and acceptance of Jesus Christ as your Atonement and Redeemer, or without troubling your head on the subject one way or other, you are "*not discerning the Lord's body*;" you are not "*remembering*" Him; you are eating and drinking it "*unworthily*;" you are on the very edge of the bottomless pit, whatever you may think of yourselves; and I earnestly and affectionately beseech of you to take heed to your souls. Do stop and consider. Perhaps you have never thought of these things before, or looked at them in this way. Think of them now; look at them now; pray for light and knowledge; "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God. . . and it shall be given him." There is but one kind of persons who are fit to receive the Lord's Supper, either among the rich or the poor. It is those who have felt the burden of sin, laid it at the foot of the Cross, and have found peace and safety in the blood of the Lamb which cleanseth from all sin. They can "*remember*"—they can "*discern*;" nobody else can. My friends, what kind of persons are *you*? Do you *never* eat the Lord's Supper? and if you do, *how* do you eat it?

"Do this, in remembrance of me."

FEATHERING OUR NESTS.

THERE is a kind of dishonesty in the world which people do not generally call *theft*. It is described in a few words, which every one understands and is accustomed to—"Feathering our nest." A man who would be extremely shocked at the simple idea of breaking into his neighbour's house, or stopping him in the dark and taking his purse, or slipping a silver fork or spoon into his pocket when his neighbour's back was turned,—a man who would shudder at doing these things will, if employed by this very neighbour, or master, feather his own nest, and think nothing of it. Now, in the sight of God this man is *thieving*. Let us lay it to all our hearts, for every one of us may have opportunity to act justly or unjustly in the course of our lives, although perhaps we may not be hired servants, or men working for wages. We may all be placed in situations of temptation some time or other, and some of us may be persons employed and trusted by our fellow-men, and, like Joseph, we may be rulers over all. Now, to our heavenly master we stand or fall, and not only to our earthly one; *he* may see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing; we may feather our nests in peace, and none may gainsay it. But there is one who hateth "the bag of deceitful weights," and to whom "the wicked balances" is an abomination. Oh! let us strictly watch ourselves, lest *He* see evil in us. We cannot escape from *His* eye.

I remember, many years ago, the death of a man who had "feathered his nest" in the service of a kind and liberal mistress; and I will place before my readers a few circumstances that may instruct and benefit us all.

George Watkins rented a farm on the estate of a lady of large fortune, who knew nothing of country matters, and trusted her tenants would do right by her. Watkins' house stood very near the mansion, and the other tenant's farm was at no great distance. Both these men feathered their nests; one of them died and left it all behind, but George Watkins had more to suffer.

Every one knew that he imposed upon his kind mistress in a thousand ways. This and that was required, such and such an improvement should be made—repairs were always wanting; and Watkins managed it all for himself, for Mrs. S—— knew nothing. She could not be made to see or believe that she was robbed right and left—she thought well of the two farmers, they had been on the property for years—she was used to them—she could not bear to make a change and part with either of them.

George Watkins had two sons. The elder was made a gentleman; the younger was treated with marked unkindness, amounting to cruelty. He was made to sit in the barn, while his brother lived in comfort; the younger worked with the men, and looked like a common labourer, while the elder was dressed extravagantly, and followed the hounds. He was a wild young man, and was taught expensive tastes and habits. Of course his father had to find the money, and what with this, and other things, Watkins suffered worldly losses, which were not known until he quitted the farm. Mrs. S—— died, the estate passed into other hands, and Watkins had notice to quit.

It was a melancholy day when this change took place. But the prosperity of the unjust man cannot last, for God himself has declared that it shall not. Watkins and his wife removed to a little cottage. His eldest son had married a woman with money some years before, and was doing well; the younger worked on the roads, or wherever he could find employment. Watkins himself was attacked with sickness, his wife was infirm, and they had no daughter to take care of them. I remember, although it is so long ago, the impression it made upon me when I called to see them under their altered circumstances. I could scarcely believe that the dirty-looking, broken-down, ill-dressed man before me, was the same that I remembered so stout, and hale, and well-to-do, a few years before. I could scarcely suppose I was speaking to the tenant of Mrs. S——, with whom she used to drink a customary tea once every summer, and who was then thriving in his worldly ways, with his nest well feathered; but so it was. He was now aged, poor, neglected, unhappy, and suffering from bodily infirmities. No one seemed to care about him, and both he and his wife died and were buried unnoticed and unregretted.

I remember another man also who feathered his nest at the expense of his employer. He was bailiff in my own family, and when he was dismissed from his situation he boasted to his friends that he had made six hundred pounds since he had been at ———. This man's end was not peace. Whatever money he really had secured made itself wings, and he, and his wife too, died in poverty and trouble.

I daresay many of my readers can add instances of the same kind to their own experience to these. Very seldom does such conduct escape punishment here on earth, for a "woe" has been uttered, by a voice whose words pass not away, against "him that

buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong." A man may feather his nest warmly and snugly, but he will not sit in it in peace. He has *robbed his neighbour*—he has taken that which was not his right; if he thinks he has not openly broken the eighth commandment, he has openly broken the tenth, and it will be difficult to prove that he has not done both, in the sight of Him who searcheth the heart.

Let us feather our nests *for eternity*. Let us walk strictly by the statutes and precepts of God. Let us watch our *hearts* with diligence, for if they keep time and tune with the Word of God, neither our feet nor our hands will be swift to do evil. Let us feather our nests so that we may lie down in them with a conscience void of offence. No nest will be soft, and warm, unless "the everlasting arms" are beneath us—unless we "trust in his wings," and are "covered with his feathers." Let us all remember *this*.

HINTS FOR THE COTTAGER'S WIFE.

"THE first thing a good manager has to do, is to find out what she really has got, and what she can properly spend on food. She avoids the miserable system on which some families proceed—'one day stuffing, and another day starving.' She wishes to have no excess on any day, and something comfortable every day. So on receiving her weekly allowance she begins by laying sacredly aside, or immediately paying the rent, and any other regular, and unavoidable expense. If a week's portion of those expenses is not spared every week, when rent-day comes round, how can one week be expected to pay the rent of a month or a quarter? There will be no escape from absolute want, but either begging or running in debt, both of which it is her interest, and ought to be her principle, to avoid. Whatever be the weekly allowance for food, its value will be greatly increased by laying it out from the supplies of the week forward, in-

stead of paying it for what has been consumed in the week back. Those who have never tried, would scarcely believe the difference. But those who have tried, say that they would work day and night for a fortnight, and live upon bread and water, rather than give up the advantage. They say it makes more difference than the keep of one child. Surely it is worth a mighty effort on the part of those who know the misery of being always behindhand. Then, when it is settled how much may be spent on food, it will be found a saving both of time and money to buy the weekly supplies at once; that is, such as will keep, rather than have to run to shop or market every day. But the supplies thus laid in must be dealt out according to the number of days they have to serve. A good knack at this sort of reckoning is a valuable quality in a family manager, and helps to make her husband and children both comfortable and contented."—*Family Economist*.

[These are most useful hints, and I pray my cottage readers to attend to them. I know there is great waste and carelessness in cottages; and I know that the poor man's wife might oftener keep her children comfortably, and her husband from the beer-house, than she thinks. Let her try these hints, and daily seek help and direction from the Lord to do the thing that is right and prudent. *This is the way to prosper.*—Ed. C. L.]

COTTAGE RECIPES.

Peas-soup.—Peas-soup is a very useful and satisfying dinner, if nicely made. Peas should be soaked over night when they are going to be used. Put one pint of soaked peas into three quarts of boiling-water, and boil them till they are soft enough to mash well with a spoon. Add three or four onions sliced, some turnips and carrots, and boil again for two hours. Pepper and salt it to your taste, and thicken it either with rice or oatmeal. If a bit of fat pork is boiled with it, the soup is improved. A few dumplings are excellent in this soup, and make it go further. So do potatoes, only now they are dear and scarce. Parsnips eat well in it. The dumplings for this or any other soup may be made as below, and nothing can be cheaper.

Mix flour and water into a paste, stir it well, and add a little salt. It should be tied up in a cloth either as one large dumpling, or several small ones. Boil two hours in water, not in the soup, *of course*, and then put it or them into the tureen or deep soup-pan, and pour the soup upon them.

To boil Rice.—Now that we have hardly any potatoes, rice is a valuable article in their place. It is

cheap and satisfying, and saves bread. A little goes a good way. Cover as much rice as you want with water, you cannot put too much to it, add a little salt. Let it *boil* for twenty minutes, pour off the water, and put it before the fire to dry. Stirred with pepper and salt, and a little liquor in which meat has been boiled, so as to suck it up, and make the rice juicy, is a very nice dinner, with bread or parsnips, or a dumpling as above. It is wonderful what an active, sensible, frugal woman can do, if her husband will but *eat* his wages, and not *drink* them, and starve his poor family. Pot-liquor is often given to the poor, and is invaluable with rice and vegetables, and a dumpling. I wish some of my cottage housewives would try my recipes, and send a line to the Editor to say how they like them. R.

A CHEAP FUEL.

FIRING is always an expense to the cottager, let him be as careful as he will; perhaps, the simple way I am about to describe, of making a warm fireside at little cost, may lead those who do not care for "trouble" to try my receipt. Even where coals are what are called "cheap," it is at all times *something* saved for other uses, if a fire can be kept up without taking from the coal store. A bushel of small coal, such as is used by the blacksmith, which may better be called *slack*, or the same quantity of *saw dust*, or a little of each mixed together, with two bushels of sand, to which add one bushel and a half of clay, all well stirred together with water, just as the mason works his mortar; the more it is mixed the better. Make it up into balls, any size that is liked, or into the shape of a brick, only then a

mould would be wanted; pile them up in a dry place, and when dry use them. When the fire is once lighted, put them on behind, and with the help of a coal or two in front, a stronger fire will be kept up than by any other kind of common fuel. E. L. M.

SHIRT-MAKING.

SHIRT-MAKING is a very important branch of plain needlework. Formerly, the rules and instructions for this useful and necessary art were more simple than they are at present. Shirts are now variously made, according to the taste and fashion of the wearer. In most instances, excepting amongst old-fashioned persons, instead of fastening-on collars, it is usual to have the neck set into narrow bands, and the collars made separately. In many cases, too, especially amongst the higher classes, the bosoms of the shirts are made full, by letting-in cambric, or very fine linen, which is sometimes adorned with fancy-work. The wristbands and collars are cut from the cloth, the selvage-way of the material, with several other variations.

Q. Do you know how many quarters, nails, and inches there are in a yard of cloth?

A. Yes, ma'am; there are thirty-six inches, or four quarters of nine inches each; or eight nails, or eighths, of four-and-a-half inches each.

Q. How many yards does what is called a piece of linen generally measure?

A. Twenty-six yards in length.

Q. And of what width?

A. The linen is made of different widths; some three-quarters, some seven-eighths, some a yard, and some an ell, or five quarters; but yard-wide linen is mostly preferred for shirts.

Q. Well, supposing you to have a piece twenty-six yards long, and a yard wide, how many shirts would it make?

A. Eight, ma'am.

Q. How many necessary parts are there in a shirt?

A. Nineteen, ma'am; the body, two sleeves, two wristbands, two binders, two shoulder-straps, one collar or band, two sleeve-gussets, two neck-gussets, two side-gussets, two wrist-gussets, and one bosom-gusset.

Q. Should you be called upon to make a shirt, or a set of shirts, what would be your first step?

A. To obtain a pattern-shirt, as that would enable me to find the exact length and cut for the body, and also all the other parts.

Q. But suppose you should not be able to get a pattern-shirt?

A. Then I must have the girth of the person's neck for the length of the collar or band; and the girth of his wrist, for the length of the wristbands.

Q. Well, let us begin with the cutting-out. Supposing that you are going to make your eight shirts out of a piece of cloth twenty-six yards in length, what parts do you cut out first?

A. I cut the bodies first; for which purpose I take off seventeen yards, and divide it into eight equal parts; each part will then be two yards and a quarter long.

Q. What next?

A. I then cut off five yards and a half-quarter, for eight pairs of sleeves; this I divide into eight equal parts. Each breadth will make a pair of sleeves twenty inches in length, and half-a-yard, or eighteen inches, in width.

Q. And then?

A. I next take off seven-eighths, for six collars. I cut this along the selvage into three equal parts;

each part will then be twelve inches wide, and must be cut across in the middle, so that the length may be about fifteen inches and three-quarters.

(*To be continued.*)

COMMON SAYINGS.

To those who were frequently complaining of the conduct of others towards them, my grandfather would say, "I am afraid the fault is in yourself. It is not likely that every one around would conspire to injure you above all other people in the world; but none more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are most apt to inflict them."

Those who are really injured, or who imagine themselves to be so, are very apt to bluster, and threaten revenge, even on those who may be beyond their reach. To such he would say, "'Don't shew your teeth unless you can bite;' 'Hard words break no bones.' But when all comes to all, it is likely you will be reckoned with, not only for the blows you have struck, but for those which you threatened to strike. 'When it is fruitless to threaten, it is wisdom to yield.' Besides, 'He that would have a good revenge, let him leave it to God.' 'Revenge can but make you even with your enemies, while patient endurance, and ready forgiveness, will render you superior to them.' 'Bear and forbear,' that is good philosophy, and good divinity too. 'The noblest revenge is to return good for evil.' 'To render evil for evil is heathenish; to render evil for good is devilish; to render good for good is human; but to render good for evil is God-like.' 'Recompense to no man evil for evil.' In all matters of strife and contention, 'those that revenge are the conquered; and

those that forgive are the conquerors.' If you wish to be either safe or happy, you must learn to 'forgive and forget.'"

"No, Mr. Griffiths," it was once replied to him, "that is too much to expect; I may forgive, but I cannot forget."

"Then, if that is your spirit, you do not really forgive at all. The Christian is taught to forgive, as his heavenly Father has forgiven him. And how is that? Why, of those whom God pardons, He says, 'Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more' (Heb. viii. 12). 'He casts all their sins behind His back' (Isa. xxxviii. 17); 'and into the depths of the sea' (Micah vii. 19). Oh! if Christians are to be perfect, even as their 'Father which is in heaven is perfect,' surely they must learn a different way of forgiving injuries and offences than will consist with bearing them in mind, so as to prevent future cordiality and confidence, and having them ready for upbraiding on occasions of any future misunderstanding... No, no, learn to 'forget and forgive.' 'Let bygones be bygones;' 'never rip up old sores, or old grievances;' 'the best memory is that which forgets nothing but injuries;' write injuries in the dust, and kindnesses in marble; and when you pray that God would write all His laws upon your heart, pray, too, that He would blot out every resentful record against your fellow-men." — *The Visitor.*

WHAT IS IT TO BE "WITHOUT GUILF?"

"AN Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." May we all be Nathaniels in the sight of God! What is to be without guile? It

is to have "Truth in the inward parts," in all we do to be guided only by truth; let us love in truth, let every word be truth; in every step of our lives, "let our heart do all." A true Israelite must have a conscience void of offence towards man, and sincere before God. He must be careful to avoid every *secret* sin, as well as those which appear before men; not only not to omit a duty, but also not to perform that duty with carelessness. Much trouble is taken for the wants of the body; but the food that nourishes unto eternal life is often not sought. The *company* of the wicked is forsaken, yet, it may be, some of their "false ways" we do not "utterly abhor." We keep our tongues from evil speaking, but, at the same time, we do not "love our enemies," neither pity or pray for them. To bear malice is far from us, yet fits of anger and reproachful words burst forth; we do not see in all this, that *truth* is not in us, that we are not without "guile." Let us ask in faith, and we shall receive a "clean heart." Let us not offend, but let us try to please men in all things which are not against conscience.

"Quick as the apple of an eye,

O God, our conscience make;

Awake its fears, when sin is near,
And keep them still awake."

E. L. M.

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"And now Lord, what wait I for?
My hope is in Thee" (Ps. xxxix. 7).
"We cannot choose, but all of us think that God is immensely good in Himself; but that which is nearer, whereon our hearts most rise, is that He is good to us, and that He is so perfectly and completely good, that having made choice of Him, and obtained union

with Him, we need no more. Were once the hearts of the children of men persuaded of this, all their deliberations were at an end, they would not only choose no other, but defer no longer to fix on Him. And what can trouble the soul that is thus established? No change or overturning of outward things; though the frame of the world itself were shaken to pieces, yet still the bottom of this hope is Him that *changeth* not; and whatever thy pressures be, poverty, sickness, or disquiet of mind, thou mayest draw abundant consolation from Him in whom thou hast placed thy hope."—*Leighton on Psalm xxxix.*

"Ye are complete in Him" (Col. ii. 10). "And should there be any contrite spirit here, distressed with doubts as to whether *they* have any interest in this glorious privilege, let them rest assured that not one penitent ever perished at the foot of the cross. It was the lost that Jesus came to seek and to save. It was sinners, not the righteous, whom he called to repentance. It is the sick, not the whole, that have need of a physician. It is the weary and heavy laden that are bid to come to Him for rest. It is the thirsty that are invited to drink of the living water. It is the weepers and mourners to whom comfort is promised. It is the poor in spirit who inherit the kingdom. It is the broken contrite heart that God will not despise. It is the smoking flax He will not quench; the bruised reed He will not break. It is the lowly spirit trembling at His Word, that He looks upon with favour. It is they who humble themselves under His mighty hand, that He will exalt in due time. It is the spiritually wretched, and poor, and blind, and

naked, who have the least cause to doubt, and the greatest cause to rejoice in the blessed assurance—'Ye are complete in Him.'—*From a Sermon by Rev. S. Minton, M.A.*

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, and the other left" (Matt. xxiv. 41).—Capt. Basil Hall, a gentleman who has written about what he saw when he travelled in eastern countries, says, that this custom of women grinding corn, which to us seems so strange and out-of-the-way, is constantly seen in India to this day. Two women sit cross-legged on the ground by the side of two small stones placed one upon the other. The top stone has a handle, which is turned by the two women at once; and this is the way the corn is ground in Eastern lands. Capt. Hall says, it is not easy to fancy how one of the women so employed could be "taken" away, without interfering with the other; and that all who were listening to the words of Christ must have been quite sensible of the wonderful and sudden separations at the siege of Jerusalem, by this custom being used to describe them. The very same separations will happen at the last great day, which will come upon the world very suddenly; and those who are Christ's at His appearing, will be divided from those who have loved and served sin."

"He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats" (Matt. xxiv. 32).—"So entirely, in these hot climates, do sheep lose their natural look, that in seeing them mixed with goats I never could tell them apart. They are

never white as with us, and their wool becomes hair. May not this explain—'He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats?' Though an unaccustomed eye could not tell the difference, the shepherd knows each perfectly. So, though in this world hypocrites mingle with God's people and look just them, the 'Great Shepherd' instantly finds them out, and at the appointed time will divide them."—*Rev. H. Malcolm's Travels.*

THE NEW YEAR.

Now through another year,
Supported by His care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
"The Lord has helped thus far."

Our lot in future years
Unable to foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, "Leave it all to me."

Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon Thy breast!
Help us to praise Thee for the past,
And trust Thee for the rest.

Rev. Thos. Scott.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Easy Hymns.

D	D	of	of	M	W		SUN		
							Rises	Sets	
							h. m.	h. m.	
						FEBRUARY. THE MOON'S CHANGES. LAST QUARTER—1st Day, at 1 m. past 6 morning. NEW MOON—8th Day, at 34 m. past 5 morning. FIRST QUARTER—16th Day, at 12 m. past 3 morning. FULL MOON— 23rd Day, at 24 m. past 7 afternoon.			
1	T					Boast not thyself of to-morrow.— <i>Prov.</i> xxvii. 1.	7 41	4 47	
2	W					Obey my voice, and I will be your God.— <i>Jer.</i> vii. 23.	7 40	4 49	
3	T					All the upright in heart shall glory. <i>Ps.</i> lxiv. 10.	7 38	4 51	
4	F					The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God. 1 <i>Thess.</i> iii. 5.	7 37	4 53	
5	S					Put on charity. <i>Col.</i> iii. 14.	7 35	4 54	
6	☿					QUINQUAGESIMA OR SHROVE SUNDAY. God is our refuge and strength. <i>Ps.</i> xli. 1.	7 33	4 56	
7	M					Stand fast in the Lord. <i>Phil.</i> iv. 1.	7 32	4 58	
8	T					Beware of evil workers. <i>Phil.</i> iii. 2.	7 30	5 0	
9	W					ASH WEDNESDAY. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth. <i>Eph.</i> vi. 14.	7 28	5 2	
10	T					Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us. <i>Eph.</i> v. 2.	7 26	5 4	
11	F					Walk in the Spirit. <i>Gal.</i> v. 16.	7 25	5 5	
12	S					Bear ye one another's burdens. <i>Gal.</i> vi. 2.	7 23	5 7	
13	☿					QUADRAGESIMA.—1 SUNDAY IN LENT. Let all those that seek thee, be joyful and glad in thee. <i>Ps.</i> xl. 16.	7 21	5 9	
14	M					Look unto the Rock whence ye are hewn. <i>Is.</i> li. 1.	7 19	5 11	
15	T					Fear not, I will help thee. <i>Is.</i> xli. 13.	7 17	5 13	
16	W					Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord. <i>Lam.</i> v. 21.	7 15	5 14	
17	T					It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. <i>Lam.</i> iii. 22.	7 13	5 16	
18	F					Let us search and try our ways. <i>Lam.</i> iii. 40.	7 11	5 18	
19	S					Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God. <i>Lam.</i> iii. 41.	7 9	5 20	
20	☿					2 SUNDAY IN LENT. The entrance of thy words giveth light. <i>Ps.</i> xix. 130.	7 7	5 22	
21	M					Fear and a snare is come upon us. <i>Lam.</i> iii. 47.	7 5	5 24	
22	T					Speak ye every man truth with his neighbour. <i>Zech.</i> viii. 16.	7 3	5 25	
23	W					Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth. <i>Zeph.</i> ii. 3.	7 1	5 27	
24	T					Give to every man that asketh of thee. <i>Luke</i> vi. 30.	6 59	5 29	
25	F					Take heed how ye hear. <i>Luke</i> viii. 18.	6 57	5 31	
26	S					Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. <i>John</i> xvi. 33.	6 55	5 33	
27	☿					3 SUNDAY IN LENT. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. <i>Matt.</i> xxvi. 41.	6 53	5 34	
28	M					Abhor that which is evil. <i>Rom.</i> xii. 9.	6 51	5 46	

THE FRIEND THAT STANDS AT OUR DOOR
AND KNOCKS.

To look at the way in which all the world is going on, we should never suppose for a moment that every human being we see is a condemned felon; we should never for a moment believe that, under the fine clothes of the rich, and under the respectable dress of the middling classes, as well as under the rags of the beggar, there are chains and fetters. If any man told us this we should laugh him to scorn: we should say he was telling us a falsehood, or making a joke at our expense. But, my dear friends, it is very true, in spite of all the fine outward looks of our neighbours, and the merry way in which the world sings and dances. We are all, every one of us, condemned sinners in the sight of a pure and holy God; "tied and bound with the chain of our sins," in bondage to the devil; "taken captive by him at his will;" and brought "into captivity to the law of sin."

The Book of God tells us in every page that we are filthy, "abominable, and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate," "which drinketh iniquity as water," whose "righteousnesses are filthy rags," "children that are corrupters."

These are some few of the charges laid against us by the Great and Holy Judge: who can deny them? Who can say that he is not galled by the chain of his sins, or carrying the marks of it, wherever he goes? I am sure there is not one upon earth who does not feel the guilt and power of sin, or who does not feel the remainder of it working within him. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." The man who seems to walk the closest with God, and to be the least conformed to the world in his behaviour and conversation, will tell you, he carries about with him a heart "deceitful and desperately wicked;" and a "law of sin in his members, warring against the law of his mind;" so that although he is not delivered over unto death, yet the scars are plain to be seen and *felt*, of the heavy, galling, sore, and bitter chain, that once bound him.

My friends, you are all convicted felons. Some of you hug your chains; some of you hide them; some of you try to carry them off with an air of pleasantness; and others try to forget them in the hurry of business, or wordly amusement, or constant employment. But you all drag a chain about with you, for all that, a chain ten times heavier than any poor prisoner ever carried here upon the earth.

Now, do not you know this to be true? If you *do not*, you have never given one serious thought to the state of your soul; never thought whether you have a soul to be lost or *not*; never *prayed*. Oh! my dear friends, you cannot surely be in this dreadful state of ignorance, stupidity, and death! You must surely have felt more than once in your *lives* the power that the Old Serpent has over you, and that there is something dragging you down, and making your burden too heavy for you to bear. Has not *some* sense of guilt and misery come upon you? Have you not felt evil tempers, wicked inclinations, sinful thoughts, violent passions, one or all at work within you every day of your lives? And have you not, at some time or other, had misgivings about your soul, and a kind of horror at the idea of dying, or being suddenly killed, and called to judgment? Have you not felt that the Lord God "is terrible in his doings to the children of men;" and that none "can stand in His sight when once He is angry?" Have not these thoughts made you feel a heavy burden upon your mind, and a wish to do any thing, or go any where you could, to get away from them?

This very experience proves that you are convicted felons. You know there is a writ out against you; you know you are in danger of being seized at any moment, and put into prison—oh! what a prison; and that you even now drag a chain about with you wherever you go. You hear it clank for ever; when you are merriest, and happiest, still you feel its burden, and hear it clank. It is wonderful how we stop our ears, and run away from it; but go where we will, we hear its clank. I remember the time when I used to be as fond as anybody of worldly amusements, and worldly *pleasures*, as they are called; but I heard my chain clank wherever I went, and it made me miserable in the midst of all. I have been dancing as gaily as a butterfly to all appearance, and yet this thought haunted me like a ghost, "I must die, and what on earth will become of my soul?" Oh! what a chain was this to drag about! How I have talked and laughed that I might forget it!

My friends, what one poor sinner has felt, other poor sinners may feel, and that makes me tell you this about myself; because the remedy that cured me—the healing ointment that "mollified" my sore, will certainly do the same for you, if you will but try it. The same gracious Hand that caused the chains to fall off from Peter's hands, can, and is willing and waiting to cause your

chain to fall off, and to give you "a new name, which no man knows but him that receiveth it;" so that you shall be no more in danger of being seized and put in prison, but you shall be the Lord's free men.

I know that except you *feel* the heaviness of your chain, you will not trouble yourself about the way to get rid of it: "they that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick;" but I will engage that ninety-nine out of a hundred of my readers will feel that they are *not* whole—that there is something quite wrong about them, and they will, perhaps, be at no loss to understand what I mean by the heavy, galling chain that we drag after us wherever we go.

My friends, when you are reading this little tract we shall be drawing very near to a solemn but joyful season. Easter will be at hand—that time, of all others, so precious to condemned felons like us. We shall be drawing near again to the day on which a great sacrifice was offered up to God—a day when "the sun was darkened, and the veil of the Temple rent in twain"—when He who "came to save His people from their sins," made "His soul an offering for sin," and died upon the cross, "to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." On that great and dreadful day the Lord poured out the vial of His wrath upon One who had covenanted to bear it in the place of man. He "drank the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out;" so that not one drop—no, not one single drop of wrath was left in God's heart towards the rebels who had broken His laws, and set themselves up to fight against Him. Think what it was for Jesus Christ, the Son of God, God Himself, to leave His glory in heaven behind Him, and come down to take man's nature, and sorrows, and sufferings upon Him, that He might perfectly perform the will of His Father, in man's place, and then die as an atonement for man's sin; so that His righteousness is set to man's account, and man's sin was set to Jesus Christ's account, to be blotted out and washed away by the shedding of His own most precious blood.

To prove that man's sin was fully atoned for, and the justice of God fully satisfied, Jesus Christ—man's substitute—rose again from the dead, having gained a mighty victory over death, and established man's righteousness in the sight of God; for St. Paul tells us that Christ "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification."

"There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." This, my dear friends, this sweet and comfortable assurance, is the remedy, the healing ointment, that cures the sore caused by the galling chains of sin! This it is that stops the clanking in our ears, and give us great peace. This it is that answers the old serpent when he comes to seize and imprison us. "It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

Blessed truth! what would not poor convicted murderers, lying in chains, and waiting the day of their execution in our earthly prisons, what would not *they* give for an intercessor, a friend to speak for them, aye, and to save them from the hangman's hand; oh! how they would jump at an offer of pardon—of full and free pardon! They would be ready to do and promise anything and everything to gain it. They would bind themselves for all their lives to a man who should come and let them out—they would gladly be his servants for ever, rather than die: "all that a man hath will he give for his life."

My friends, *you* are convicted felons; you are fast bound with the chains of sin and Satan; you are lying under sentence of death. There is not a human being among us that is not in this case. There is not a station, or a situation in the whole world, that can hinder us from being convicted felons in the sight of God. We have broken His laws, hated His counsels, and fought with all our might against Him! We are rebels against a mighty King; we have cast His words behind us; and we are now under the curse of the law, and under the wrath of God.

This is our state by birth and inheritance; this is our state, too, of heart and spirit; there is no good in us, and no hope for us either.

But when a man is condemned to death by the laws of his country, his life must pay the penalty; he must die to atone for the crime he has been guilty of. There is no one to die for him; no one to break open the prison doors, and bid him escape for his life. He must stand upon a scaffold, before the eyes of all the people, and be hanged by the neck till he is dead.

But, behold! we sinners, rebels against a pure, and holy, and merciful God, children of disobedience, lying in the horrible mire and clay of sin, and wrath, and condemnation, have a free and full pardon offered to us—held out to us, thrust, as it were,

upon us ! A mediator between God and man, a pitying Saviour, comes knocking at the prison-door, and says to our hard-hearted jailor, " Deliver him from going down into the pit ; I have found a ransom ! " " Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. " " Though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be white as snow : though they be red like crimson, yet shall they be like wool. " " Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth. " " For my name's sake will I defer mine anger, and for my praise will I refrain for thee, that I cut thee not off. " " Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in me hath everlasting life. " " For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life ! "

Here are glad tidings of great joy ! Here is a message from God to thee, O, sinner ! Here is one who covenanted with the Father to " proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those that are bound ! " He comes to you in a " garment dipped in blood, " with hands and feet wounded with nails, and His forehead and side torn and pierced with thorns and spear ! He says to you, " Fear not, " " I am He that liveth and was dead ; and behold I am alive again for evermore, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death. " Oh, my dear friends, what a message—what a messenger is this ! He who died for you, and bought your pardon with His own blood, comes to offer it to you Himself, with all the marks of His sorrows and sufferings upon Him ! He prays you to accept it ; to be " reconciled to God ; " to come forth and give Him your filthy prison garments, and clothe yourselves in the robe of righteousness which He gives you in exchange for them. Why will you not hear Him, and " come forth " like Lazarus ? Why will you not catch at the full and free pardon He brings you ? Oh ! you " love darkness rather than light ; " you love your sins too well ; you would rather keep them, and hear the clank of the dismal prison chains, than give them up, and follow Christ to glory ! Oh ! what a dreadful choice is this ! Here is a great Deliverer, and you will not be delivered ! Here is a mighty Saviour, and you will not be saved ! Here is the Prince of Peace, and you still stand out, rebels against the king ! Here is the Lamb that was slain for sinners, and you will not sprinkle yourselves with His blood ! The poor Roman Catholics, our brethren in the flesh, would give a world, if they had it, for the glad tidings we hear and refuse to listen to. They

are not suffered to read the Bible, and so they cannot get at them ; and their priests tell them they must go to the Virgin Mary, and to the saints, to pray for them, and give money to the priests to make sure of heaven ; so that they are all in a mist and a muddle about their souls, and look to the priests and the Pope for salvation, without knowing a bit about the matter after all ! Except we have *God's own Word* to lean against, we cannot tell where we are, or what road we are going ; and His Word sets forth, as plain as plain can be, that "there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved ;" "neither is there salvation in any other" than "the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth." O, how the poor priest-ridden Roman Catholics would jump for joy to hear and know this !

My poor, condemned, unhappy friends, *do* listen to the Friend knocking at your prison door ! The chains will fall from your hands in one minute, if you will but "arise quickly," like Peter, and follow Christ. He hath triumphed over sin and death, *in our name*. He has "led captivity captive," and, therefore, no one can meddle with us if we are in His company : we are safe and sound, and may walk out of prison as the Lord's free men.

If you perish *now*, it will not be because you are sinners, for Christ came to save sinners, "to seek and to save that which was lost ;" but it will be because you *refuse* His salvation ; because you will not open the door of your hearts when He knocks. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." *This* is the condemnation ; *this* is why you will perish : because you *will not* believe in Him ; because you *will not* take Him for your Saviour ; you will *not* come out of prison at His call, and give up your darling lusts and worldly affections, and become the Lord's free men !

Oh ! what madness this is. The "Counsellor" has pleaded for you—the Judge has acquitted you—the prison doors are standing wide open—the voice of the Intercessor calls you to come forth, and you madly sit in your dark horrid cell, hugging your chains, and choosing to go down to everlasting destruction !

What can *I* say more, when you refuse to listen to the voice of Jesus Christ ! Oh ! think of Him while you have life and reason. You are just going to "keep the feast," the holy season of His most precious death and resurrection. Oh ! keep it, not "with the

leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

Keep the day of the Crucifixion—Good Friday—my friends, as a solemn day. Do not go to church once, and then go to plough, and buy and sell, and do your week-day work, but keep it holy. Remember, on that day the Lamb of God was slain, the heavens were darkened, and the light of the sun went out. It is the greatest of all days! keep it holy. Do not make Easter a time of revelling and drunkenness; make it a time of prayer and praise. If all the readers of *THE COTTAGE LAMP* would set themselves to keep this season holy, they would set a useful example, and do a work for God. More than four thousand families would stand on the Lord's side, and bring His blessing down. Let writer and reader strive to be of that blessed little band, whose "knees have not bowed to Baal," and whose "mouths have not kissed him." Let us each in our separate callings seek to glorify our God and Saviour; let us hear His voice, for behold He calleth us. Let us embrace His offer of a free, blood-bought pardon, and cast aside our prison chains, that we may hear their clank no more for ever!

My dear readers, do listen to the Friend who stands at our prison door, and knocks.

THE FIRE.

WHAT a sweet and pleasant sound is the Sabbath chime of village bells! They have been silent during the whole of the six days toil; but when the "Lord's Day" returns, and the villagers are enjoying the rest that its presence gives, then the sweet chimes prepare them for going "into the house of the Lord," and call them together to join in the happiest work of all—that of prayer and praise! Happy is the village whose inhabitants do most generally and cheerfully obey their call.

But in all villages, alas! men will be found, and women too, who disregard their Christian privileges, who think nothing of the blessing of public worship, of the glad and glorious message which the "ambassador of Christ" proclaims, of the value, beyond price, of Sabbath rest and Sabbath employments; for what rest can be so sweet to the weary care-worn mind, as diligently fulfilling those holy and happy duties which more particularly belong to this "delight," this "honourable" day.

Some will sit drowsily by the smouldering embers; some will go to see their "friends," forsaking the presence of their best and dearest Friend in heaven; and some will spend the sacred hours in Satan's court—the beer-house. Ah, let us look back to the days when Christians hid themselves in caves and holes of the rocks, that they might worship "in spirit and in truth," and let such recollections quicken us to value and use the glorious freedom we now enjoy with increasing earnestness! We have long rested peacefully beneath the shadow of Almighty wings; the standard of our Lord has waved gloriously above our heads, and our "Captain," "with a drawn sword in his hand," has guarded the white cliffs of our British Zion from every foe. But we are growing cold, and careless of our inestimable mercies; and the day *may*, alas! come, when we shall sigh and cry for the abominations done in our land, and mourn over the slighted privileges and neglected opportunities that we enjoy no more.

Not many years ago, there stood, close to the church-yard gate, a baker's shop. It changed its inmates; and the new possessor, after continuing for some time to carry on that trade, turned half the premises into a beer-house also. They were people of active habits; and Robert Mason was supposed to be a man of substance; but with all his "getting," he did not "get understanding," for he *never went to church*. The noise and uproar that frequently took place at his house was great; it was the resort of "navies," who were then constructing a railroad, and for whose benefit it was surmised that this new pitfall was principally dug; and although, after that fraternity passed away, things were quieter than they had been, yet it still remained a beer-house, and as such, a crying evil in the land.

One day, about twelve o'clock, a thin vapour was seen to rise from the thatched roof of this baker's shop. It was noticed, and an alarm was given:—the house was on fire! In a few minutes ready hands tore away the smoking thatch; the fire-engine played vigorously upon the spot, and hope was entertained that the mischief might be averted; people flocked to the scene of alarm, and all that could be done was vigorously tried. But it was soon found that the flames could not be checked; the slight building must perish in spite of every effort.

Oh, what a scene of horror is a fire! The crackling of the burning materials, the dense smoke, the terrible aspect of the flames, literally *licking up* all before them, the burning flakes

flying about, the roaring of the fire, the shouting, the distress, the ruin of all around, and the impotence of man to overcome the furious element! It gives us a faint and feeble idea, with all its terrors, of that "day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

A double row of people extended to the river side, conveying a continual line of buckets to supply the engine; the vicar himself laboured, and directed the labours with his powerful arm and trumpet-voice; but all was vain! Bread, and beer, and clothes, and furniture, fed the devouring fire, and in two short hours there was nothing left but one trembling, blackened wall, and a heap of smoking ruins.

It was an awful warning. The walls that had echoed the vain songs and unholy language of the poor benighted frequenters of the beer-house had fallen, in one unexpected moment, like those of Jericho; the very beer itself was consumed before their eyes, and scarcely an article was preserved, although the fire took place in the middle of the day, so rapid and violent was its progress.

Robert Mason in a few months time took another beer-house in a neighbouring parish. It bore, indeed, the dignified name of an inn, but it was to all intents and purposes a "pitfall," and had just been rebuilt, after having also been destroyed by fire. Here Mason remained a year or two, but in a decayed state. He had been deaf to the voice of the fire, and his worldly prosperity deserted him. He became quickly involved, got into debt on all hands, and was at length obliged to give up the "inn," and get on, no one knew how. Then he took again to baking, and he is now once more the conductor of a new "pitfall," but not in his *own* name, lest his creditors should seize upon his effects to pay themselves.

At this solemn, yet joyful season, when we celebrate the dying love, and the risen glory of our great Redeemer, let us pause awhile, and examine our own state before God. Let us take warning from the story of Robert Mason. We may not keep beer-houses; we may not turn our feet *entirely* from God's Sabbath service; yet we may learn a wholesome lesson. Do we "walk after the imagination of our own evil hearts?" Are we "doing our own ways, finding our own pleasure, and speaking our own words," on the Sabbath day? Are we making it serve *two ends*? Are we wickedly and ruinously trying to obey *two masters*? If so,

our spiritual state is no better than that of Robert Mason. We may not, as yet, have been answered "by fire;" but we are provoking God's wrath, and we may be bringing down upon our own heads yet swifter destruction.

There is great carelessness in some places as to the manner of spending Good Friday. It is the most solemn day in the Christian's calendar; and should be most strictly revered. On this day the redemption of man was fully wrought out, the cleansing blood was shed, the mighty price of souls was paid, the warrant of our "hope," was signed and sealed. And shall we regard this day, when the veil of the temple was rent in twain, a *common* day? I cannot bear to see carts and men at work, and the business of life going on unconcernedly, at the very time when the sun's light was darkened, and the insensible earth itself quaked beneath the stupendous work of man's salvation, as if *we* had no part or lot in the matter.

Let the *cottage gardeners* set a bright, though humble example of reverence for holy days and holy things. Let them set their faces as flints against what is evil, and range themselves boldly on the Lord's side. The days are at hand when a choice *must be made*. How long shall "we halt between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."

Robert Mason regarded *no* day. It seemed as if no Saviour and no Sabbath was meant for him. His warnings have been loud, but *as yet* "the still, small voice" seems not to have reached his ear.

SHIRT-MAKING.

Continued from page 39.

Q. In what manner do you then proceed?

A. I cut off half-a-yard for six pairs of wristbands; there will be six in the width of the cloth, each six inches wide; and two in the length, nine inches long.

Q. What next?

A. I cut off twelve inches, for six pairs of sleeve-gussets: the width of the cloth will give six, each six inches wide; and the length will give two, six inches long.

Q. But what about the sleeve-

binders, which you have not yet mentioned?

A. The binders should be about twenty-five inches long; I therefore cut off half-a-yard and three nails. The width of the cloth will allow of twelve strips, each strip three inches in width; and thus I shall get six pairs of sleeve-binders.

Q. And what about the shoulder-straps?

A. I next cut out the shoulder-straps for six shirts.

Q. In what manner?

A. I take off ten inches and a half of cloth, and this will give me twelve strips, cut from the width of

the cloth, each strip being three inches wide.

Q. And then the neck and side-gussets?

A. The neck and side-gussets must be of the same dimensions as the shoulder-straps; I therefore cut off nine inches, or a quarter of a yard; then I divide the piece along the selvage into eight strips. Each strip will thus be four inches and a half wide, and, when cut across the middle, four inches and a half in length. These square pieces, cut corner-wise, will answer both purposes for the eight shirts.

Q. But there is one yard of the cloth yet unaccounted for, out of which you have to provide two collars, two pairs of wristbands, two pairs of sleeve-binders, two pairs of shoulder-straps, and two pairs of sleeve-gussets: to do this, how do you cut your cloth?

A. I take a strip twelve inches wide off the full length, along the selvage; and when cut across, this will form two collars.

Q. What next?

A. I cut off another strip in the same direction, six inches wide; and this, when cut across into four parts, will serve for two pairs of wristbands.

Q. And then for the sleeve-binders and shoulder-straps?

A. For these I cut off four other strips, each three inches in width; and I cut the strips across, so that one part of each will be twenty-five inches and a half long, and the other ten and a half. With the four longer strips I must make two pairs of sleeve-binders, and with the four shorter ones two pairs of shoulder-straps.

Q. There is a strip of a yard in length, and six inches in width, yet left: what do you do with it?

A. I fold this piece corner-wise, so that, when it is opened, it will

present a square; and four of these squares will serve for the two pairs of sleeve-gussets. The little remnant, twelve inches in length by six in width, I cut into breast and wrist gussets.

Q. Well, having cut your shirts out, what are the parts that you begin with in the making?

A. The parts which require stitching, such as the collar and wristbands, should be done first.

Q. And then?

A. I fold the body across at the middle, so as to form back and front, and divide it into three equal parts.

Q. What are these three parts for?

A. One part is for the arms to pass through, another is to form the seams at the sides, and the third is intended to form the opening of the shirt.

Q. Well, having made this preparation, what do you do next?

A. I tack on the sleeve-binders before I sew the seams at the sides; and I place the selvages, when there are any, next to the sleeve.

Q. On which side should the seams of shirts be sewn?

A. Always on the right side, ma'am; and, accordingly, the hem at the ends must be on the opposite side.

Q. Well?

A. I next put in the side-gussets; and when set in, I stitch them neatly across from one angle or corner to the opposite.

Q. What do you do next?

A. I fold the body in two, placing the selvages together, and cutting down in the middle, to form the opening at the bosom.

Q. What is the usual length of this opening?

A. In full-sized men's shirts it is generally five nails in length; in smaller shirts it must be regulated according to the sizes, perhaps

about one-third part of the entire length.

Q. How do you work the breast or bosom of the shirt?

A. I either hem or back-stitch it, as I may happen to be directed.

Q. Well?

A. If it be hemmed, the hem must be on the wrong side; if back-stitched, the work must be done on the right side.

Q. And then?

A. I then set-in the small gusset.

Q. The neck-gussets, I believe, are shaped like a half-handkerchief?

A. Yes, ma'am.

Q. Well?

A. I place one of the straight sides of a gusset on the shoulder-strap, and pin the strap on the shirt, with the gusset towards the bosom. Then I cut along the top of the shirt, in a cross direction on each side of the bosom, as far as the right angle or corner of the gusset.

(To be continued.)

PLAN OF LAYING OUT MONEY.

SOME working men's wives have the valuable knack of making the best of things, while others are sadly deficient in it. Surely it becomes every wife to endeavour to acquire this kind of skill, on which the comforts of her family so much depends. She would be greatly pleased with the addition of a shilling or two to the weekly income of the family, and would reckon that a true friend who should persuade her husband's master to raise the wages of his men from 7s., 8s., or 10s., to 9s., 10s., or 12s. But except she possessed and exercised the skill and good management referred to, the mere advance of income would add very little to the comfort of the family. Without economy, a family may be wretched with a guinea a-week, as well as with 8s. or 9s.

Would it not therefore be a still more valuable gain, if she could learn how to make tenpence or elevenpence go as far in procuring nourishing food, and other comforts, as she has been used to obtain for a shilling? The following practical hints are collected with an earnest desire that they may be successful in extending among the wives of the working men the science of domestic economy.

It is to be supposed then, that the reader has to manage a limited, perhaps a scanty, weekly income; and is desirous of making it go as far as she can in supplying her family with wholesome nourishing food, and other comforts.

The first thing to be done is to find what she really has to spend upon any particular class of supply, say food, for that, after all, is the main consideration. She must begin by taking away from the weekly earnings as much as is required for rent and other regular, unavoidable expenses, and only reckon what remains as her own for the purchase of food. Unless she does this she will be in danger of spending what she ought to save; and by-and-by, when rent day comes round, and no store laid up for it, the family will be obliged either to go without food or to run in debt. It would have been much easier to spare a little every week than to make it all up at once. A wise housekeeper, before she goes to market, will put in its proper place whatever she knows ought to be kept back for other *real* necessities. Thus she will secure herself against being tempted to spend more than she ought to do; and, by seeing before her so much and no more that she really *may* bestow upon food, she knows how to lay her plan accordingly.

The next thing is to act by a

plan in laying out the money that remains for food. Suppose you have seven shillings to serve for a week: remember that is one shilling a-day, and no more; and if two shillings' worth of food is eaten on one day, there will come another day for which there will be no shilling. It is a good plan to market for a whole week at once, rather than to buy something every day, because it saves the time of going often to shop or market, and because there is an advantage in buying a larger quantity at once. When butter is a shilling a pound they charge 3½d. for a quarter of a pound, and a penny, or perhaps five farthings, for a single ounce. A penny candle is one of those that are eight to the pound, which, bought by the pound, cost 6d. or 5½d. If these things are not attended to, and made the best of by good management, people are paying about a quarter, or threepence in every shilling, more than they need. If those who have been used to this bad managing way will leave it off, and observe, in everything, to go the best way to marketing, they will find it as good, yes, better to them, than a larger advance in their wages than they dare hope for.

But then, it must be remembered, that if the money is turned into goods once a-week, the goods must be managed and dealt out by a plan, so much for each day. For want of this sort of plan, many working families have a hot dinner of pudding and meat on Sunday; a bit of cold meat, or perhaps the dripping with only potatoes, on Monday; then two or three days with only potatoes, and bread and cheese; and a day or two at the end of the week with next to nothing, being obliged, perhaps, to sell or pawn something to get them

a bit of food of any kind. And so they go on from week to week till nothing remains that can be sold or pawned, and then the only resource is parish dependence.—*The Working Man's Wife.*

HINTS TO THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

MILK, when it can be obtained, is a most valuable article of family consumption; cheap, wholesome, nourishing, useful as food or drink, suitable for young and old, a meal of itself, and a pleasant accompaniment of other kinds of food. Good skim milk, that is, good enough to boil with rice and not curdle, is usually sold at a penny a quart, and with the single exception of bread, yields more nourishment than can be obtained at the same price from any other article. Even with bread there is an advantage in adding milk; a better meal will be obtained from one-pennyworth of milk, and three-pennyworth of bread, than from four-pennyworth of bread without the milk. Milk is better not boiled, or rather, the less it is boiled the better. If, therefore, it is to be used with flour, oatmeal, or any thickening that requires long boiling, it is better to boil the grain or meal in a little water, and then stir the milk to it. Grain and meal, in general, mix more smoothly, and boil more quickly, by being soaked some hours, a whole night, if it suits, in cold water. No more water should be used than the grain will suck up, but if any should remain liquid, it is to be used in the boiling. Milk improves every kind of porridge. Old peas, whether whole or split, are often boiled with salt pork or bacon; the liquor would be too salt to eat alone, but an equal quantity of milk softens and renders it more mild and palatable (that is, pleasant to the

taste). Onions and carrots added to it would be a further improvement. Milk may be kept from turning sour by adding to it a very small quantity of carbonate of soda, a quarter of a small tea-spoonful is enough for a quart of milk. Fresh butter-milk, and cheese-why are both very wholesome drinks; some dairy-keepers freely give them to those who apply, others sell them at a very cheap rate.—*Esther Copley.*

A CHEAP AND EXCELLENT PUDDING.

PARE and core and cut apples small; take as much flour as is needed for the size of the pudding, and mix the apples in the flour with a *little* water, just enough to make the pudding hold together, but no more, or else it will eat wet. Boil it in a cloth. Gooseberries, currants, blackberries, raisins, or any kind of fruit will do in this manner. The pudding is made in a minute, needs no dripping or suet, and is, by many persons, liked quite as well as one made in the usual way. It is very satisfying too, which is a great thing to poor people, and so cheap that any poor family may enjoy the treat who have a fruit tree in their garden, or have half-a-dozen apples given them. Three or four middle-sized apples, cut small, will make a fair-sized pudding. A little treacle to eat with it goes farther than sugar, and is a very wholesome thing too. I am sure my cottage readers, and readers who do not live in cottages also, will find this a very nice dish, and to all with whom "pennies are few," it will be a very useful one.

If those cottagers, whose means will let them do it, will spend a shilling in brown sugar in the summer, and boil down a few pounds of plums or other fruit from their own garden, or black-

berries from the hedges, and blackberries only want half their own weight of sugar, they would find them very handy, and saving in the winter, for these kind of puddings; as flour is always a cheap article, and water costs nothing, so that when the wife or mother is short of a dinner, or a warm supper for a hard-working *sober* husband, she may take a spoonful or two from the brown jar in the cupboard, and pop a pudding into the pot in half-a-minute. All these little ways are easy, and do a great deal towards making a poor man's home comfortable; and when the blessing of God is asked upon the simple meal, it gives it a double relish. I have often seen a poor family stand up with only a dish of potatoes before them, and thank God with such gratitude for the humble meal, that I have sighed to think how many speak only a few cold words over a plentiful table, and some never give thanks at all. If we had grateful, loving hearts, our poorest food, even the bit of stale bread, would be as sweet to us as the daintiest dish, for a Father's hand gives it to us, and what *He* gives us is *the best*.—R.

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"BEHOLD the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world" (John i. 29). The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; the Lamb signified by all the sacrifices of the law; the Lamb accepted by the Father, in whom He is well-pleased; in whom justice is satisfied, and mercy granted. May our eyes look stedfastly on Him, and fix upon Him our faith, our hope, and our love, as the only way to the Father; as the only way in which our guilt can be washed away, and our robes made

white. Let us go to Him as the way, the truth, and the life; the true and living way to the Father. Is our heart pressed down, even to despondency, under the guilt of sin, so that we say, "How can such a sinner be pardoned? My sin is greater than can be forgiven." "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do we complain of the hardness of our hearts? and want of love to Christ? Behold Him as offered up to God for us; and such a sight, if any, will melt our hard hearts. "They shall look on me whom they have pierced, and mourn." Blessed Jesus! we thank thee for the kind memorials thou hast left us of thy love. May this love draw us to thy table. There we can see thee as a sacrifice, and by faith can eat of that flesh, and drink of that blood, which are offered for the life of our souls. There may we hear thee say, "Be not faithless, but believing." Oh! what a feast of love might this be to a believing soul. Lord, give us to taste that thy "flesh is meat indeed," and "thy blood drink indeed." Oh! let us say from the bottom of our hearts, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift!"—*Pocket Prayer Book.*

"He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered;" or, "He hath appointed a memorial for his wonders; the Lord is gracious and full of compassion" (Ps. iii. 4). Jewish feasts were "memorials" of the "wonders" wrought for Israel of old; Christian festivals are "memorials" of the "wonders" wrought in Christ for all mankind, to whom, no less than to Israel, God hath now showed Himself "gracious and full of compassion"—*Bishop Horne on the Psalms.*

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

"Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked Him, and He would have given thee living water. The woman saith unto Him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water?" (John iv. 10, 11.) The eastern wells have often no implements for drawing of water but what those bring with them that come thither; so that travellers in those dry countries are often obliged to carry lines and buckets on their journies, and great leather bottles to refill from time to time. A traveller from Egypt to Jerusalem says he did not forget "leather buckets to draw water with." And another speaks of the well at Bethlehem, as "a good rich cistern, deep and wide," for which reason, "the people that go to dip water are provided with small leather buckets and a line;" and these are also carried by the merchants that go through great deserts into far countries.

"Coming to a well without possessing the means of obtaining water, we were forcibly reminded of our Lord's situation near Sychar, 'Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.'"—*Hartley's Researches.*

Therefore when the woman of Samaria heard Jesus speak of giving *living water*, and seeing Him without anything to draw with, though the well was deep, she asked Him with astonishment, "From whence then hast thou that living water?" for she understood not that He spake of the Spirit which they that believed on Him should receive.—*Harmer's Observations; from "Extracts from Travellers."*

D of M	W	D	MARCH. THE MOON'S CHANGES. LAST QUARTER—2nd Day, at 40 m. past 1 afternoon. NEW MOON—9th Day, at 19 m. past 8 afternoon. FIRST QUARTER—17th Day, at 34 m. past 11 afternoon. FULL MOON—25th Day, at 20 m. past 6 morning.	SUN	
				Rises	Sets
				h. m.	h. m.
1	T		As for me, I will call upon God. <i>Ps. lv. 16.</i>	6 46	5 50
2	W		The Lord is our King, He will save us. <i>Is. xxxiii. 22.</i>	6 44	5 42
3	T		Let me not be ashamed, O Lord, for I have called upon thee. <i>Ps. xxxi. 13.</i>	6 42	5 43
4	F		Rejoice in the Lord. <i>Phil. iii. 1.</i>	6 40	5 45
5	S		God is no respecter of persons. <i>Acts x. 34.</i>	6 37	5 47
6	☿	4	SUNDAY IN LENT. Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God. <i>Eccles. v. 1.</i>	6 35	5 48
7	M		What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee. <i>Ps. lvi. 3.</i>	6 33	5 50
8	T		The redeemed of the Lord shall return. <i>Is. li. 11.</i>	6 31	5 52
9	W		But ye, brethren, be not weary in well-doing. <i>1 Thess. iii. 13.</i>	6 29	5 54
10	T		The servant of the Lord must not strive. <i>2 Tim. ii. 24.</i>	6 28	5 55
11	F		Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only. <i>James i. 22.</i>	6 24	5 57
12	S		The words of the Lord are pure words. <i>Ps. xii. 6.</i>	6 22	5 59
13	☿	5	SUNDAY IN LENT. When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites. <i>Matt. vi. 16.</i>	6 20	6 0
14	M		Keep ye judgment, and do justice. <i>Is. lvi. 1.</i>	6 17	6 2
15	T		Take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? <i>Matt. vi. 34.</i>	6 15	6 4
16	W		Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven. <i>Matt. vi. 20.</i>	6 13	6 6
17	T		See then that ye walk circumspectly. <i>Eph. v. 15.</i>	6 10	6 7
18	F		Be content with such things as ye have. <i>Heb. xiii. 5.</i>	6 8	6 9
19	S		The trying of your faith worketh patience. <i>James i. 3.</i>	6 6	6 11
20	☿		PALM OR SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER. Whosoever is born of God sinneth not. <i>1 John v. 18.</i>	6 4	6 12
21	M		Many deceivers are entered into the world. <i>2 John i. 7.</i>	6 1	6 14
22	T		We also are weak in Him, but we shall live with Him. <i>2 Cor. xiii. 5.</i>	5 59	6 16
23	W		Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. <i>1 Cor. x. 12.</i>	5 57	6 17
24	T		Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth. <i>1. Cor. x. 24.</i>	5 55	6 19
25	F		GOOD FRIDAY. Into thy hands I commend my spirit. <i>Luke xxiii. 49.</i>	5 52	6 21
26	S		Ought not Christ to have suffered these things? <i>Luke xxiv. 26.</i>	5 50	6 22
27	☿		EASTER SUNDAY. Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves. <i>Luke xxiii. 28.</i>	5 48	6 24
28	M		Behold I send the promise of my Father upon you. <i>Luke xxiv. 49.</i>	5 45	6 26
29	T		He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. <i>John iii. 36.</i>	5 43	6 27
30	W		My flesh is meat indeed. <i>John vi. 55.</i>	5 41	6 29
31	T		The words that I speak, they are spirit and they are life. <i>John vi. 63.</i>	5 39	6 31

SATAN'S DELIGHT.

THERE is among us, my friends, a very sad and mischievous mistake, about which I am going to say a few plain words. It is a *lie*; and he who is the father of lies makes a great deal of profit by it, and gets hold of a great many ignorant, careless souls, who are very content and well-pleased to be saved all trouble and anxiety about their eternal salvation. This lie is becoming very much believed in, I am sorry to say, in these present days, even among us Protestants; and, therefore, I am very desirous to tell my readers what Holy Scripture says on the subject; and also what our own dear Church of England holds and teaches; because they may then be made sensible where the mistake lies, and how to keep clear of it; for we can never be certain of *any thing* in religious teaching, unless we go to "Thus saith the Lord!"

Well, this ruinous mistake—this lie—is, the opinion that all people who are baptised are born again. Nothing can be more hurtful to the soul, and do more injury to the walk and conversation of a man, too, than this thought. It hurts the soul—nay, it keeps it dead—because it persuades it that there is nothing more needed to secure heaven; and it injures the life, because people who find themselves saved with so little trouble will naturally walk carelessly; and, if not outwardly so, they will be totally unconcerned as to the state of their souls before God.

I grant you, it is a very comfortable, nice doctrine; one that saves us all trouble, and makes us very easy and self-satisfied. But, my dear friends, we must not be easy and self-satisfied. We must not take for granted *any thing* we hear, but search the Scriptures, and see whether the things taught us "are so." Because there are "traditions of men" going about at all times, as well as the commandments of God, and if we cannot judge between them, and find out which is which, we are as sure to go wrong as that you are now reading this Tract; for man's way of thinking is *always* different to God's way of thinking; because man is a sinner, a fallen, lost creature, and all he thinks and feels is only "evil continually."

Now, before I bring God's Word down upon the subject, I will tell you a little about what men say of it. There are some who believe that an infant is *born again* in baptism; that it is made a child of God—a *new creature*; that the "old man" is put away, and "the new man" put on; that its heart is altogether turned

to the Lord ; and that if it does not commit any horrible sin, such as the commandments forbid, it is saved, and fit to die, at any time when it is grown to man's estate. The baptised soul may sin in a thousand ways, to be sure, which do not outwardly break a commandment ; but then, as they say, "the rent in the baptismal robe of righteousness may be repaired in the holy sacrament ;" so that can all be put to rights very comfortably at any minute, and the score be wiped away.

Now this is neither more or less than Popish doctrine. *They* hold that infants are born again in baptism, because the priests have power to convey the Holy Spirit to them, and to bestow *grace*, which gives them the power of putting away sin, or forgiving it, or *refusing* forgiveness, just as they like ; so that they bind the poor misguided people with chains, and make them do any thing and every thing they like ; because they think, poor things ! that the priests can either save their souls alive, or send them down into hell, just as they please.

Oh ! my dear friends, these are "wonderful and horrible things ;" but they are "done in the land," taught, preached, printed in books and tracts, and spoken of openly in the streets. Beware of them ! *Watch ; pray ;* seek the help of the Holy Spirit by day and by night, and do not rest satisfied that you *have* the Spirit because you were baptized ; for you will find, to your desperate cost, that at the day of judgment such a new birth as you got at baptism will not bear the searching of God's eye, and then it will be too late to seek *Him* who only can present us faultless before the Throne ! That must be done on this side the grave, if it is to be done at all : "Where a tree falleth, there it shall lie."

Do consider a minute or two about this, before I go on. All you who are fathers and mothers, tell me, do you see any signs of the "new birth" unto righteousness in your children ? Do they grow up in "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," "crucifying the flesh with the affections and lusts ?" Or do you find that they have evil tempers, violent passions, sinful dispositions, to be punished and got rid of ? Do they never tell lies ? Do they never fight each other ? Do they never disobey you ? Do they never put themselves into passions, even as little children, before they can speak plain ? Do they never use bad words, and swear, and call one another wicked names ? Are they never idle, wilful, mis-

chievous, given to thieve, drink, and frequent bad company, if you do not watch them, and check them, and keep them under your own command? Where are the signs of the "new birth" in these baptised infants? Are they one tittle better than children of the heathen, who were never baptised at all?

Where are "the fruits of the Spirit" in *yourselves*, my dear friends? Have *you* any to show? *You* were baptised, you know, in your infancy; and can you, dare you say, that you have been, ever since that hour, bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit, or even desiring "the sincere milk of the Word, like new-born babes, that you may grow thereby?" Now, do just ask yourselves honestly these few plain questions, and honestly answer them. I *know*—I will stake my very life—that *every one* of my readers who *has* been born again, will cry out, "*I was not born again at my baptism, that I can testify.*" I am as confident every one who *has* been born again will say this, as that I am now writing down these words. But those who know nothing about the matter, and have not felt a bit of difference in themselves since they could first run alone, will be very glad to say, "Oh, we were born again at baptism; and if we go to church, and say our prayers, and do the best we can, we are sure of going to heaven when we die." Oh! my dear friends, this is horrible doctrine! It says nothing about the "strait gate," nor the "striving" to enter it; it says nothing about "casting away the works of darkness," nor of "the victory that overcometh the world, *even our faith*;" it says nothing of "walking in the Spirit;" it says nothing of "putting on Christ;" it says nothing about "the answer of a good conscience toward God;" it says nothing about any thing but being born "of the will of man" at baptism, and of going to heaven on that account.

Just ask yourselves whether this is not so. Do not suppose, because some of you may be poor, ignorant, unlearned people, that you have no business with such questions; you *have* business with them; very great and particular business; because you have, each of you, a soul to be looked after and saved; and God's Word says, "examine yourselves whether ye are in the faith: prove your own selves." If we are ignorant, it is at our own peril, for we have light, and knowledge, and God's revealed will and written Word, which is "able to save our souls." We must look after our souls *ourselves*, whether we are learned or ignorant, for "none can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom

for him;" so, if we cannot see to these things ourselves, no one else can.

Well, this deadly doctrine, which it behoves us to get to the bottom of and refuse—this being saved by baptism—may truly be called the devil's delight, for it does as much to people his kingdom as any doctrine that ever was taught by the precept of men; indeed, it does more, because it is such a fair-seeming, pleasant thing, that a great many very worthy people, and very wise people, are persuaded of it, and cannot for their lives see through it. Why? Because they do not pray for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and go to the study of God's Word, like poor little children who know nothing, and wait to hear what their teacher says. *That* is the reason why "the world by wisdom knows not God."

Every body has very great and particular business to find out what is truth and what is not; and so I am now going to try and speak about this devil's delight in such a plain way, that, by the help and teaching of the Spirit, my dear readers may understand me, and be led to search, and pray to be taught what is right.

When our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, commanded His apostles to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," he farther spake these remarkable words—"He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Now just read these words over again, and ponder them. "He that *believeth* and is baptised shall be saved; but he that *believeth not* shall be damned." There is nothing said about baptism when we *do not believe*. Baptism was the sign and proof of a man's belief; a holy rite, which the Lord Jesus appointed to mark out His believing people, just as the Jews were marked out among the Gentiles by the rite of circumcision. If any Jew was not circumcised, he was to be "cut off from his people: he hath broken my covenant." Circumcision was the sign of the covenant of works, and baptism is the sign of the covenant of grace. Abraham, the father of the faithful, under the covenant of works, "received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the faith which he had, yet being uncircumcised;" for the Apostle Paul goes on to say that "the promise" "was not to Abraham, or to his seed, *through the law*, but through the righteousness of faith." Take notice, my friends, the promise was not

to them, because they were circumcised, but because of *their faith*. "For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the Spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of man, but of God."

Now, then, this clears up the matter, just as the sun clears away a fog. Baptism was appointed by the Mediator of the new covenant of grace, *in the place* of the old rite of circumcision, as the sign and "seal of the faith" which his followers had, yet being unbaptised; and if we put the word *baptism* into this passage of Holy Scripture instead of circumcision, we shall see it all plain. I will just put it before you, and you will see what I mean. "For he is not a *Christian* which is one outwardly; neither is that *baptism* which is outward in the flesh: but he is a *Christian* which is one inwardly; and *baptism* is that of the heart, in the Spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God." And Philip, when the Ethiopian Eunuch desired to be baptised, said, "*If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.*" Do you not see, then, that it is *Jesus Christ—faith and belief in Jesus Christ—that saves us, and not baptism?*

Infants were commanded to be circumcised by God himself. *They* could not believe, of course; but it was a sign of the parents' faith in the covenant—a surrendering-up of the infants to the Lord, and a fulfilling, as far as man could do it, of the outward command to circumcise themselves *and their children*; the inward work must be done afterwards. God and the soul must be joined together *by faith*, or the circumcision of the flesh would do nothing. Just so is it with us *and our children*. We present them to the Lord, and we fulfil, as far as man can, the command of the Lord Jesus. . We bring our children into *outward covenant* with God, and we pray that they *may be* born again of the Spirit; but this is all we have a warrant to do. The parents' faith dedicates the child to the Lord; but the child must believe for himself before he *can be* born of the Spirit. The Lord Jesus Christ and the soul must be joined together *by faith*, or the baptism of water will do nothing. This is what our own Protestant Church understands to be the mind of the Spirit, and what she teaches. She says in her 27th Article, "Baptism is not only a sign of profession, and mark of difference, whereby

Christian men are discerned from others that be not christened, but it is also a sign of regeneration, or new birth, whereby, as by an instrument, they that receive baptism *rightly* are grafted into the church." And then she adds, "The baptism of young children is in anywise to be retained in the church, as *most agreeable* with the institution of Christ." Now, by that little word "*rightly*," she keeps us all from fancying we are born again in baptism, because, how *can* an infant *believe*? and unless we believe, we *cannot* receive it *rightly*! So let us take heed to ourselves; and unless we *feel* and *know* that we have been "born of the Spirit," and "cleaned with the washing of water *by the Word*," since we were old enough to understand the truth, and commune with God; unless, I say, we *feel* and know *this*, our water-baptism will not prop us up before the face of the righteous Judge. Oh! let us look this matter in the face, and *come* to a right understanding of it! It is no trifle; it is a matter of life and death. There must be a baptising with "the Holy Ghost," as well as with water. Jesus Christ *only* can baptise us "with the Holy Ghost and with fire;" man cannot do that: he can only "baptise with water unto repentance;" but the *inward* baptism, the "sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ," the "washing of water *by the Word*," *this* cannot be done by any man alive; and if we are told that it can, there is a lie in the right hand of him who says it.

The poor Roman Catholics are taught that their priests receive power from God through the Pope (mind that!) to give the Holy Ghost to those whom they baptise, or otherwise choose to give it to, by the laying on of their hands; so that the poor, deceived people live, and go down to the grave, satisfied that the priests have given them the new birth, and saved them, without a bit of care about the lives they lead, or the unchanged evil of their hearts, or the unchristian affections and lusts that have never been rooted out, or even fought against. No matter: that is the priest's concern: he undertakes to give them the Holy Spirit; to wash them from sin; to give them a safe conduct to heaven: they have been baptised, and can buy pardons whenever they like—so who is afraid?

Oh, my dear friends! this is popish teaching, but it is not Bible teaching,—it is not the Word that giveth life! Do not receive it; do not believe it, *or anything like it*; it will ruin your souls! The new birth that the Lord Jesus owns, the son-

ship that He bestows, is not that which we receive in baptism! Oh, what a mischievous pitfall this is! No: it is that one which He gives with "the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and with fire."

Here is the guage—the measure by which to judge ourselves—"In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother." "We are the circumcision," says St. Paul—we are the baptised *only*—"who worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." Let me beg and pray you, dear readers, to seek to understand this matter clearly and fully. "The devil goeth about," in these days, not so much as a roaring lion as a wolf in sheep's clothing, "seeking whom he may devour" with false and mischievous doctrine. He is *quite as much a lion as ever*; only a sly one. His words are smoother than oil; but he has war in his heart, and death follows hard after him. Beware of his delight—the new birth in baptism! *Conversion of the heart, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, is the only new birth; and worshipping God in the Spirit, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh, is the only proof we can feel, or show, that we are "born of God."*

Remember, and shut fast up in your heart, Jesus Christ's own words; who can gainsay them? "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

THE UPPER CHAMBER.

I WISH I could transport some of my readers into one of the rooms of a little cottage, standing on the brink of a canal, and show them all that it contains, for it would teach them many lessons; but as I cannot do so, I will endeavour to describe the scene, for it is one well worthy the attention of all, both high and low,—the inmates of the palace, as well as of the rural cottage.

In this little dwelling a lock-keeper has lived for forty years, actively and carefully employing himself in the duties of his calling. He was up early and late; no weather stopped his labours; and he was a man fully trusted by the company, because he always discharged his duty well. He was a hale, robust man, too, and though advanced in years, was in no peril of death, as far as human eye could see.

James Saunders, however, had a Master whom he did *not* serve. He did the company's work well, but he left the work of God utterly undone. He was a drinking, jesting, ungodly man; full of everything belonging to this world, but dead to all that belonged to the world to come. He could hear the well-known sound of a barge, even when asleep in bed, and would spring up and rush out to see that all was right, but neither "the fire," "the whirlwind," nor the "still, small voice," could wake his sleeping soul. He never asked or cared whether things were safe *within*; as long as "the water" was all right, and he could get idle companions to drink and joke with, he was quite content.

Last summer the Angel of the Lord met James Saunders. He went out of his house one morning in his usual health and spirits, and in five minutes was carried in again without power to move. Cut down like the grass, stricken like a deer, smitten by the Hand that no man can resist, James Saunders was placed in bed, from which he will rise no more.

When all hope of recovery was given up it was necessary to place another lock-keeper in his cottage; and as poor Saunders was unable to be moved, his wife was obliged to make way for the new comers by settling herself in the little bedroom, and giving up the rest of the small tenement to the large family of the man placed in her husband's situation.

In this little, close room, with a south sun shining full upon it, lies the poor suffering lock-keeper, a pitiable sight. One side is powerless, and the hand and arm so heavy that it is held by a string and hook from the top of the bed, that it may not press upon his exhausted body, for the weight was like that of a large stone. The pain, restlessness, weakness, and distress of the body is great indeed; there is no ease, no comfort, and there is no "*light*" to cheer him on through the dark valley. He has all to learn, when he is broken down and distracted; and his tears and prayers are sadly mingled with the oaths and foolish talking of his former days. Death has settled himself close by his pillow, and terrifies the soul; but when pain and disease afflict the body, how can the spirit awake and give itself then to God? It is a fearful risk to run; let us be ready *before* the bridegroom comes.

Betty Saunders is a woman of weak and tottering frame, but of great spiritual attainments. It is wonderful to hear her speak; how much she knows, feels, and has felt, during her obscure, but

eventful pilgrimage with the man she chose in her days of darkness. She had much to bear from one who hated and laughed at religion; but now her turn is come to pay back good for evil, and the words she speaks to him by night and day are words of extraordinary power. Exhausted by months of weary watching, broken rest, scanty food, and great distress, poor Betty can scarcely do more than look at and feed her helpless husband. A second bed crowds the small room, on which she sometimes rests; but he is so restless and violent if she is not near him, that most of her time is spent in a chair by his bedside. The Company give him a small weekly sum; the parish allows the wife a loaf and a shilling *now*, but for months they withheld it, and she was nearly starved; for continual fire, candle, and other requirements for a sick-bed, all but swallowed up the three-and-sixpence poor Saunders receives. As it is, their privations are great; but in Betty's case they are softened, sweetened, almost put away by the power and energy of her faith. Her eye kindles, and her lips pour streams of simple eloquence that flow from a heart acquainted with God; and good would it be for some of us, who are surrounded with blessings, to enter the "upper chamber" where so much is to be seen and learned.

Saunders lies crumpled-up in his uneasy bed, unable to move on his pillow. A small fire-place, which scarcely kept them warm in winter, now renders the room oppressive to all but the sick man, and the few articles of furniture they possess are all crowded into the room, so that there is little space to move. Such is the dwelling-place of this aged pair, who appear in it as monuments of God's judgment and mercy. The one, who has defied His law through life, is now brought to desolation: his headlong race is run; the day of his mad folly has ended; and the night of sorrow and suffering set in. The other, amidst trial and trouble, says with a beaming eye—"Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

We need to see the trials of the poor rightly to understand them, and to measure their patience under them. We need to see their trials, to measure aright our own blessings and enjoyments. We need to see their trials, to measure aright the grace that supports them, and to feel how and where it is that the believer gains strength according to his day. We must not be content with looking in at a cottage door; we may see nothing

there to interest us ; but we must go to the "upper chambers" where sickness dwells. We shall there see God's controversy with man ; we shall see the ungodly tremble ; the strong man brought low ; the infidel confessing there is a God ; the blasphemer silenced. We shall also see the triumph of faith ; the truth and faithfulness of the promises ; the "power of Christ's resurrection ;" as well as the "fellowship of his sufferings ;" and we shall soon be taught the most wholesome truth, that amid the changes and chances of our restless lives, "*but one thing is needful,*" both to sweeten adversity, to hallow prosperity, and to establish the "hope which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast," which "maketh not ashamed." Let us all seek *lessons of wisdom*, which are better than "much fine gold," and we shall find them plainly and powerfully set forth in the poor man's "upper chamber."

HINTS TO THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

DRIPPING is sometimes to be bought at 3d., or 4d., per pound, or even less ; and sometimes it is allowed to be given to the poor. They cannot, of course, buy meat to roast themselves ; but if dripping can be had cheap, or is given away, it makes beautiful paste, and would go farther in that way than eaten upon toast, which is often done, running away with a great deal of bread, and making expence, instead of saving it. Broken meat, as it is called, is often given to the poor from richer neighbours ; and when that is the case, if it is cut up, and put into a pie, with a good thick crust, it goes much further than when eaten by itself, cold. Two ounces of dripping is enough for a pound-and-a-half of flour, but it must be *rubbed* in. Lard does not go quite so far, it will take rather more ; about three ounces where two of dripping would do. The paste should be laid round the sides of the dish, and the top should be very thick, so as to make it go a good way

among hungry people. Bits of meat, and bacon, and vegetables too, seasoned with pepper, salt, and an onion or two, with a little water, and covered with a thick dripping paste, would make a comfortable family meal. This, of course, can only be done where a baker's oven is at hand, or the poor man's wife is able to bake her own bread. A pudding, however, can always be boiled, and a very little bit of meat, nicely seasoned, and put into a very thick paste, will make a relishing and satisfying meal. A parsnip or two, cut into small pieces, and baked or boiled with the meat in the paste, makes it very nice. It is in these things where the poor are so unthrifty ; a very little trouble, with good management, would make things that are given to them go as far again.

I have often heard a north-country gentleman speak of the careful, comfortable habits of the poor in that part of England. He used always to say to the poor in the southern counties, "Why dont you have a *crock* always standing

at the side of the fire, like the Yorkshire people? They have always a *crock* with something stewing from morning till night. Whatever comes to hand, bits of crust, bits of toast, bits of meat, bits of bacon, sliced vegetables, rice, Scotch barley, anything and everything that they can lay their hand on, they pop into this *crock*, adding water at times to keep it all stewing, and then they let it simmer and soak; so that when a meal is wanted,* there it is, ready and hot." This gentleman never could get any of the poor to follow his advice. They had not been used to such ways, and they had no notion of it; but the plan is an excellent one, and I wish some of my readers would try it. What the *crock* was, I never could quite make out; but any large saucepan, or earthen pipkin, would answer the purpose well, covered close, and always *properly cleaned*. I am sure that many a weary husband would gladly sit down with his basin and spoon by the side of the *crock*, when he came home from work, to see what he could find in it; and perhaps he would not care so much to go sneaking off to the beer-house, when he had a warm mess to eat with his crust of bread.

Wives! try to make your husbands happy and snug at home, with something warm to eat at night. I do not say it would keep every man from the devil's pitfall, but it might keep some, and at any rate the plan is well worth a trial. A *praying heart* will help the *crock* to gain the day wonderfully.

R.

STEWES.

STEWES are improved by being made of several kinds of meat. Hence

it answers very well to buy a pound or two of trimming bits, which are generally sold at about half the price of prime joints, and are nearly or quite free from bone. It may not be the same in all places, but the following is not an unfair specimen of what happens, especially in manufacturing towns, where working-people often refuse to purchase any but a handsome-looking cut of meat, however small the quantity they require or can afford. A person went into a butcher's shop, in B——, and looked round for something suitable to stew with poultry giblets. Being the day before market-day, the butcher's stock was low. Excepting a few large joints, there was only a half neck of mutton—the scrag end. For this—it was in the dear time, early in 1847,—he asked 7d. per lb., but came down to 6½d. The peice weighed rather more than 3 lbs. 1s. 8d. seemed too much to give for so bony and unprofitable a piece of meat, and the purchaser was about to leave the shop and seek elsewhere, when the butcher said, "Here's a great root of a tongue: I suppose that will not do?" "At what price?" "4d. per lb." A few little trimming bits made up the weight 2 lbs., for which 8d. was paid. There is no doubt that the quantity of meat was actually more than on the bony scrag for which 1s. 8d. was asked, and it is certain that, had they cost the same, the tongue would have answered much better for the purpose of enriching a stew, while a shilling was saved in the price. The cottage-cook should be ready at this kind of reckoning, and not, when she intends to cut the meat in bits for a stew, a pudding, or a pie, pay a higher price than she need, merely for the sake of

having it in one handsome-looking piece.

Thanks to the poor French Protestant Refugees, who were driven to this country by persecution in the time of Louis XIV., the English people have learned to make a good use of many things which formerly were regarded as mere offal, and given to the dogs, or left to putrefy in the tan-yards. Before that time, ox-tail soup, ox-heel soup, stewed shin of beef (or beef alamode), and other dishes now highly esteemed, were unknown in England. The value of such things is now pretty well understood in the kitchens of the gentry; but among the more scantily supplied of the working classes, there is still far too little notion of turning them to account. Shankbones of mutton, lamb's feet, and bits of bone and gristle, may often be seen thrown aside as worthless. A noticable manager will know better; when she lays out her shilling with the butcher, she often gets such things for asking for. Sometimes she spends a penny or twopence on a lot of bones which, though bare of meat, will yield great richness to what would otherwise be mere porridge; and with the addition of a very small portion of meat, make so good a dish, that it is only to be wished that every working family were so well supplied.

Now, as to stewing the meat. It may be done either in an oven, in a jar with a lid, or over the fire in a saucepan. In either case, the lid should be closely shut to confine the steam. The bony and gristly parts require much longer doing than the lean meat, and the same parts in beef longer than in veal or pork. The first thing is to remove the lean meat, and saw the heavy bones (such as of a shin or

leg of beef) in pieces of four or five inches long; take out the marrow, which is not wanted in the stew, and will make a good pudding, and set on the bones and gristles with plenty of water. These should boil several hours before the meat is added. When the bones are white and dry, scrape from them all the bits of gristle, which return to the vessel with the rest of the meat, and let the whole stew on until the meat is quite tender, but not ragged. All this part of the business can be done when the fire is most at liberty—perhaps in the evening, when the family are sitting together after their day's work is done.

The bones, though scraped clean, will yet yield more goodness to fresh liquor, in which they may be boiled down another evening. So it is that a good manager is always fore-casting one day over another. Thus both bustle and waste are avoided, and comfort—according to the means of the family—is secured.—*Cottage Cookery.*

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"COMETH this blessedness then upon the circumcision only, or upon the uncircumcision also?" Rom. iv. 9. "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain-deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." Why this caution from the voice of inspiration? Our daily danger makes it expedient, "lest any man beguile you of your reward." "Beware of men," "Call no man Rabbi," lest any man judge against your privileges, impair your comforts, or distress your mind. * * * *

Legal hearts are ever thinking of obtaining righteousness by works, and pardon upon condi-

tions ; but God imputes righteousness without works, even the best robe. None but untoward children find fault with their father's gifts. None but proud children object to their father's clothing. For thy righteousness, even if perfect, O soul, is but the righteousness of a creature ; but Jesus' righteousness is the righteousness of the God-man, alike infinite in value with his precious blood by which our sins are atoned. They are not imputed to us, because laid upon Jesus. God pardons them in justice to Him. Christ hath performed every condition for us. Faith takes its views, and forms its judgments from revealed truths. So it evidences its divine original. Thus it gives all glory to God, while the sense of pardon and the knowledge of justification are applied by the Spirit, who comforts the soul in belief of the truth ; and thus a living vital union is preserved between Jesus and His members through faith. From a joyful sense of pardon, and the Lord's not imputing sin, love is increased, holiness incited, the sinner humbled, Jesus exalted, free grace gloried in, hope encouraged, slavish fears cast out, and the heavenly inheritance longed for as a free gift by Jesus. Thus, all is of God, all is of grace, all cometh freely. Even eternal life is the free gift of God, by Jesus Christ, who saith, " Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—*Mason's Spiritual Treasury.*

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

" PETER went up upon the housetop to pray." Acts x. 9. " They went upon the housetop, and let him down through the tiling with his couch, into the midst before

Jesus." Luke v. 19. " When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence." Deut. xxii. 8. The tops of the Eastern houses are always flat, and covered with plaster or terrace. These terraces or roofs are used for many family purposes, drying linen or flax, and in the summer time for sleeping on. Here, too, the Eastern people enjoy the evening air, and converse. Here, too, they sometimes pray, and here the booths were made for the feast of tabernacles. The roofs are generally surrounded by a parapet or wall, breast high ; but instead of this, some terraces are guarded with balustrades only, or latticed work. Of the same kind, probably, was the lattice through which Ahaziah fell (2 Kings i. 2). This incident proves the necessity of the law for the formation of battlements for the roof, which God graciously gave from Mount Sinai, which furnishes a beautiful example of his paternal care and goodness. These battlements are the low walls or parapets before mentioned. The eastern houses consist of ranges of apartments opening into a court within the building ; the rooms underground are occupied when the heat is intense, and from these, in the cool of the evening, the families go up on the terraces. The houses are not nearly so high as ours, and several families inhabit frequently one house. * * * There are also galleries round the court. In these courts, on occasions of a feast, or when many persons met together, it was usual for them to be entertained ; the courts being covered with mats and carpets, and an awning stretched overhead to keep

out sun or rain. It was probably here that our Lord often taught His disciples and those who came to hear Him; and here, many think the man sick of the palsy was brought to Him, being let down from the housetop into the court, the covering being removed, for the word translated tiling or roof, means also a covering.

"For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." Mark ix. 41. In India, the Hindoos go sometimes a great way to fetch water, and then boil it, that it may not be hurtful to travellers who are hot; and after this, stand from morning till night in some great road, where there is neither pit nor rivulet, and offer it in *honour of their gods* to be drunk by the passengers. This necessary work of charity in these hot countries seems to have been practised among the more pious and humane Jews, and our Lord assures them, that if they do this in His name, they shall not lose their reward. — *Dr. A. Clarke. — From "Extracts from Travellers."*

COMMON SAYINGS.

Our grandfather Griffiths had many shrewd sayings about animals. If he saw young people disposed to be indolent and loitering, he would say, "Come, my dear, jump about, find something to do, and something useful. We have no drones in this hive; every bee must contribute a proper share of useful production, or he will be disgraced and discontented, and either go scantily supplied himself, or somebody else must be injured. Ours is bee-hive law and Bible law too; "for if any man

will not work, neither let him eat!" Then, again, if he saw people moving about in a moping way, with a sluggish step, the hands hanging from the wrists, a listless yawn, and a vacant countenance, or one that expressed only a mixture of indolence and fretfulness, he would say, "Come, cheer up; look as if it really was a pleasure to you to be alive and active. Do not creep like a hen turkey on a snowy day." "There are two sorts of evils," said my grandfather, "about which a wise man will never make himself miserable; those which can be remedied, and those which cannot. The first he will set himself diligently to mend, and the very effort will make him cheerful; the second he will set himself quietly to bear, and time and patience, if they do not make the yoke absolutely easy, will, at least, inure the shoulders to bear it. A man of wisdom, energy, and piety, may know what it is to be sad and sorrowful, but he will not yield to desponding indolence; he will not go about moping 'like a hen turkey on a snowy day.'"

A young man applied to my grandfather to get him a situation, and named a sum with which he should be satisfied. "Pretty well for a beginning," replied my grandfather, "if you get half the money; but what do you propose to do by way of earning it? For folks now-a-days are not over fond of paying a salary for the sake of having some one to look at. If they agree to give you money, they will expect to have money's worth out of you in return. What can you do?" Several employments were proposed, to each of which the young man started some objection. Close confinement would not suit his health; stirring work would be too laborious; one sort of employment

was too dirty; another was not genteel enough; a city would be too close and smoky; a village would be too dull. "Ah!" said my grandfather, "you are like the cat that would eat fish, but did not like to wet her feet, and I fancy she got very hungry before the fish jumped into her mouth. Those who have their living to seek, must learn to put out their strength and skill, and to put up with many things. You are blessed with health and strength to fit you for active labour, and you have had an education to fit you for a counting house, if such be your choice. Don't despise dirty work, for 'dirty work earns clean money;' and don't fancy that anything can be ungenteel or disagreeable which is lawful, honourable, and useful. Let me tell you, young man, before you are likely to get suited, you must come down several notches in your notions, and go up at least as many more in your willingness and determination to make yourself useful. If you have good sense, you will learn these lessons of your own accord; if not, it is likely that want will be your teacher. 'The bird that can sing, and won't sing, must be made to sing.'—*From the Visitor.*

MARRIAGE.

THE Rev. Philip Henry used to give two pieces of advice to his children and others, in reference to marriage. One was, "Keep within the bounds of profession." The other was, "Look at suitability in age, quality, education, temper," &c. He used to observe, from Gen. ii. 18, "I will make him an help meet for him;" that where there is not meetness, there will not be much help. He commonly said to his children, with

reference to their choice in marriage, "Please God, and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me;" and greatly blamed those parents who conclude matches for their children without their consent. He sometimes mentioned the saying of a pious gentlewoman, who had many daughters: "The care of most people is how to get good husbands for their daughters; but my care is to fit my daughters to be good wives, and then let God provide for them."

HYMN.

Nor all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience
peace,
Or wash away the stain.
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our guilt away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
My faith would lay her hand
On that blest head of thine,
While, like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed
tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful
voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

D	D	APRIL. THE MOON'S CHANGES. New Moon—8th Day, at 57 m.	SUN
of	of	past 11 morning. FIRST QUARTER—16th Day, at 45 m. past 4 afternoon.	Rises Sets
M	W	FULL MOON—23rd Day, at 12 m. past 3 afternoon. LAST QUARTER—30th Day, at 51 m. past 6 morning.	h. m. h. m.
1	F	Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved. <i>Prov.</i> xxviii. 18.	5 36 6 32
2	S	The Lord is my portion. <i>Lam.</i> iii. 24.	5 34 6 34
3	☿	Low, or 1 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, let your hands be strong. <i>Zech.</i> viii. 9.	5 32 6 36
4	M	Love worketh no ill to his neighbour. <i>Rom.</i> xiii. 10.	5 30 6 37
5	T	Flee from idolatry. <i>1 Cor.</i> x. 14.	5 27 6 39
6	W	In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. <i>Ps.</i> xxxi. 1.	5 25 6 41
7	T	Do all to the glory of God. <i>1 Cor.</i> x. 31.	5 23 6 42
8	F	Charity suffereth long, and is kind. <i>1 Cor.</i> xiii. 4.	5 21 6 44
9	S	Bear ye one another's burdens. <i>Gal.</i> vi. 2.	5 18 6 46
10	☿	2 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Thou art my rock and my fortress. <i>Ps.</i> xxxi. 3.	5 16 6 47
11	M	Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust. <i>Is.</i> ii. 10.	5 14 6 49
12	T	Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with them. <i>Is.</i> iii. 11.	5 12 6 51
13	W	Cease ye from man. <i>Is.</i> ii. 22.	5 10 6 52
14	T	The Lord Jehovah is my strength. <i>Is.</i> xii. 2.	5 7 6 54
15	F	Wash you, make you clean. <i>Is.</i> i. 16.	5 5 6 56
16	S	Evil pursueth sinners. <i>Prov.</i> xiii. 21.	5 3 6 57
17	☿	3 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Bless ye God in the congregations. <i>Ps.</i> lxxviii. 26.	5 1 6 59
18	M	To the righteous good shall be repaid. <i>Prov.</i> xiii. 21.	4 59 7 1
19	T	The fear of man bringeth a snare. <i>Prov.</i> xxix. 25.	4 57 7 2
20	W	Let us not be weary in well-doing. <i>Gal.</i> vi. 9.	4 55 7 4
21	T	Be ye kind one to another. <i>Eph.</i> iv. 32.	4 53 7 5
22	F	Be renewed in the spirit of your mind. <i>Eph.</i> iv. 23.	4 51 7 7
23	S	Let no man deceive you with vain words. <i>Eph.</i> v. 6.	4 49 7 9
24	☿	4 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Put on the whole armour of God. <i>Eph.</i> vi. 11.	4 47 7 10
25	M	Ascribe ye greatness unto our God. <i>Deut.</i> xxxii. 3.	4 45 7 12
26	T	Seek the Lord, and ye shall live. <i>Amos</i> v. 6.	4 43 7 14
27	W	Arise, call upon thy God. <i>Jonah</i> i. 6.	4 41 7 15
28	T	Woe to them that devise iniquity. <i>Micah</i> ii. 1.	3 39 7 17
29	F	O Lord, to thee will I cry. <i>Joel</i> i. 19.	3 37 7 19
30	S	Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. <i>Matt.</i> viii. 2.	3 35 7 20

THE LAMP THAT NEVER GOES OUT.

READER! when you sit down to look at this little tract, you will of course do so either by the light of the sun, or by the light of your cottage candle. What a blessing is light! What would the world be if it was dark, without the light and warmth and beauty of the glorious sun! and what long, dreary seasons our winter nights would be, if it had not pleased the God of all Grace to lead men to invent and make candles and lamps, and so to light up their houses when the bright sun has gone away from our side of the world to wake up and warm our brethren in distant lands! Many hours would be quite useless to us if we had no candles or lamps; for though the moon is a light in the night season many days in a month, yet sometimes she is hid from us by clouds; sometimes she does not come forth into the sky at all; and at no time is her light clear and strong enough to let us read, or work, or write, or do any thing except walk about, carry on late labour, or travel. We often say, "the night was light enough to read in;" but only take up a book and try! see how painful and straining to the eyes is the pale light when it falls upon your book! You can do nothing—not even see to read, without the friendly help of your little cottage candle.

Readers! useful and necessary as lamps and candles are, they are expensive to buy, and they last but a little while. Your half-penny candle is soon burnt out—it melts and flares away very soon, and then, if you do not, or cannot afford to buy another, you must sit in the dark until daylight comes again. My dear friends, I am going to talk a little to you about a *Lamp that never goes out*.

This little book is called THE COTTAGE LAMP, but it will soon burn out. The hands of those who write in it, will one day, perhaps a very early day, moulder in the grave; at best, you soon read it through—throw it by—and need something else to read. But the Lamp I am going to speak about *never goes out*; it never comes to an end, but becomes brighter and brighter every day; the more you snuff it the longer it lasts—the more you draw the wick up the more there is to come. It is only when you *don't* use it that its light seems to grow dim; and that is, not because there is no light in it, but because there is no life in you—you are dead, and, therefore, you can neither see, nor understand, nor use it. It is a *Lamp that never goes out*, whatever

happens. There it is burning and burning, let the night be ever so dark, or the people ever so stupid.

I fancy I hear some of you say, "What lamp can this be that never goes out? We should like to know something about it, because candles are dear, and give but a poor light when we have got them. We should like very much to have a lamp that never goes out."

My friends—in the happy, highly privileged land we live in, this wonderful and valuable Lamp is to be seen and felt everywhere. Not one single cottage in all Great Britain *need* be without it, and, very few are. You may stare, and rub your eyes, and look about you, and say, "I see no lamp—whatever does the silly writer mean, by saying there is this strange lamp in *every* cottage?" I will almost undertake to say, reader, that in your very cottage one of these Lamps may be found. Look about. What books are those upon that dusty shelf, or in that cupboard, under rags and litter? Or what book is that which lays on yonder table, never opened, perhaps, except on Sundays, and not always then? Reader! have you a Bible in the house? Have you a copy of God's Blessed Word—the Book of books? If you have, you may not know it, but you have in your cottage *the Lamp that never goes out*. "Thy Word," says David, "is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my paths." "The entrance of Thy words giveth light: it giveth understanding unto the simple."

Glorious, and necessary, and blessed as the light and heat of the sun in the firmament is—useful and pleasant as the help of lamps and candles are—there is no light nor heat so glorious, so necessary, so blessed, so useful, or so pleasant, as that of the Lamp *that never goes out*! the precious, glorious, blessed Word of God!

Oh reader! it lights up the dark, wicked, miserable heart of the sinner! It warms the cold, frozen heart of the sinner! It melts, and softens the stony heart of the sinner! It shews us the mind of God! It tells us what God did, and is doing, and ever will do, for poor, lost, unhappy sinners! It teaches us what *we* did, and are doing, and will do still, if God's tender mercy does not stop us! It tells us what God would have us do—what He calls upon us to do—what our end will be if we do not do. Oh reader! it tells us every thing! every thing we ought to know, and believe, and do! It shines brighter than any sunbeam that

ever shot through your casement in the scorching summer days ; it glows with such cheering warmth that it maketh glad the heart—it causeth the lame man to leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing !

The Lamp *that never goes out* shews us all that we need to make us wise unto salvation. A man may know every thing that ever was said or done since the world began—he may know every thing that man found out from the beginning—and he may be able to do, and to talk about any thing and every thing that comes in his way ; but if his soul is not lighted up by the Lamp of God's Word, all his knowledge and his cleverness profit him nothing—he is one of the “beasts that perish.”

The Lamp *that never goes out* shews us something that the wisest and cleverest men never found out without it. Hundreds of years ago there were greater men upon the earth than there are now : men who were so wise, and so mighty in their understandings, that the books they wrote then, are thought more of now than any that have ever been written since ; and all young men who wish to have a good education are obliged to read these very books *now*, though two thousand years and more are passed since some of them were written. Well, now, you would think that such men as those would have known every thing ; that they would have thought, and pondered, and found out every thing ; and, indeed, most things they did find out and understand. But there is *one thing* that “the world by wisdom” never knew, and that is, God. These poor, wise, and mighty men, with all their understandings and their findings out, never found out the “only true God, and Jesus Christ whom” He “hath sent.” No, they could never find out that. They thought there was a heaven, and a hell, too ; but they thought these places were full of gods and goddesses, a kind of ladies and gentlemen who were very powerful, and very good or wicked, who managed matters for all the world, who were immortal (that means, would live for ever), and who would either reward or punish people on earth according as they pleased or offended them. It is wonderful to read the strange fancies these poor wise men had about their gods and goddesses—they thought the very same things were going on among them that go on among the people on the earth. They believed they loved or hated each other—fought and made peace—married and were given in marriage—just like other people. The only thing they could not do, was to die.

Now, my dear friends, you will wonder, and very likely laugh heartily, at the idea these wise men had of heaven and hell. You will think, "how could they be so very foolish, with all their wisdom, as to fancy such things!"—but these men were learned, mighty men in all human knowledge—they knew so much more than either you or I do, that we are not fit to hold a candle up before them, as people say. Why, then, should a poor, ignorant, unlettered English peasant be able to say, "how foolish these great and wise men were?" Can't you guess why? It is because *we* have among *us* the Lamp *that never goes out*. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple."

These poor wise men knew nothing of God's Word. They lived in very wonderful times, too, some of them. Some of them lived and wrote their books just at the very time that the Lord Jesus Christ was dwelling in human form upon the earth; but they knew and cared nothing at all about Him. The Romans, who were some of these wise men, were masters over the Jews at the very time our blessed Lord lived and died; and Pontius Pilate was the Roman Governor of Jerusalem, because the Jews had been conquered by the Romans, and were then in subjection to them; so that we might suppose the Romans *must* have known all about the great and awful scenes that were taking place in and about Jerusalem at that time. But, no; they neither saw nor attended to any thing except their own glory and greatness. They knew not the Lord. His blessed, precious Word was not revealed to them—they sat in darkness of soul, although they saw all worldly things clearly.

My dear friends; the poorest old woman picking sticks out of a hedge in England, if she knows the truth as it is in Jesus, is wiser than all the learned Greeks and Romans put together. *They* knew so much of the world's wisdom, that they are teachers of it to us and our children at this very day; but a poor old apple-woman, who loves the Bible, could teach them a great deal more than ever they have taught us. And why? Because she could tell them that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This is a truth that nobody ever did, or ever could find out of himself. Flesh and blood cannot reveal it: God's Holy Spirit only can, by blessing the Word to the soul of him who reads or hears it. In the days of these

poor Greeks and Romans the Word of God was kept only among the Jews. *They* were the only believers then ; and they kept the Books of the Old Testament with such uncommon care, and loved and valued them so deeply, that they were actually at the trouble of counting every letter in them, that they might be positively sure that not one word was put in, or left out, but that what belonged to the Word was there, just as they received them from their Fathers. 'Think of the Jews' value for the word of God ! How it shames ours !

"Well, but," you will say, "the Jews are not believers now ; how is this ?" The Jews, before the coming of the Messiah, who is the Lord Jesus Christ, were believers, because they were expecting Him, watching for Him, and desiring Him with all their hearts and souls ; and the Lamp *that never goes out* taught them to expect His coming at the very time He did come. But the poor Jews were blundering about a great and mighty King, who should reign over them in outward glory and splendour ; and their hearts turned against "the babe lying in a manger." They would not receive the meek and lowly Jesus, because He came "to save His people from their sins," and not from the power of the Romans. He came as a spiritual deliverer, and not as a mighty monarch. They altogether mistook the thing ; and so they fulfilled the Scriptures without intending it ; for they "despised" and "rejected" Him—crucified and slew Him, and hanged Him up on the accursed tree. This is the reason why they are not believers now. Poor things !—they are beloved of God, nevertheless, for their fathers' sakes ; and the day is at hand, when they *shall* see "and know even as they are known."

There is another body of men in the world who do not possess the Lamp *that never goes out*, and they are in darkness too, of course. The Roman Catholics, or followers of the Pope, have no Bible. They might have it, but it is the business of the Pope, and his cardinals, and bishops, and priests, to keep the people from reading God's Word, because if they did read it, they would very soon find out something that would shake the Pope and his kingdom out of their very shoes, and upset all the lies and false doctrines that are taught among them now. So no poor Roman Catholic dares to have the Lamp *that never goes out* in his house. The priests would force him to give it up, or utter curses against him to make him do it ; and they burn the Bible before the people's eyes, to show how bad a book they think it ! Oh, my

friends, ask the poor persecuted Madiai, who are now again, by God's mercy, set at liberty, what *they* thought of God's Word in the Pope's dungeons? and they will tell you it was, indeed, a "light that shone round about them," brighter than the mid-day sun.

No one who sits down to read God's Word with a *mind to learn*, can long be either a heathen, a Jew, or a Roman Catholic. Why? Because the entrance of God's Word giveth light; "it giveth understanding unto the simple." The heathen has no Bible at all; the Jew has no New Testament; and the Roman Catholic is not allowed to read it; so all these persons, be they ever so learned in other things, are not one-thousandth part so wise as the poor old apple-woman who reads, and loves, and holds tight the Lamp *that never goes out*.

My dear readers,—my dear friends,—have you this treasure? Is this beautiful, glorious Lamp burning in your houses? Is it lighting up the darkness within you, and showing you all the abominations that are hidden in your hearts? Has it given you light? Has it given you "understanding?" Have you "fled for refuge to the hope set before you" in the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Have you *believed*, and received into your hearts, "Jesus Christ and Him crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." The Lord *calls* all who have His Word in their hands, or before their eyes. *He has called you*. Have you *heard* His call? Have you said, like young Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant *heareth*?" Oh, my dear friends, what are you about? *What are you about?* Do not perish with life eternal in your very hands! Do not be like the heathen—the Jew—and the papist! Do not perish for lack of knowledge, when the bread and water of life is held up to your very lips! Oh, be wise unto salvation! be mighty in the Scriptures! all other knowledge is but vain jangling compared to this! You have no excuse: the Lamp *that never goes out* shines around every British hearth, and gives light to all that step upon British soil. Jesus Christ is Himself "the Word of God," "the true Light;" and "this is the condemnation:" not that men are sinners, not that "they are all gone out of the way,"—but "that Light is come into the world, and men loved darkness more than light, because their deeds were evil." This will be *our* terrible condemnation, my dear friends, if we neglect Jesus Christ, the Word of God, the Lamp *that never goes out*.

The day of Pentecost, Whit-Sunday, is at hand. Let all THE COTTAGE LAMP readers pray for another mighty outpouring of the Spirit. We need it; oh! *we* need it, as much as the first disciples did. We cannot *do* any thing, or *see* any thing, or *know*, or *perceive* any thing without it. Every means of grace is fruitless, without the "unction from above;" but the Holy Spirit is always freely, richly poured out upon all who seek His gracious influence.

My dear friends, the Word of God is a Lamp for *every body*; it is the palace lamp and the poor man's lamp, too. Neither king nor subject can go to heaven unless it lights their steps. They cannot find the way: they will be sure to turn down a wrong lane, except they hold God's Word tight and steady. No wind can blow it out—nothing can crack the glass—only *hold it tight*, and walk by no other light. Many a man will offer his hand and a lantern in these our days; beware of *lanterns*; thank him civilly, and bid him good day. Stick to the Lamp *that never goes out*, and, like the noble Jews of Berea, you will be sure to get safe to your journey's end if you hold it tight and steady. Go fearlessly and resolutely on, and never look behind you.

"Let the Word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom." It will teach you all things. "Search the Scriptures," is the command of Jesus Christ, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." The Book that testifies of Christ is the Book for sinners to read, whatever Popish priests may say about it. It may do them harm; and the sooner the better—for "it giveth understanding to the simple,"—but it can do nobody else any harm: because it tells us how sinners are to be counted righteous, and how the dead are to live for evermore.

My dear readers, do, pray do, read for your lives the Blessed Book that "maketh wise unto salvation." Its entrance giveth light—and it is a Lamp for your poor wandering feet that *never can go out*.

A WAY TO BE MISERABLE.

It may, I hope, benefit my young readers, to consider the consequences of early and thoughtless marriage, about which I am going to tell them. One or two *real* examples are better and more convincing than a hundred fancied ones, which are often passed by as amusing tales, without doing any further good; and I feel sure if any thing *can* persuade the young to be in no hurry to settle in life, a very great deal of good will be done.

Mary Jones married William Dodd in the thoughtless way that most young people enter upon this solemn contract. She was very young, very giddy, and very self-willed. Her mother was a woman of great piety, and did all she could to teach Mary the right way, but she made no impression upon her, and it ended in her marrying a reckless, worthless fellow, fond of poaching and rat-catching, but nothing else. Mary soon repented of what she had done, but it was too late to mend the matter. She was very unhappy, half-starved, and unkindly treated. She used to go to her mother's house whenever she could, and always found a welcome, and as much food as poor people have to spare, which is but little; but at her own home she had no comfort, and she bitterly repented the foolish step she had taken, and the misery she had brought upon her own head.

If Mary had been a few years older, she might perhaps have known better what to do, and how to do it, than she did now. She was but a girl, and could only cry; and go to her mother when William was cross or tipsy. Things might have been better had she been older; but certain it is, that where God is not loved and feared, no blessing can be expected upon any thing we do; and however we may strive to do right and wisely, we shall *never* find one.

Mary Bird was not a strong young woman, and sorrow, want, and fatigue, began to pull her down. She had a cough, too, which increased upon her, and the labour of carrying her baby about began to be very great. She used to stay for days at a time with her mother. Dodd cared not where she was, as long as he had not to feed her; he went ferreting and poaching, and left her to do as she pleased.

Poor Mary! consumption had attacked her, and her days were numbered. She was obliged at last to give up all her work, and be waited upon by her poor old mother, who was not strong herself, and great were the wants this poor young creature suffered as she lingered on the bed of sickness. She knew and felt she had brought misery upon herself, and distress and difficulty upon her parents, and she began, too, to feel the truth of all her mother had told her of the world beyond the grave, to which she was rapidly hastening. All these things came before her as she lay helpless and exhausted. Oh! what terrible companions are self-reproach and terror when they sit beside our death-bed! It pleased the God of Mercy to give her an assurance

of peace *at last*; but long and bitter was the repentance she felt before the comfort came; and her worldly sorrows lasted to the end. Her husband cared nothing about her; he came to the house, and went in and out as he pleased, but he took no notice of his poor dying wife, and never did any thing for her. When she felt her end approaching, she sent for him to take a long farewell, but he stood by her bedside as if he was made of wood, dropping her hand, and leaving the room as soon as he possibly could. Dying as she was, the countenance of poor Mary expressed the pain this unfeeling conduct gave her. Her eyes followed *him* till he disappeared, but he never looked back at *her*.

Something like this will ever be the case when people marry in this way. Death may not so soon part them—they may live together for many years, but with no better foundation than youthful fancy, and no other reason than their perverse will, they cannot hope to be much happier than poor Mary and her wild husband were. The blessing of God must be sought, and striven for, or else there is no hope, whether young or old—*this* is the one thing needful; but there are very few young people who think about this one thing, or any thing else, except the fancy of the moment, and, therefore, if a few years *can* be gained, more serious feelings may awaken, by God's grace; and at any rate, sense and understanding will improve, and give a woman a better knowledge of her duty as a wife.

Harriet L—— was six or seven-and-twenty when she married George Collins. She was a very well-conducted, clean, active young woman, but she hit upon an indifferent helpmate, who would have made a sad husband to a young, giddy girl. As it was, Harriet acted dutifully and prudently when she found out the truth. She was always at home, always clean and cheerful, and pleasant in her manner; above all, she was a woman of a soft voice and few words, and never tried to have the *last word*. This is an excellent thing in woman—we do not always attain it—but it goes very far towards making our homes happy. George Collins is a quiet, peaceable man to look at, and says very little, but he is very determined, and there is no way of dealing with him when he takes a thing into his head. A young woman without discretion, or a talking one, would have been beaten, or deserted, but Harriet sat very quietly mending his clothes, and gave him his tea with a quiet face, and a kind manner. He is very fond of her in his way, and is a very kind and strict father;

and her patient forbearance and good sense have won upon him so much, that she can go to him in the beer-house and bring him quietly home. A step scarcely any other wife dares to take, or gets any thing by it if she does.

Now, we cannot say that every woman of Harriet's age will have her gentleness and prudence; but there is more likelihood of it than if she is under twenty. Harriet is a woman of a religious mind, which is the only *real* security for right action, prudence, and forbearance; but still much may be hoped, in a worldly way, from a few added years and experience.

Parents are doing immense mischief to their children by letting them be their own masters at so early an age as they do now. All very old people shake their heads, and say—"It was not so in my day;" and they are grieved at the evil that arises from the change. Vice and crime spring from it, as well as want and social discomfort. Many village sins and sorrows arise from it; many miserable children and sorrowing parents. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise: that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This is the precept of God, and not of man. Let us all hold it fast, and obey it.

HINTS TO THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BULLOCK's liver is a kind of food that very few people ever think of buying. Some think it is only good for dogs—and others never think about it at all. It is a very excellent food, nevertheless, and very cheap too; and I advise my poorer readers not to turn away from the butcher's shop, when they cannot lay out their halfpence on bits of meat-trimmings, but take home a good piece of bullock's liver, and they will have a nice hot supper for "Father," when he comes home tired at night. It may be sliced and fried, like pig's-fry—it is rather drier eating than pig's or calf's liver; but it is very

good, very nourishing, and very satisfying too. One pound of solid liver goes farther than meat, because there is neither bone, nor skin, nor fat to it—it is all solid eating. It must be fried in a little dripping, or fat, or bacon-skimming—or with a bit or two of bacon itself, which with vegetables makes a very savoury dish, and smells very sweetly, as a poor tired labourer comes heavily home, hungry and spent with toil. It is a poor look-out for a man when his wife only gets home from her day-labour when he does, and there is neither food ready, or a fire lighted to cook it. Better let the wife sit at home mending the clothes,

looking after the children, and getting a bit of warm supper, than pulling herself to death in the fields, leaving the children to fight and scream, and having nothing to comfort her husband with, but a crust of dry bread and no fire! A busy wife, frying a slice of liver, and quiet, clean children, are things worth a dozen beer-houses; and I *think* the beer-houses would not be *quite* so full of an evening, if there were more busy, good-tempered wives, and slices of liver frying.

Another nice way of cooking bullock's liver I will copy out from Esther Copley's valuable "Cottage Cookery." She says: "A bullock's liver is generally despised, as coarse, hard, and dry; but to keep it from becoming hard, it must be done through, without being suffered to boil. Take a piece of liver of any size, say two or three pounds; it should be in one lump. Either put it into the side oven of a Yorkshire grate, or in a frying-pan over the fire, with a thin rasher or two of bacon, or salt pork; or not having either, a little dripping or lard; let it brown all round. Then set aside the liver and bacon, and, with a pint and a half of broth or water, rinse out the frying-pan, or the dish in which the liver was browned. Set this liquor over the fire in a saucepan, with a quarter of a pound of rice, a few onions and sweet herbs, a carrot, or turnip or two cut in slices, or a few slices of vegetable-marrow, or Jerusalem artichoke (several things are mentioned, not as being all necessary, but that such as are most at hand may be made use of). Simmer the whole gently, till the rice and vegetables are tender, and the liquor rich, then put in the bacon or pork, and the liver, cover the saucepan, and

set it aside on the hob, to keep quite hot, without coming to a boil. In about a quarter of an hour turn the liver in the saucepan that both the sides may be equally done, let it stand another quarter of an hour, not longer, then take up all together, and it will be found a very savoury dish." The same writer says also: "Bullock's liver cut in slices, with a little pickled pork, and chopped parsley, or an onion or two, makes a very good pudding. A little pepper should be added, but the pork will make it sufficiently salt."

Parsnips and swedes are the cheapest and most wholesome vegetable now to be had, and go farther than any other, since the potato-failure. They might be sliced, and simmered in the way above-mentioned, as carrots and turnips, &c. are not always to be had. Swedes are very cheap, and very wholesome, even raw, and children may safely eat them—they will thrive upon raw swedes in a surprising manner. I do not think this root is enough thought about. It is dark-coloured, and strange to many people's thinking; but it grows nicer and nicer as we eat it, and I myself eat boiled swedes now with almost the same relish I used to have for the matchless potato. It is the gracious will of God to give us a taste for the good things He sends us, and when He takes away one He turns us to another. *If we thought more of Him*, we should think more of His gifts, and less of our own fancies.—R.

COMMON SAYINGS.

My grandfather had a vast opinion of the influence of mothers; and I must own, as far as my judgment

goes, and the experience of riper years teaches, I do not think he went beyond the truth. * * * If any of us young ones were beginning to form an intimacy, he would ask, with almost trembling eagerness; "and what sort of woman is the mother?" or, if he knew the family, and the mother did not come up to his standard, he would shake his head, and endeavour affectionately to dissuade us from the acquaintance. Even in the matter of having a domestic servant, he laid great stress on the character of the servant's mother. My aunt once seemed much inclined to hire a girl whose appearance she liked, and consulted my grandfather upon it. * * * "I fear," said he, "you will find her a selfish, ungrateful, untowardly piece of goods; for her mother is so, and 'like mother like daughter' is a saying that commonly holds good; or where it fails, it is rather on the wrong side of the character than the right." "But, father," replied my aunt, "the black hen lays a white egg." "True, child; but nine times out of ten, the black hen's egg proves a black chicken, though it has a white shell." "But it seems a pity that the poor girl should be deprived of a good place, and the means of improvement, merely on account of her mother's bad disposition, which she cannot help." "That's quite another matter. If you feel inclined to take the girl with a benevolent desire to do her good, and improve her character by instructions and influence of a different kind to those she has been used to, well and good. But do not deceive yourselves by expecting to find a daughter free from the leading defects of character which mark the mother, under whose instructions,

and influence, and example, she has been brought up, unless it be under the influence of Divine grace, creating all things new." "But then, father, it may be hoped that she will be found to possess the best parts of her mother's character, as well as the worst. Mrs. Glover is a cleanly, industrious woman." "Well, my dear, you seem inclined to try the girl, and I am sure I do not wish to discourage you. I hope she will display all the best parts of her mother's character, and that your kind endeavours will be successful in assisting her to cure what may be amiss."

The damsel, in consequence, was engaged; and the end confirmed my grandfather's observations. She was industrious and cleanly, virtues which my aunt held in high estimation, and which disposed her to look with a candid and favourable eye on the entire character. But appearances of a bad, malignant, and crafty disposition soon showed themselves, and resisted my aunt's best efforts. She thought she might have succeeded had the girl been out of the reach of her mother's influence, but frequent meetings being unavoidable, and all that influence going to strengthen and defend what was wrong, and to steel the heart against reproof and admonition, the case was given up as hopeless. The girl was dismissed from her place. She grew up in temper and disposition "as like" to her mother "as" any "two eggs in a nest."—*From The Visitor.*

[Let mothers take a friendly warning from this anecdote. Let them see how much of their children's well or ill-doing in life depends upon themselves; and when they know and feel their own evil tempers, and dispositions, and

habits, let them pray that God will give them grace to get the better of them, and that He will keep their children from growing up in the same wicked ways. A parent's prayers are a portion for a child; and many sons and daughters have declared that they owed their worldly and their spiritual prosperity, under the Lord's blessing, to the precepts and the prayers of their *mothers*.—ED. C. L.]

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"ALL Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

The poor sinner who writes this, being in a dangerous illness, was in a very dark and comfortless frame of mind for two days. The third day, light, peace, and joy, overspread his soul by these words being brought to his mind:—"After two days he will receive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight." On this he called for a Bible. Oh! how was his inexpressible joy increased, when he read these words. (Hosea vi. 2.) On being asked if he had done with the Bible? he answered, with a flood of joyful tears: No—never, never shall I have done with this blessed book, till I change time for eternity."

Jesus is the sum and substance of the Scriptures. All the promises are in Him. All the doctrines of grace lead to, and centre in Him. These are the furniture of faith, while Jesus is the chief object of the soul. So disciples go on to

perfection in knowledge, love, and holiness; therefore, we should prize the Scriptures as our companion; consult it as our familiar friend; and pray over it as our constant guide. To these ends all Scripture is given of God. When thus received by us, we shall also, like disciples of old, be "edified, and walk in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." Look, then, for all comfort from belief of the Scriptures, and in Christ testified of in them. For the Holy Ghost gives comfort in no other way. He fills us "with all joy and peace in believing."

The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

—*Mason's Spiritual Treasury.*

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

"HE went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the Market-place. * * * And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us."—Matt. xx. 3, 6, 7.

The most conspicuous (that means *plain to be seen*), building in Hamadam (in Persia), is a large mosque (a Turkish place of public worship), now falling into decay, and before it a square, which serves as a market-place. Here we observed, every morning before the sun rose, that a numerous body of peasants were collected, with spades in their hands, waiting, as they informed us, to be hired for the day to work in the surrounding fields. This

custom, which I have never seen in any other part of Asia, forcibly struck us as a most happy illustration of our Saviour's parable of the labourers in the Vineyard, in the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew; particularly, when passing by the same place late in the day we still found "others standing idle," and remembered His words, "Why stand ye here all the day idle," as most applicable to their situation; for in putting the very same question to them, they answered us "Because no man has hired us."—*Extracts from Travellers: Morier.*

"The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field: which, indeed, is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, and the fowls of the air lodge in the branches thereof."—Matthew xiii, 31, 32.

A traveller in the east informs us that the mustard plant thrives so mightily in Chili, that it is as big as a man's arm, and so high and thick that it looks like a tree. "These travelled many leagues," he writes, "through groves which were taller than horse and man, and the birds build their nests in them, as the Gospel mentions."—*Extracts from Travellers: Ovalle.*

FOLDING, MANGLING, AND IRONING.

Q. How do you prepare for *folding*?

A. I sort the things into three divisions: those which are to be *ironed*; those which are to be *mangled*; and those which are to be *rough-dried*.

Q. Well?

A. Having seen that the folding-

board is quite clean, I spread over it a clean linen cloth, and then proceed with the folding.

Q. In what manner?

A. As shirts, night-gowns, drawers, and many other things, are always washed with their insides outwards, I now turn them as they are worn, and then sprinkle them to a proper degree of dampness for ironing.

Q. With respect to the shirts, do you sprinkle them all over alike?

A. No, ma'am; I dip the fronts, frills, collars, and wristbands of the shirts into cold water; and then, without squeezing them, I fold each shirt together; and by letting it lie for a time, the whole shirt becomes of a proper degree of dampness for the iron.

Q. Well, when you have done folding, you of course proceed with the ironing?

A. Yes, ma'am.

Q. What sort of flannel should the *ironing blanket* be made of?

A. Of a very thick sort, called *swanskin*, and I spread a coarse cloth upon the ironing-board, to lie under it, which makes the surface of the blanket softer, and more yielding and elastic to the iron.

Q. In what manner do you heat your irons?

A. The old method is to place them on a hanger in front of the fire; but an *ironing-stove* is much to be preferred; it is not very expensive; it is very economical in the consumption of fuel; and it keeps the irons much cleaner than the old method.

Q. How do you clean your hot irons before using them?

A. First upon a piece of sand-paper; then upon a piece of cloth or old bed-ticken, kept for the purpose; and, before putting them on the linen, I wipe their faces carefully, and ascertain that they are

quite clean. But with an ironing-stove they require hardly any trouble to make clean.

Q. Well?

A. Then, to be sure that they are not too hot—that they will not scorch or smear the clothes—I take up something coarse, and iron it, before I meddle with the fine things.

Q. But the same degree of heat will not do for all things alike?

A. No, ma'am; the heat of the iron—always taking care that it is not too hot—must be in proportion to the thickness of the substance to be ironed.

Q. Do you know how to use the *box-iron*?

A. Yes, ma'am; but the box-iron is very little used now to what it was formerly, as for many small fine things, such as frills and laces, the *Italian-iron* answers much better.

(To be continued.)

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

Will you kindly give insertion to the underwritten prescription. It is a most invaluable, and speedy, and cheap remedy for broken chilblains; an ailment which is now affecting thousands of the children of the poor.

One pint of sweet oil, three ounces of Venice turpentine, half-a-pound of hog's lard, three ounces of bee's-wax. Put into a pipkin, and on a slow fire. Stir with a wooden spoon till the wax is dissolved, and the ingredients simmer. It will be fit for use immediately, but the longer it is kept the better it is. Spread *very thin* on a linen rag.

From long experience, I can testify to its full efficacy. — A CURATE.

FINE-DRAWING.

THE fine-drawing of cloth is a very nice part of the tailor's art; and though, probably, very few women may be able to attain the degree of excellence which regularly-bred tailors ought to possess, they may be able to execute it sufficiently well, to answer many useful family purposes. If a woman's husband happen to tear his coat or other garment, it may save a shilling or two if the wife can repair the injury with a sufficient degree of neatness to prevent its being necessary to be sent to the tailor.

Q. Do you know what is meant by the term fine-drawing?

A. Yes, ma'am. It is the joining of torn parts of woollen cloth, without making a seam; and, if the work be well done, the joining is hardly to be seen.

Q. Well, how do you effect the joining?

A. Having pared the torn edges of the cloth perfectly even, I hold the two parts which are to be joined lengthways, on the forefinger of my left hand.

Q. Well?

A. Then I pass the needle pointed *from* me, through the edge of one piece; and then I point the needle *towards* my chest, and pass it through the edge of the other piece.

Q. How do you set the needle in?

A. I set the needle in at half the depth, or thickness of the cloth, drawing the stitches closely together, without, however, bringing one edge of the cloth over the other. In this manner I continue to take a stitch on each side, until the joining is complete. — *Finchley Manual of Industry.*

D	of	M	W		SUN	Rises	Sets
						h. m.	h. m.
				MAY. THE MOON'S CHANGES. New Moon—8th Day, at 6 m. past 4 morning. First QUARTER.—16th Day, at 57 m. past 5 morning. Full MOON—22nd Day, at 52 m. past 10 afternoon. LAST QUARTER—29th Day, at 29 m. past 5 afternoon.			
1	☿			ROGATION or 5 SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. The Lord is a sun and shield. <i>Ps.</i> lxxxiv. 11.	4 33	7 22	
2	M			If a man love me, he will keep my words. <i>John</i> xiv. 23.	4 31	7 23	
3	T			Blessed is the man whom thou choosest. <i>Ps.</i> lxxv. 4.	4 29	7 25	
4	W			I am the living bread. <i>John</i> vi. 51.	4 28	7 27	
5	T			ASCENSION or HOLY THURSDAY. I ascend unto my Father, and your Father. <i>John</i> xx. 17.	4 26	7 28	
6	F			Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for peace. <i>Rom.</i> xiv. 19.	4 24	7 30	
7	S			Yet a little while am I with you. <i>John</i> vii. 33.	4 22	7 31	
8	☿			SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION. I am from him, and he hath sent me. <i>John</i> vii. 29.	4 21	7 33	
9	M			If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins. <i>John</i> viii. 24.	4 19	7 35	
10	T			He hath smitten, and he will bind us up. <i>Hosea.</i> vi. 1.	4 17	7 36	
11	W			Turn thou to thy God. <i>Hosea.</i> xii. 6.	4 16	7 38	
12	T			I am the light of the world. <i>John</i> viii. 12.	4 14	7 39	
13	F			Ye shall be redeemed without money. <i>Is.</i> lii. 3.	4 13	7 41	
14	S			Tribulation worketh patience. <i>Rom.</i> v. 3.	4 11	7 42	
15	☿			WHIT SUNDAY. The promise is unto you, and to your children. <i>Acts</i> ii. 39.	4 10	7 44	
16	M			He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness. <i>John</i> viii. 12.	4 8	7 45	
17	T			Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. <i>John</i> xiv. 27.	4 7	7 47	
18	W			Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord. <i>Hosea.</i> vi. 3.	4 5	7 48	
19	T			I will ransom them. <i>Hosea.</i> xiii. 14.	4 4	7 49	
20	F			Rend your heart, and not your garments. <i>Joel</i> ii. 13.	4 3	7 51	
21	S			My covenant was with him of life and peace. <i>Mal.</i> ii. 5.	4 1	7 52	
22	☿			TRINITY SUNDAY. Be not wroth very sore, O Lord! <i>Is.</i> lxiv. 9.	4 0	7 54	
23	M			I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee. <i>Is.</i> xlviii. 17.	3 59	7 55	
24	T			Give us help from trouble. <i>Ps.</i> cviii. 12.	3 58	7 56	
25	W			Behold, I set before you a blessing and a curse. <i>Deut.</i> xi. 26.	3 57	7 57	
26	T			God is my helper. <i>Ps.</i> liv. 4.	3 56	7 59	
27	F			Ye that are near, acknowledge my might. <i>Is.</i> xxxiii. 13.	3 55	8 0	
28	S			Seek ye out of the book of the Lord. <i>Is.</i> xxxiv. 16.	3 54	8 1	
29	☿			1 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed. <i>Is.</i> liv. 4.	3 53	8 2	
30	F			Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. <i>Luke</i> xiii. 5.	3 52	8 3	
31	S			He that eateth me, even he shall live by me. <i>John</i> vi. 57.	3 51	8 5	

WHO IS THE GOD YOU WORSHIP?

My dear readers! I am about to ask you a question which you will think a very strange, and a very needless one, I daresay. But, however strange it may be, it is not at all needless; on the contrary, it is one of very great consequence; and if men will not ask it themselves, and look carefully at it, to see whether it is so or not, it is very desirable that some one should do it for them, and so *I* am going to ask it; and I pray you, with all affection, to take it in a friendly spirit, and consider it very closely and very seriously indeed.

My dear friends! who, and what, is the god you worship? Who, and what, is the god you bow down to, and obey? Who, and what, is the god whose service you take delight in; whose words you attend to; and whose servants you have declared yourselves to be?

I think I hear some of you saying, "Well, this *is* a strange question, indeed! Who ever asked such an one of anybody born and bred in Old England? Who do you suppose we worship, but the Lord God whom we read about in the Bible? We are neither heathens or idolators, but British men and women, and we have never bowed down to, or worshipped, a graven image in all our lives!"

Oh! readers! I am afraid you are deceiving yourselves sadly. I am afraid you will find, if you come to look this matter boldly in the face, that the Lord God of the Bible is *not* the god you worship and serve. I am afraid you will find there are other false gods besides graven images; and that it does not need to be a poor woolly-headed African, or a wild Indian, covered with beads and feathers, to bow down before idols which our own hands have made. I am afraid you will find that some of you, and, perhaps, a great many of you, are quite as much heathens, quite as dark idolators, as any of those of our poor distant brothers, who have never heard the Truth, or been taught to know what kind of a thing the soul is.

Pray do not be offended at my telling you this. Do not throw this little book down in anger because I have said so strange and unexpected a thing; but read on a little farther, and look into your hearts, and give them a good routing out, and see whether there is not something in them very like idolatry, and the worship of false gods, indeed. Remember, if it is not so, no harm can come of my asking the question; but if it *is* so, the business

ought to be looked into as soon as possible, because there is only one God that can save our souls, and if we are not serving Him we shall go to the bottomless pit when we die; and we may die, if it is the will of that One True God, before we have done reading this little tract. So there is no time to be lost. Let us make sure of our souls, and then we can set to ploughing, or digging, or shop-keeping, or anything we have to do, as soon as we like; but let us make sure of our souls *first*.

Well, now, what are you thinking most about all day long? What are you talking most about? What are you busying yourselves most about? What are your hearts most anxious about, and full of, from morning till night? All of you have some business or other to do in the world. Are not your thoughts, and talkings, and busings, and anxieties, and cares, altogether about the business you have to do? Are you not all trying to get along in the world; to feed and clothe yourselves and your families; to make money; to lay money by; to keep up a respectable appearance; to provide for sickness, old age, and infirmities; or to retire from business, and live easy the rest of your lives? Are not some one of these things uppermost in your thoughts? Do you not set aside everything else to follow that one thing with all your hearts, and minds, and bodily powers? Do you not give up entirely six days of the week to follow that one thing? and do you not take the seventh day for amusement; for laying longer in bed to rest; for going about to see your friends; for reading the newspaper, which you have no time for in the week; for getting a walk into the country, if you live in a town; for getting yourselves, by some or all of these means, in trim for the next week's wear and tear of body and mind? Is not this the kind of life, readers, that most of you lead?

On the other hand—Do you not live in very great neglect of the Lord God whom we profess to serve? Do you *ever* think of Him at all? Do you set apart the seventh day for His entire service, “not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words?” Do you read His Holy Book, to hear what the Lord says to you, and to do as He bids you? Do you think of Him the first thing and last thing every day, making His will and commandments your chief business? Do you now, when anything comes up alongside of what the Lord bids or forbids, and you cannot possibly please Him and

yourself too, do you choose the Lord's pleasure and command, and give up your own? Do you not almost forget whether there is a Lord God at all? And should you not be very sorry to be obliged to do nothing but go to public worship, and read the Bible, and sing psalms, and sit quietly at home all Sundays? Do you not go to bed and get up again without saying any prayer at all, or only just muttering over a few sleepy words, with your minds running upon something else? And when you are in church, are you not far off in your thoughts, busy about your oxen, or your merchandise, or your daily labours?

Now, I just simply and affectionately ask you, my dear friends, if this is not just the case with you? Do not suppose that I am setting myself up to be judge over you. It is because I am a *fellow sinner* that I ask you these questions; it is because I understand and feel my own darkness and idolatry, that I can sift out yours; and therefore I can confidently say—Deny what I have said, if you can.

You will see at once, that the Lord God of the Bible is *not* the god *you* are worshipping and serving. You will see at once what your hearts are about, where they are, and what it is they love best and follow hardest after. And whatever that is—whether it is your business, your children, your farm, your garden, your livelihood, your prospects in the world, your beer and tobacco, or your silver and gold, no matter—that *thing* is the god you worship and serve; and therefore, and for that reason—though you were born in England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland—though you go to church or to chapel—though you call yourselves Christians, and perhaps give your pennies to send out Missionaries to convert the heathen—you are just as much worshippers and followers of graven images, idols, and false gods, as ever the poor Africans and wild Indians can be. There is not one bit of difference in *the thing*, but there is a very terrible difference in *the sin*. *They* have never heard of the Lord God of the Bible—"how shall they hear without a preacher?" *You* have heard of Him every day of your lives since you could run alone, and have turned your backs upon Him; so that you are not only idolators, and worshippers of false gods, like them, but you have a guilt upon your souls that they have not, for "how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?" *You have* heard, and, therefore, you have no excuse at all.

Oh! my dear friends, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked:

for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If you "sow to the flesh," if you think most of fleshly, worldly, perishing things, you are worshipping *them*—bowing down before idols—calling upon Baal—serving gods that are no gods—and you will surely, *surely* "reap corruption," and be cast into the lake of fire, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

This seems a hard thing to say to quiet, respectable householders; it seems a hard thing to say of those who have walked honestly and decently all their lives; but what said the Lord of His own favoured people? "Son of man, these men have set up their idols in their heart." It was *in the heart* where the Jews worshipped idols; and it is *in the heart* where Christians worship them. This is the "stumbling block of our iniquity." We do not stick up images, and, therefore, *we think* we do not worship idols. But there is a day coming fast towards us all that will open our eyes wide when it is too late to repent. Oh! now let us "repent and turn from our idols, and turn away our faces from all our abominations," as the Lord commanded His people by the mouth of Ezekiel the prophet (chap. xiv).

In popish churches, in the very streets of popish towns, images of the Virgin Mary, and of Saints, are set up, all dressed out in tinsel, and mock jewels, and silks and satins; and the poor, deceived people are to be seen kneeling before these images, deep in prayer, for a long time, with their whole souls engaged, as it seems, and taking no notice of anybody or anything, while they are offering up their petitions to these dumb idols. You would grant at once, I dare say, that that *was* worshipping idols, if you went by and saw them; you would be very sorry, and very much shocked at such a sight, and would wish, with all your hearts, that these poor people were Protestants, with a free Bible in their hands, and could see and understand that we are forbidden to "make unto ourselves any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth;" to "bow down to them, or to serve them." The ten commandments are altered by the popish church so that *this* commandment is left out, and the tenth commandment is cut into two, to make up the right number; so that the fourth commandment is their third, and so on. The poor people do not know this, and therefore they are contented, and pleased to kneel down before a smart wooden doll, in a blue silk gown, a tin crown, and a bead necklace, because

their priests bid them do so; and they cry to this image, as the people did in Elijah's time, "Oh, Baal, hear us!" Horrible, horrible sin! Oh! that the true light may shine into their hearts, and show them, "that there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved," than the name of Jesus Christ.

But, my dear friends, though this seems to you such a strange and horrible thing, though you do not kneel down before wooden dolls, yet you have set up idols *in your hearts*. You rise up early; you late take rest; you eat the bread of carefulness; you give your morning, and evening, and midday hours to your work, or business, or pleasure—to your families, your duties, your affections. You, perhaps, hurry through a short prayer with your lips, while your thoughts are busy somewhere else; or you do not say a prayer at all. You have no time, and no taste for reading the Scriptures; and you give up all your time, and your mind, and your wits, to what you either think it right, or wise, or pleasant to do; and if religion anyhow comes up against what you are about, you quietly and civilly put it on one side, and go straight on in your own way. For instance, if we want to go and see a friend, or to take a journey, or to do any particular thing which we "*cannot possibly* find time for in the week," we set Sundays very comfortably apart for doing it. We cannot shut up our shop, or our office, on week days; no, that would disappoint people, and we should lose by it too—business *must* be attended to. We cannot give up one day's work; we have a family that *must* be fed, and a shilling or two is of very great consequence to us. We cannot ask leave to go out on a week-day; master or mistress could not spare us, they *must* be waited on, their work *must not* be neglected. But Sunday is a spare day; it interferes with nothing; it puts nobody out of their way; we can go here or there, and do this or that *on Sunday*. My dear readers! Who, and what, is the god you worship? It may be Dagon, the god of the Philistines; or Ashtaroth, the goddess of the Zidonians; or Chemosh, the abomination of Moab; or Milcom and Moloch, the abominations of the Ammonites; or the Virgin Mary, the goddess of the papists; it may be any one of these, or all of them put together, but it is *NOT* the Lord God whom we read about in the Holy Scriptures; so do not deceive your souls to their ruin, by thinking for another minute that *He* is the God you worship.

When you go up to the house of the Lord, and kneel down with the congregation to pray, where are your thoughts? Answer, if thou canst, oh reader! Are they before the mercy-seat? Are they lifted up to Him who sitteth thereon? Are they pleading the covenant mercies of God in Christ, and His promise to sinners, for the sake of Him who became the sinner's righteousness and redemption? Are they pouring forth prayers and supplications, with thanksgiving, to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to "the Lamb, which taketh away the sin of the world?" Reader! are your thoughts busy about *these* things? are they full of heavenly love? Then, all is well; you *do* know the Lord God of the Bible—you *are* worshipping Him.

But is it not the other way with you? Do not your thoughts go wandering about from pillar to post while you are in the house of God? Are you not thinking of your business, your affairs, your children, your dress, your amusements, your household concerns, while your lips are speaking? And do not you *go on* thinking about them, instead of starting, and fleeing from the vain thought as from an evil spirit? Are you not very often staring about you, noticing your neighbour's dress, or behaviour, or attending to what the gentry have put on? Do you never *sit* while the prayers are being offered up, instead of humbling yourselves on your knees before the Lord God of Hosts? Oh, my dear friends! do not deceive yourselves to your ruin. You have set up idols *in your hearts*—you are thinking about what you love best—your hearts are with their treasures—they are not with God! You are worshipping anything and everything else; but the Lord God whom we read about in the Bible you *do not* worship; and you are horribly deceiving and murdering your own souls, if you think you do. Your "oxen," and your merchandize are loved and served, but your Maker and Redeemer is despised and rejected. The world, and the things of the world, are your idols, and you are going after them. "The lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," are ruining your souls, and hoodwinking you so that you do not know it. You are worshipping things quite as bad as painted dolls, and great, ugly, wooden images; but you do not know it, you cannot see it, and nobody opens your eyes.

Oh, my dear friends! let me beg and pray of you to stop, and turn to the Lord our God! He calls you with a very loud voice.

He says "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" He says, "Repent, and turn yourselves from your idols; and turn away your faces from all your abominations. For. . . . I will set my face against that man, and will make him a sign and a proverb, and I will cut him off from the midst of my people; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." Oh, reader! be warned, be advised! You may not feel yourself to be "cut off" *now*—to be "a sign, and a proverb" *now*; but you will feel it, and find it, and shriek for it, when it is too late. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God," and all things that you need will be given you. Remember the words of our blessed and only Saviour, when He was tempted by the devil: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Depend on it, if we serve Him, we shall gain, and not lose by it; but if we serve the world, the flesh, and the devil, we shall lose all, and gain nothing.

Search your hearts, my friends, and rout out their idols. Pray to the Lord God of the Bible to cast them down, as Dagon fell down before the ark of God. Pray, that not even "the stump of Dagon" may be left in you, but that you may give yourselves wholly to the Lord, to love, and worship, and serve Him acceptably all the days of your lives. "This is life eternal," to know "Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

My dear friends! *do* search out your own hearts, and ask yourselves honestly and resolutely, Who, and what is the god you worship and serve?

THE VILLAGE FEAST.

THE Word of the Lord declares that he is "blessed" who "standeth not in the way of sinners." Every day we see the truth of this inspired assurance, either in the quiet and prosperous condition of those who keep out of the way of the wicked, or in the punishments and troubles that come down upon those who set at nought the righteous commandments of God. Many a man has kept company with those whose ways were crooked and evil, while his own were decent and respectable; but he has either been obliged to break with them at last, or he has suffered in his own body, or his precious soul, for "walking in the way of sinners," and seen, when it was too late, that the only way of peace and safety is in obeying the commands of the Lord.

The young are especially inclined to be careless about the character of their companions. They are quite content to know

and be seen with idle, worthless, young people, if they are not themselves guilty of the follies and vices they walk beside; but, alas! evil, bitter, *eternal*, are the consequences of such careless indifference to sin and sinners; and it behoves all, high and low, old and young, to "stand not in the way of sinners," for a worse end than "sitting in the seat of the scornful" may be their portion—an end that admits of no repentance, and no hope of eternal life. Let my young readers read, ponder, and lay to heart, the true and terrible story of George Griffiths.

He was a young man of very quiet, inoffensive habits, by no means one of the idle, profligate youths that infest the village, and the persons who employed him spoke well of him. His mother had not been what a mother ought to be in some respects, but she was fondly attached to him. She was the wife of a second husband; but the son of her youth was good to her, and a comfort in the declining years of her life. She had been struck with paralysis also, and had been for some months confined to her cottage in consequence.

There is, in some parishes of England, an annual abomination, called a "Feast." What it takes its rise from I do not know; but it would be a parochial and social blessing if such seasons of riot and drunkenness were discountenanced, and wholly put down; for the only effect of them that is visible is the drinking, disorder, and confusion of the village, and the interruption of work, and squandering of money that invariably takes place at that time. There is generally dancing, penny shows, and such snares for the young and giddy: the beer-houses are all as busy as bee-hives; and drinking, finery, and idleness, is the order of the day. Fathers and husbands will spend in one day the week's food of their wretched families, and give up work for that day, and often the next to it, to revel and drink away their senses.

At the last Feast of the parish in which George Griffiths lived, the awful scene took place which I am about to relate. George had been amusing himself with the rest of the community, but in a far more harmless way than many. The beer-houses were full of intoxication, but he was not a drinking character: and although he was amongst the ungodly throng, his head was clear; he had had beer, but was quite sober, and only excited by his high spirits, and the scenes of vain and shocking mirth around him.

One of his companions became so totally intoxicated, that

George undertook to see him safely home, as their way was, for some distance, the same. It was late, but the brother of the young, drunkard rose and let them in. Instead of going immediately and steadily home, Griffiths was induced to take a glass of spirits at this house, and, in spite of his previous caution, he swallowed a large draught of gin. Then he quitted the house on the way to his mother's cottage.

The next morning, when these two young men got up to go to their work, they found the body of a man lying not far from their door, with his head resting upon some brick-work. It was the almost lifeless body of George Griffiths. Stupified with the gin, he had slipped or stumbled, and his head had come violently down upon a row of bricks or stones, which had caused concussion of the brain, in which helpless state he was found by the very youth whom he had taken home, the evening before, in a state of frightful intoxication. The poor mother's anguish may be imagined, but can scarcely be described, when her son was brought home to her. He lingered through the day and night, and then his soul "returned to God who gave it."

Thus ended the short life of a "quiet" young man, who stood "in the way of sinners." It is a solemn warning—more solemn than the death of an open sinner, because all see and confess the guilt of open and undisguised sin, and thank God in their hearts that they are not as open sinners are; but they do not see the guilt and peril of *quiet* lives, when there is no work of grace in the heart. This awful death has set before a whole parish, and all who hear and read it, the startling truth, that they who "stand in the way of sinners" are in peril of everlasting destruction. No man is *quiet* in the sight of God, but he that has sought and found the "kingdom of God and his righteousness;" for "the work of righteousness" only "shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever." Quiet lives before men are only hollowness and deceit; they deceive ourselves as well as others; we say to ourselves "peace, and there is no peace." We are on the road to ruin.

Did George Griffiths suspect, when he undertook to lead his reeling companion safely home, that he was himself to die in a state of intoxication within twenty-four hours? Had any one whispered such a thing to him, he would have said, with Hazael, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this?" He would have turned away in anger and unbelief. But he was "standing in the

way of sinners;" he was in the company of ungodly men; he had no friend by his side to lead *him* safely on. Satan was at his right hand. The bottomless pit was open before his feet! Past finding out are the ways of a wise and righteous God! The open sinner still lives, to fill up the measure of wrath, or to "turn from his wickedness and live;" while the *quiet* sinner was cut off and struck down in a moment; a loud and solemn lesson to all who are leading *quiet* lives, but have in their hearts departed from the Lord.

Let the young be warned to flee from the evil to come! Let them remember the quiet life and dreadful death of poor George Griffiths. Let them not seek amusement in places where God is not acknowledged, and among persons who regard Him not. Let them remember, that though Jesus Christ died for our sins, He lived as our example, that we might walk in His steps; and, that they who lead quiet lives, and say at stated times, "Lord, Lord," are not entered into the kingdom of heaven. Oh, let them beware of those false hopes and bitter delusions! Let them rest in nothing short of conversion of the heart to God, and acceptance of the righteousness of Christ, as our only justification. Let them flee from the company and ways of sinners as they would from pestilence and roaring lions, and let them *keep the commandments of God*.

Had George Griffiths lived a holy as well as a quiet life, had he known Jesus Christ and Him crucified, he would not have dared or wished to company with those who defied God's law. Then it would have been well with him. But he stood in the way of sinners, and rushed with a brain on fire into the presence of his Maker. Let the young man lay this lesson to his heart; let him serve and worship God; and take warning by the death of poor George Griffiths! There is no repentance in the grave.

RECIPES FOR THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

Most stews may be done over the fire, or in an oven, in a stone jar with a lid. The common red ware is objectionable on two accounts. It does not stand heat so well as stone ware; and the glaze, which is of lead, and very poisonous, is acted upon by salt. Either Nottingham ware, or Welch ware is

the best for cooking purposes in general.

Irish Stew.—One pound of meat cut in bits; three or four pounds of potatoes scalded and peeled, or an equal quantity of parsnips, or part of each; three or four onions chopped small; salt, one tablespoonful; pepper, one teaspoonful; liquor, one quart. N.B.—Liquor, in which meat, or the bone

of meat, or rice, has been boiled, is always better than water; but if the liquor is that in which salt meat has been boiled, no more salt will be needed.

At the bottom of the vessel spread a layer of potatoes or parsnips, strew over some of the onion, and some pepper and salt, then half the meat and some more seasoning, another layer of the potatoes, then the remainder of the meat, onions, and seasoning, cover with the rest of the potatoes or parsnips, press all close, and last of all add the liquor. If to be baked, it is a good way to tie a paper over the lid for the sake of keeping in the steam. If in a sautépan, shut the lid close. Let the whole boil steadily at least an hour after it comes to boil. Another half-hour will improve it. If done over the fire, it will require to be occasionally stirred or shaken to prevent its sticking or burning.

Rice or Barley Stew.—One pound of meat, half-a-pound of rice, or Scotch barley, two or three onions, whole or chopped, two or three turnips or carrots sliced, a red beet root, a vegetable marrow (any or all of these, or any vegetable that may be at hand). Pepper and salt, as in the foregoing recipe; liquor, two quarts. If done over the fire, the meat and vegetables may stew for an hour-and-a-half, and the soaked rice and seasoning be added half-an-hour, or rather less, before serving. If the rice is soaked in salt and water, allow so much the less salt. If cooked in a jar, the whole may be done together. In an oven, two hours will do it well.

The "pluck" of a pig, calf, or sheep, which consists of liver, lights, and melt, sometimes the heart also, makes an excellent

dish, prepared as either of the above; allowing in the first recipe one-and-a-half or two pounds of meat to three or four pounds of potatoes, and a quart of liquor; in the second recipe, at least two pounds of meat to the quantity there given of liquor, thickening, and vegetables. These inside parts of the animal sell for half the price of the prime meat, and being free from bone, are not unprofitable for those who like them. Scotch oatmeal makes a good thickening for this dish, either alone, or in addition to potatoes and roots. For a quart of liquor, two ounces of the oatmeal to be scattered among the meat and seasoning.—*From Esther Copley's Cottage Cookery.*

SHEET REPAIRING.

AMONGST the useful sorts of plain needlework required in a family, the management of sheets may be mentioned as of considerable importance. Sheets should always be turned when they begin to wear thin in the middle; and when they get older, they frequently require patching and darning.

Q. Suppose you have a sheet to turn—that is, to place the outside edges in the middle, and the contrary,—what is your method?

A. I do not cut the seam with either scissors or penknife, lest I should cut the selvages also; but I pick the threads out carefully with a pin.

Q. And what then?

A. I then turn the outer edges to the middle, and pin them together in the usual manner.

Q. Should you find that the selvages of the old seam, now forming the outside, are unsound, notwithstanding your care, what must you do?

A. I must hem them, ma'am.

Q. Suppose you have to put a patch upon a sheet, or any other article?

A. First, I take the sheet where it is to be patched, and crease it on the right side, about two inches beyond the part that is worn, by a thread, on the four sides. Then I take the piece that I am going to put in, and turn that half an inch in on the wrong side, also by a thread; and sew it all round, taking care to secure the corners.

Q. Well?

A. Then I turn the sheet, tablecloth, or whatever the article may be, cut out the worn part, turn the edges in, tuck them round, so that all be quite straight, flat, and even, and fell the turned-down edges to the piece forming the patch.

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"LITTLE children, keep yourselves from idols. Amen."—1 John v. 21.

Idolatry is founded in ignorance of Jesus, the true God, and eternal life. None are spiritual worshippers of God but believers in Jesus. There are many idols in the world suited to the pride and lusts of our corrupt nature. These we are cautioned against. But in reading this very exhortation, the idol of free-will is ready to present itself, as though disciples, by their own power, were to keep themselves. This notion opposes the spirit and power of Jesus, and springs from that grand idol—pride. Pride introduces the idol of self-righteousness. This blinds the eye to the glory of the righteousness of Christ, freely imputed by God, through faith. Thus, this trinity of idols, free-will, pride, and self-righteousness, are in unity with each other. By the simple faith of Jesus, we are daily to guard our hearts against all their pretensions.

So also every outward object

suited to our corrupt nature, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; these naturally call for the attention of our minds, tend to attract the affections of our hearts, and promise us pleasure, happiness, and joy. But if these are sought unto, coveted, and enjoyed, they also become idols; they rival Jesus, they rob our hearts of the consolation of the Saviour's love, and Him of the glory due to His name, which is ever the indispensable duty of all His beloved disciples, to give to Him only. Shall we then say of our own righteousness, or our sins, Ye are our glory? Shall we at all hope in the one? Shall we ever seek happiness from the other? Verily, if so, our hearts are not right with God, our souls are not sincere and upright with Jesus. * * * * While we cry in the fervency of prayer to the Divine Spirit for power, we shall, in the fervour of love, and in the resolution of faith, say with Ephraim, "Get ye hence, what have I to do any more with idols?"—*Mason's Spiritual Treasury*.

"I have hated them that regard lying vanities; but I trust in the Lord." Psalm xxxi. 6.

They may hope for redemption who so "trust in God" as to trust in nothing beside Him; for all else is "vanity," and will deceive.

Bishop Horne.

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

"AND she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn."—Luke ii. 7.

Mangers, such as we have in England, are not known in the East, where there is no hay; but in their *stables*, which word is

meant in this passage, rather than *manger*, are stone troughs, or holes of stone, in which they lay the fodder, and which are large enough to lay a child in. In one of these the blessed Jesus was laid, because there was no room for them in the inn.—*Dr. Harmer—Extracts from Travellers.*

"Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house."—Mark ii. 11.

"On the morning after my arrival at Bombay (a great city by the sea-shore in India), I got up with the first blush of dawn, and hastily drawing on my clothes, proceeded alone, greedily in search of adventures. I had not gone far before I saw a native sleeping on a mat, spread in the little veranda, extending along the front of his house, which was made of basket-work, plastered over with mud. He was wrapped up in a long web of white linen, or cotton cloth, called, I think, his cummerband, or waist-cloth. As soon as the first rays of the sun peeped into his rude sleeping chamber, he "arose, took up his bed, and went into his house." I saw immediately an explanation of this expression, which, with slight variations, occurs frequently in the Bible, in connection with several of the most striking and impressive of Christ's miracles, particularly that of the man sick of the palsy. My friend, the Hindoo, got on his feet, cast the long folds of his wrapper over his shoulder, stooped down, and, having rolled up his mat, which was all the bed he required, he walked into the house with it, and then proceeded to the nearest tank, to perform his morning ablutions" (washing).—*Capt. Basil Hall.*

FAITH SIMPLY EXPLAINED.
I IMPRINTED on my daughter the

idea of faith at a very early age. She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said, "My dear, you have some pretty beads there." "Yes, papa." "And you seem to be vastly pleased with them." "Yes, papa." "Well, now, throw them behind the fire." The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice. "Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do anything which I did not think would be good for you." She looked at me a few moments longer, and then, summoning up all her fortitude, her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire. "Well," said I, "there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now." Some days after I bought her a box full of large beads and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure, and set it before her; she burst into tears with ecstasy. "Those, my child," said I, "are yours; because you believed me when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now, that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what FAITH is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of faith. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe every thing that He says in His Word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in Him that He means your good."—*Rev. Richard Cecil.*

FOLDING, MANGLING, AND IRONING.

(Continued from page 79.)

Q. Has not some improvement been lately introduced in ironing?

A. Yes, ma'am; I dare say you mean what is called the *slipper*.

Q. What is it like?

A. It is made to serve as an iron case or receptacle for the common flat iron, which slips into it like a foot into a slipper, and is secured by a very simple spring. The lower surface is smooth, and highly polished; and as it is never put to the fire, it is always perfectly clean.

Q. Is it difficult, or troublesome to use?

A. No, ma'am; quite the contrary; it saves much time and trouble. The common iron, having been duly heated, and the dust wiped off, is slipped into it, and secured by the spring, and then it is freely used, without the risk of scorching, smearing, or in any way soiling the linen.

Q. Is the slipper an expensive article?

A. No, ma'am; it costs only about ten-pence, or a shilling, according to size, and may be had at most ironmongers.

Q. How many would be required for the use of a small family?

A. Only one, ma'am, or two at the most, of different sizes, unless two or three people were employed in ironing at the same time. And, as the old flat irons are used with the slippers, no additional expense is incurred.

Q. How do you iron *shirt-fronts*?

A. The best and most convenient way to iron them is upon a board about 12 inches long and eight inches wide, covered with fine flannel. After the back of the shirt has been ironed, I place the board between the back and front.

Q. And how do you iron the skirts of dresses?

A. They may be ironed in a similar manner to shirt-fronts, using a board of the same length as the skirt, twelve inches wide at one end, and twenty-six inches wide at the other.

Q. How do you fix the board?

A. Having covered it with a blanket, or suitable piece of flannel, I let it rest upon a thin block of wood at each end, to prevent it from creasing the skirt beneath.

Q. What are the things that you usually put into the *mangle*?

A. Everything that is straight; such as sheets, table-cloths, napkins, and silk pocket-handkerchiefs. Waistcoats or trousers must not be mangled, on account of their buttons, which would get broken in mangling, and might also cut or otherwise injure the garment. And things with plaits and folds could not be made to look smooth when mangled. In placing things in the mangle, care must be taken that everything is laid quite smooth.

Q. And what is your method with the things that are *rough-dried*?

A. I fold them down as smoothly as possible, and crease them in the same manner as though they had been creased with the iron. After this, I let them lie for some hours, or until the following day; and then I hang them, folded, on the clothes-lines, or on the clothes-horse, that they may get perfectly dry before they are laid away in the drawers.

Q. Of course you take care that everything is thoroughly aired at the fire before it is folded and put away?

A. Yes, ma'am; and again before it is used or worn.

WHAT IS ECONOMY?

NEVER neglect an opportunity of honestly getting anything that may

be of use. This remark chiefly applies to people who live in the country. Those in towns have not the same opportunities, though, perhaps, most people have more than they make use of. In the country there are many wild productions, which will do either to use or to sell; and children should be taught to amuse themselves in getting them. To encourage them in doing this, they should be allowed to share in such as are used at home, and have some article of clothing purchased with the produce of such as are sold. Hoptops, cowslips, elder flowers and berries, sloes, nuts, whortleberries, and blackberries, are among the sources of profit which industry may use. Acorns are useful as food for the pig; the sweepings of the road serve for manure for the garden; the down of the wild clematis (called in some parts of the country, "old man's beard") does for stuffing beds and bolsters; the rushes at the water's edge or on moist ground, will do to make mats, which any child may easily learn to weave; or peeled, they may be sold to the tallow-chandler for the wicks of rush candles. Very lately, an industrious cottager's wife told the writer that she had sold in the market as many mushrooms as brought in 30s. These she had obtained by going out in the fields very early in the morning. She had several times got a peck in less than one hour. Then there is gleaning in the corn fields: in short, if people do not make advantages of these and twenty other things that may be had for gathering—or, if all these be not within reach, of such things as are—they have no right to complain of poverty as the cause of their families being scantily fed.

Never throw away anything

without considering whether it might not be turned to account. A servant who had been rindling oranges for wine, was going to throw away the peel, when a poor woman, who happened to be present, said that if they were of no use to the owner, she wished she might have them. They were readily given to her, and she was asked what use she could make of them? She replied, that a handful of them put on a fire that was nearly out would sparkle and blaze, and make a cheerful fire to warm her before she went to bed. If she might have the whole they would serve her for several evenings. Never waste anything. None but a wasteful slattern is heard to say, "I threw it away; I did not know it was of any use." Everything is of use, and it is the part of common sense to find out a use to put it to. The bones of meat, if boiled down, will yield good broth; the liquor in which bacon has been boiled, though too salt to be used as food, is of use to wash the canker and blight from apple-trees: the soap-suds after washing, if poured on the garden beds, will greatly improve the growth of onions, carrots, parsnips, and other vegetables; or, if put round the roots of fruit-trees, will add to their vigour and fruitfulness. These things, if thrown down the drain, are quite wasted. Cabbage stems, dead leaves, and other vegetable rubbish make valuable manure. They should not, however, be suffered to decay near the house, as the smell is unhealthy; besides, they lose much of their goodness by being exposed to the air. The best way is to dig a hole in the garden in which to throw them, adding the sweepings of the road and the daily slops of the house.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	JUNE. THE MOON'S CHANGES. NEW MOON—6th Day, at 3 m. past 8 afternoon. FIRST QUARTER.—14th Day, at 27 m. past 3 afternoon. FULL MOON—21st Day, at 11 m. past 6 morning. LAST QUARTER—28th Day, at 36 m. past 6 morning.	SUN	
			Rises.	Sets.
			h. m.	h. m.
1	W	Happy is the man that feareth alway. <i>Prov. xxviii. 14.</i>	3 50	8 6
2	T	Take heed, and be quiet; fear not. <i>Is. vii. 4.</i>	3 49	8 7
3	F	O spare me, that I may recover strength. <i>Ps. xxxix. 13.</i>	3 49	8 8
4	S	The Redeemer shall come to Zion. <i>Is. lix. 20.</i>	3 48	8 9
5	☿	2 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord. <i>Zec. ii. 13.</i>	3 48	8 10
6	M	The inward man is renewed day by day. <i>2 Cor. iv. 16.</i>	3 47	8 10
7	T	Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh. <i>2 Cor. vii. 1.</i>	3 46	8 11
8	W	Be merciful unto me, O God. <i>Ps. lvii. 1.</i>	3 46	8 12
9	T	Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever. <i>Lam. v. 19.</i>	3 46	8 13
10	F	The sorrow of the world worketh death. <i>2 Cor. vii. 10.</i>	3 45	8 14
11	S	In God have I put my trust. <i>Ps. lvi. 11.</i>	3 45	8 14
12	☿	3 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. God giveth to a man that is good in his sight wisdom. <i>Eccles. ii. 26.</i>	3 45	8 15
13	M	Every man's work shall be made manifest. <i>1 Cor. iii. 13.</i>	3 44	8 15
14	T	Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit. <i>1 Cor. vi. 20.</i>	3 44	8 16
15	W	Let us do good unto all men. <i>Gal. vi. 10.</i>	3 44	8 16
16	T	Speak every man truth with his neighbour. <i>Eph. iv. 25.</i>	3 44	8 17
17	F	Make straight paths for your feet. <i>Heb. xii. 13.</i>	3 44	8 17
18	S	I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people. <i>Ps. lvii. 9.</i>	3 44	8 18
19	☿	4 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Who knoweth what is good for man in this life? <i>Eccles. vi. 12.</i>	3 44	8 18
20	M	He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord. <i>1 Cor. i. 31.</i>	3 44	8 18
21	T	Ye are Christ's; and Christ's is God's. <i>1 Cor. iii. 23.</i>	3 45	8 18
22	W	The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power. <i>1 Cor. iv. 20.</i>	3 45	8 19
23	T	I will remember the works of the Lord. <i>Ps. lxxvii. 11.</i>	3 45	8 19
24	F	Put on the new man. <i>Eph. iv. 24.</i>	3 46	8 19
25	S	Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines. <i>Heb. xiii. 9.</i>	3 46	8 19
26	☿	5 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Ask in faith, nothing wavering. <i>James i. 6.</i>	3 46	8 19
27	M	Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord. <i>James iv. 10.</i>	3 47	8 19
28	T	The Lord is good unto them that wait for him. <i>Lam. iii. 25.</i>	3 47	8 18
29	W	I am with thee, saith the Lord. <i>Jer. i. 19.</i>	3 48	8 18
30	T	I will take heed to my ways. <i>Ps. xxxix. 1.</i>	3 48	8 18

ERRATA.—Page 53, line 6 from bottom, for “before he can be born of the Spirit,” read, “before we have any warrant whatever for saying that he has been born of the Spirit.”

WHAT CHURCH DO YOU BELONG TO?

READERS! there seems no end to my questions. I have another to ask you, which is of as much consequence as any I have asked you before; and I hope you will not answer it hastily, carelessly, or angrily; but with deep attention, close examination of your hearts, and in a prayerful spirit. We all want to have questions asked us. We do not like always to hear them; and they are not always very pleasant, no, nor very easy to be answered; but still they do us good. They startle us sometimes, when we are dead asleep; they frighten us sometimes, when we are sitting at our ease, "thinking of nothing, and sichlike," as a man once said; they stick to us like burrs sometimes, and will not be shaken off until we give deeper heed to the things that belong unto our peace. In short, it may please the Lord that His Holy Spirit shall go forth and accompany a very simple word, a very simple question, and make it do a very mighty work: for it is not the *means*, nor the *instrument*, that does the business, but the power of God! A spade will lie for ever on the ground, and yet the garden will neither bring forth plant or tree. The spade is like every other spade, strong, sharp, and useful; but there it lies, and the garden-borders are not a whit the better for it. See the difference when the gardener takes it up and works with it! All things look like fairy-land then, and seeds, and plants, and flowers spring up on every side. So it is with the Lord. *His* arm, *His* Spirit, *His* grace, must work, or the poor weak tools will lie rusting, and doing nothing; and it is this very thing that gives us encouragement to speak a word one to another, as occasion offers; because the very simplest, the very least, of little words and endeavours may, by the grace of God, be blessed to the good of souls. And so now I am going to ask you, my dear readers, this other question: What *Church* do you belong to?

Now, you may, perhaps, think *this* a very trifling question—or you may think it of no great consequence—or one that can be very easily answered; you may say, "Oh, I am of the Church of England;" or, "I am of the Church of Scotland;" or, "I belong to an Independent congregation;" or, "I am a Wesleyan, or a Baptist." To some one of these Churches, or sects, no doubt, you *do* belong; but, my dear readers, there is another Church besides all these; do you belong to *it*? do you—can you *say* and *feel*, that you belong to the *Church of Christ*?

Pray do not be offended at this plain speaking; it is a close

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question, but a very needful one; because we poor sinners are walking among all sorts of pitfalls and false doctrines, on the right hand and on the left; and except we examine ourselves very carefully, we may be sure that we shall stumble and fall into one or other of the snares that the devil lays in our road, and covers up so that we shall not see them.

One of the devil's choice devices is this: to get people to be so fond of forms and ceremonies, or else to dislike them so heartily, that they overlook, ay, and quite neglect, the "hidden life with Christ in God." He gets them to be so taken up with outward and visible signs, or else with total freedom from anything of the kind, as to neglect and despise the inward and spiritual grace. He delights to make them think so much of man, of man's teaching, or man's inventions, as to think nothing of Him, who is the "first and the last;" the "all, and in all;" "who is over all, God blessed for ever." This is one of his choicest devices; dear readers, beware of it. It is a very sly and a very deep pit; but it is the more dangerous, because there are, as it were, steps cut in the sides of it to help us down. Forms and ceremonies are good and useful; on the one hand, as long as they are simple and Scriptural; but, on the other hand, they are not enjoined as that which *must* be done; so that both those that use them, and those that refuse them, have something to go upon, which the devil makes good use of to ruin souls.

Ever since the day of our Lord Jesus Christ, "the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls," men have banded together in bodies to serve and worship the Lord. While the Apostles lived, there were *Churches* formed in most of the great cities; that is, Christians who dwelt near enough together to meet for public worship, were watched over and ministered to by bishops, presbyters, and deacons, and were called by the name of the country or city, they dwelt in: such as the Church of Ephesus, the Church of Corinth, the Church of Rome—of Sardis—of Laodicea—Smyrna, and many others. Every body of Christians was called a Church in those days; and, indeed, households were called Churches by St. Paul, as that of Aquila and Priscilla, at Rome; and that of Nymphas, in Colosse. It pleased God to order that men should dwell together as brethren, that they might be helpers one of another, and enjoy the blessings of friendly and family love and kindness; for if men lived only by themselves like animals, they could not fulfil God's laws, which speak

so largely and so strongly about our duties to our fellow-creatures. Oh, that *we* thought about them, and performed them, as the Lord meant and commanded us to do!

Well, dear readers, while men met together in this happy and blessed way, to worship and praise, and offer up united prayer to Him who created, redeemed, and sanctified them, all was well. But that old serpent, the devil, could not let this state of things alone—it was too holy to serve his purpose, and so he soon began to take advantage of the evil passions of men, to stir up sin and strife. He soon set men contending and disputing about things of very little consequence, or none at all—and they first of all began about their spiritual teachers. Some of the Christians at Corinth said they were “of Paul;” others said they were “of Cephas;” others said they were “of Apollos;” while others again said they were “of Christ.” This troubled St. Paul sadly, who wanted all men only to “glory in the Lord;” and he wrote and exhorted them very strongly and earnestly to be “joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment,” that there might be no “divisions” among them;” for he said, “Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?” His great and burning desire was that they should belong only to Christ—think only of Christ—learn only of Christ—rest only on Christ—and follow Him simply, faithfully, and in singleness of heart. Then he went on to say “For ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions; are ye not carnal, and walk as men? For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal? Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man?”

Now these divisions, you see, took place in the Church of Corinth—it was not one Church against another—but men in the very same Church quarrelling, contending, and dividing about the men who were sent by God to preach the gospel to them! Does not this show us plainly and bitterly how ready our carnal hearts are to sin and commit iniquity, when we quarrel and separate about holy and spiritual things? Oh! how we ought to pray that the Lord would keep us from temptation, and deliver us from evil!

After the death of the Apostles, differences and divisions grew many and great, and have continued to do so; so that at one

time, some few hundred years ago, corruptions, and lies, and spiritual wickedness, overran the world to such a degree that real Bible-Christians were almost destroyed—only a few remained, here and there—and they were obliged to hide in rocks and caves, and dens of the earth, to escape from imprisonment and death. The Church of Rome, once a pure and Apostolic Church, in St. Paul's time, became so bad and abominable in her doctrines and practices, and so domineering, and proud, and idolatrous, that she made herself mistress over all countries and churches, and professed to rule over them, setting up what they call the Pope to be their head, and making him a God upon earth, with power to kill, and save—to forgive sins, and cast into hell—in short, to do everything upon earth that the Lord God only can do who sitteth between the Cherubims. Of course, they shut up all the Bibles, so that people knew nothing about God's Word and Will, so could not dispute the matter; and then they said every soul that did not submit to the Pope, and do all he bid them, was lost for ever, and was not fit to live another minute either; so they burned, and slew every other creature they could get at, which made the few faithful Bible-Christians that still remained hide themselves wherever they could, and get together to worship God in dens of the earth; and even there they were not safe from the Pope's people, who hunted them out just as we do rabbits and rats.

It pleased the Lord of heaven and earth, in His good time, to stir up men, some three hundred years ago, to find out the Truth, and to bring the Bible once more before the eyes of the world, so that nobody now *can* be deceived and ruined, unless they like it. We have the blessed Word of God in every house and every cottage, so that we can read, and ponder, and pray over it, all day and all night, without let or hindrance, to find out what really is the mind of God. Men still band themselves together in bodies, as Churches, to worship God and preach the Gospel, just as they used to do. This always must be done, according to the Word and Will of God; but now we can find out how matters stand, because we have a free Bible, and it tells us, not only whether the Church we are members of is a pure and sound one, but whether *our hearts* are pure and sound too. Now, my dear friends, it is a blessed privilege to belong to a pure and Apostolic Church on earth, as we Britons do. Our beloved Church Establishment is firmly and faithfully "built

upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets; Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone;" and when we see the misery, and darkness, and ignorance of the poor Papists, without any Bible, or any full and free Saviour, but a man called the Pope, and a *dead* woman called the Queen of Heaven (the Virgin Mary), and dead men called saints, standing between them and their God, well may we shout with joy and thanksgiving, and fall low on our knees before God's footstool, that He has shown our forefathers that "Holy Scripture doth set out unto us, only the name of Jesus Christ, whereby men must be saved." (Article 18th.)

But, my dear readers, the purest Church on earth cannot save us! We may quarrel and contend for ever about our Church—our preachers—our discipline—we may be satisfied that no sect upon earth is taught and governed so scripturally as we are—but *that* will not save us! It is not Paul, or Apollos—it is not the "mint, and anise, and cummin"—it is not the broad "phylacteries," nor the large "borders of their garments"—it is not "uppermost rooms," nor "chief seats"—it is not "meat and drink," nor "clean" and "unclean"—nor "one day above another," that saves us! Oh! do not, pray, *pray*, do not think it is, or your souls will be lulled off into the sleep of death—your feet will go down, step by step, to the gates of hell, and you will perish for ever!

My dear readers, forget for one moment what Church you belong to on earth, and tell me—tell *yourselves*, if you can—whether you belong to the *Church of Christ*? Forget whether you were baptized in the Church of England, or Scotland, or any one of the congregations separating from them—for one moment forget *that*, and just think whether you have been "*baptised into Jesus Christ*." This is the hinge, my dear friends, upon which your salvation hangs; the only hinge that will not break when the winds blow, and the storm rages. You may hang on *that* hinge for ever, as safe as safe can be, but every other hinge is nothing but a rope of sand. People may talk for ever about "the Church;" the Jews thought a great deal about themselves, as the holy people; but when they were bit by the fiery serpents, their being Jews, and in the camp, and all that, went for nothing. They were desired to look at the Brazen Serpent, and that alone saved *them*—nothing else did. *We* may belong to a body of true believers, but except we look fully and believingly to Christ *our ownelves*, neither our friends nor our neighbours, neither our

party nor our preachers, can save us. To belong to a pure *visible* Church is good; but to belong to the *invisible* one is the one thing needful. It is not having fellowship with saints on earth, but having "fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ," that saves us. It is not having our names written down in a congregation, but having them written in the Lamb's "Book of Life," that gives us a title to heaven. Oh! my dear friends, beware of these ruinous ways of thinking! Many teach them in these days; but "there is death in the pot." They are the traditions of men, not the commandments of God. Hunt for them all through the Bible, and see if you can find them; if you can, then believe them, and die for them; if you cannot, refuse them, and cast them out.

It is a small matter which congregation of worshippers you belong to among men, but it is a mighty matter which you belong to in the sight of God, because there is—in His sight—only *One Church*, and if you do not belong to it you are in a miserable predicament indeed. There is the body of believers, and the body of unbelievers, only, in God's sight; and there is the *One Church* of Christ—no sects, no parties, no divisions, no contentions *there*—no forms, no ceremonies—there is no state connection, or voluntary system, *there*, to rouse and inflame the passions of poor sinners—no hot contentions for or against the decency and order that ought to prevail, and without which men cannot long keep themselves in brotherly love, or brotherly quiet. There *must* be strong and firm rules and regulations in the visible Church to keep Christians together in peace. No good arises from every man doing that which is right in his own eyes; but then, so vile are our hearts, that we soon begin to rest in, and boast of, and think too much about, those things that are only lawful and expedient, overlooking and neglecting those that are *necessary to salvation*. But in the Church of Christ things are managed differently. *There*, it is not *Where* do you worship? but *Who* do you worship? and *How* do you worship? It is not the *place*, dear readers, that makes us worship God acceptably, but the spirit in which we bow before Him, and the "Beloved," in whom only we are accepted and heard. "Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? For all these things hath my hand made, and all things have been, saith the Lord; but to this man will I

look, even to him that is of a contrite heart, and that trembleth at my word." And St. Paul says, in after days, "Howbeit, the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands, as saith the prophet," &c.

Oh! dear readers, do not rest upon the "Church," but upon the Rock on which the Church is built. Do not rest upon your sect, or party, or upon your separation from any church, or party, because, in the One great Church, "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all." The purest form of Church government is but the work of man—it will some day crumble away; but the Church of Christ, the body of Christ, of which He only is the head, can never crumble away, but standeth fast for ever.

My dear friends! have you joined yourselves to *this* Church? Are you living members of His body? Have you closed with His offer of free salvation? Have you given yourselves to God? Are you "accepted in the Beloved?" Are "your lives hid with Christ in God?" Do you *experimentally* know "the one true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent?" If you can heartily say "yes" to these plain questions, "happy are ye," for "the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you;" but if you do not know what they mean, it matters not whom you call master—whether bishop, presbyter, or elder—*Christ is not your master; you do not belong to Him*; and you will find, in the end, that we are saved only through the name of Jesus Christ, and not by the Church or party to which we belong. Many stumble at this stumbling-stone; but the Word of God is mightier than the traditions of men.

My dear friends, pray, and strive without ceasing, to be grafted into the Church of Christ, the *unseen* Church, hid with Christ in God; and then you will be safe, now and for ever, for over it the "second death hath no power."

FINE DRESSING.

THE love of dress among the female portion of the poor has been greatly and lamentably increasing of late years, and is a fruitful source of mischief in many ways. I remember, in my childhood, the neat and comfortable dress of the female peasantry—the dark stuff or cotton gown, the milk-white apron, the warm red cloak, and the large black puckered bonnet,—all seeming to last from

womanhood to age; and that gave so respectable an appearance to the rural congregation on the Lord's day. The dress of those times seemed to last for life,—it was so strong, so good, and so carefully treated, so that when once the purchase was made little expence was needed for the future. But now things are wholly changed, and the two or three stout scarlet cloaks which still linger in the village form a striking contrast to the tawdry, unbecoming finery that prevails now, and makes us continually regret the simple propriety of bygone days. The very children in the streets, ragged and dirty, have their long hair plaited and tied with bits of greasy faded ribbon, in imitation of their betters (a style which, I must observe, is by no means so pretty and child-like for the higher classes as the simple crop I remember in my youthful days); and their bonnets are filled up with *bunches*, as they call them, and dressed up with ribbon in needless and wasteful abundance. Instead of delighting to be neat and clean, young people are only trying to be fine; and there is nothing so unpleasing to the eye, as well as distressing to the mind, as unbecoming finery in a labourer's cottage. Many shillings are thrown away, or debts run into, by this love of dress; and it is to young women the root of a thousand evils.

The cheapness of all articles of clothing, especially of that which is worthless and unsuited to the lower orders, may be considered a real misfortune, because they can so easily give way to their fondness for finery. Imitation-lace, flowers, ribbons, beads, and trumpery of all descriptions are so cheap, that it is a sore temptation to the young and vain; and servants spend their wages upon their persons, instead of assisting their families, or laying their money by for time of need.

The classes immediately above the common labourer, who are, in fact, little removed from him in point of circumstances, are equally wrong,—I mean the wives and daughters. On Sundays, it is scarcely possible to distinguish the wife and daughter of the workman, or the petty shopkeeper, from the gentry of the neighbourhood, except by their manner and by the *smartness* of their clothes. The sisters of a sawyer, in mourning for their mother, are as handsomely dressed in bombazine and crape, in fashionably-cut cloaks, bonnets, and parasols, as any lady under similar circumstances could be; one of them is a servant out of place, and both are dependent upon their brother, and their own exertions as laundresses, for support.

I was leaving the village shop, one day, which contains everything that country customers can require, from bonnets and cotton dresses to cheese and bacon, &c., when a figure in a walking dress met me, and I was just going to speak to her as a lady of fortune in the neighbourhood,—my hand was just advancing to greet her, and her name was only just not spoken,—when to my extreme surprise I discovered that the features were those of the daughter of the person who keeps the shop, and the dress and general appearance were but a close copy of the lady for whom I had mistaken her. The unseemliness of such dress in the humble ranks of life is very striking and lamentable. It gives no respectability to the individual, and only provokes the envy of those below them, and the disapprobation of those above. It is in vain to lament the hardness of the times when such expense is spent upon that “which profiteth nothing;” and it is grievous to see the parents rising early and labouring late, while their daughters are displaying at church a style of dress so improper for their means and station. If this growing evil could be checked or discouraged great good would be effected; and it might be the means of preserving many young people from guilt and disgrace.

The dress of farmers’ wives and daughters is equally extravagant, and the manner in which their little children are now decked out and brought up is truly deplorable. The hard-working, simply dressed daughters of farmers of old times would be indeed confounded if they could now rise up and visit the scenes of their past labours. They would find their clean wainscotted or whitewashed parlours papered, and curtained, and carpeted; they would find the stout oak or walnut-tree tables and chairs exchanged for fashionable furniture; and, possibly, the mother of the rising generation sitting in a large easy-chair, and summoning her children from the hands of the governess, by ringing for the servant to bring them in. This is no overdrawn picture—no fanciful case: it has passed distinctly before me, and my own eyes have witnessed these and many similar instances of folly and improper expense.

It is scarcely possible to overrate the evil effects of such extravagance. The sin lies at the door of the wife, and sister, and daughter, and they only are to be blamed for these transgressions; for very rarely does the father trouble himself about display in the household, except to find fault with the bills when

they are sent in. Men's follies are not those of dress and furniture, generally speaking, in any rank of life; they are often negligent and regardless of such things, especially in their own homes; and it is scarcely possible to avoid seeing that in the mischief and *sin* to which I allude, the female portion of the middling and lower classes are principally concerned. I see much in this particular to regret; and I shall feel deeply rejoiced and thankful if but one of my humbler "sisters" is led to practise more sobriety in dress and domestic concerns by glancing over these lines, and thereby not only saving many shillings and even pounds for useful and profitable purposes, attracting the admiration and respect of all right thinking persons, but obeying the command of the Apostle, to clothe themselves "in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety," and to be "*adorned*" only "with good works."

Whatever the Word of God enjoins is always the *happiest* path for us, as well as the best.

HINTS TO THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

"*Stew of Shin, or Leg of Beef, in an economical way.*—The bone should be sawed in lengths of about four inches. The marrow may be taken out to make a pudding. Take off the lean meat, and set on the bones and gristly parts in, at least, two gallons of water, either in an oven or over the fire, as best may suit. They should be stewed for at least five or six hours; if in a baker's oven, the pan may be put in over-night, and remain till next morning, but this does not answer in a small family oven, which in that length of time would become quite cold, and meat or soup suffered to become cold in a covered vessel is rendered both unpleasant and *unwholesome*. If this part of the stewing is carried on at home, it may be a convenience to boil a few parsnips in the liquor, and perhaps a pudding, neither of which will injure, but rather enrich. The first boiling

having been carried on as long as convenient, the bones should be taken out, and cleared of all the gristly bits, which are to be returned to the stew. The bones, if again boiled down for several hours, in fresh liquor, with onions and seasoning, and thickened with oat-meal, will make two quarts of good porridge or broth.

"To return to the stew. The raw meat should be cut up in bits of about two ounces each, and seasoned with pepper and salt; then, together with the gristle, and six or eight onions, be stewed in the first-made liquor five or six hours, either in the oven or over the fire. This is now as rich a stew as need be desired. A small portion of it, with bread or potatoes, will make a satisfying meal. When cold, it will turn out a beautiful stiff jelly; in moderate weather it will keep good several days, for re-warming, or eating cold. The bones will bear boiling down again in water, or rice liquor. They

should not be put aside as having yielded all their goodness until they are quite dry and white. The marrow of a shin of beef is sufficient for two pounds of flour. No cloth should be used (when boiled in broth), as that would take up the goodness of the liquor. The pudding should be made stiff as paste, and boiled in the form of one or more dumplings."

This receipt is taken from Esther Copley's excellent "Cottage Cookery," and is very cheap and easily made. Shins of beef may be had for threepence and fourpence a pound, and even less, in large shops, late in the day, according to the quantity of meat that is on them; and the nourishment yielded by the gristly part of the leg is very great. A shilling would be better spent in buying a shin of beef, to be used in this way, than in butter and tea, refreshing as tea is. A little good management, with scanty firing, would bring on the stew, if not all at once, yet in two or three stewings. The kettle *must* be boiled for tea; and when once the stew has come to its full heat, it will go stewing on for some time with a very little fire, for it should not be done fast; and then the weary husband will be thankful for the comfortable basin of broth, or plate of stew, after his hard day's toil. And now I am going to give another excellent recipe out of a very useful little work, called the "Family Economist"—

"*A good Breakfast, Dinner, or Supper.*—Put one pound of rice, and one pound of Scotch barley, into two gallons of water, and boil them gently for four hours over a slow fire; then add four ounces of treacle, one ounce of salt, and let the whole simmer for half-an-hour. It will produce *sixteen pounds* of

good food, and will cost less than one penny per pound."

Now, I advise my readers to try this last recipe, morning and evening, for their children. Many cannot give them more than a piece of dry bread, and a mug of *tea-water*, because they do not know how to lay out their money wisely, or to make something hot, if they had the things to do it with. This good recipe will direct them what to do, and how to do it, and I am sure the poor little children will enjoy it, and long for evening to come that they may have some more. It will fill their little stomachs, and satisfy them sooner, and for a longer time, than the crust and the tea-water by far.—R.

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

"LIFT not up your horn on high: speak not with a stiff neck. . . . All the horns of the wicked will I cut off, but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted."—Psalm lxxv. 5, 10.

The word *horn* is so frequently used in Scripture, as to make it evident that much meaning is attached to it; but at that meaning we cannot arrive without some acquaintance with the manner in which *horns* were used in the east. Horns were worn by persons in authority. The head-dress of the governors of Abyssinia consists of a large broad fillet bound upon the forehead, and tied behind the head. In the middle of this is a horn of silver gilt, about four inches long, much in the shape of our candle extinguishers. This is called a horn, and is only worn at reviews, or parades, after victory. The crooked manner in which they hold the neck when this ornament is on their forehead, for fear it should fall forward, explains what

David calls "speaking with a stiff neck:" it would be difficult, with anything so heavy on the head, not to hold it in a stiff and consequential manner. . . . The horn was an emblem (that means a sign or figure) of kingly power. Thus, Daniel and St. John represent powerful kingdoms under the image of horns. . . . Christ, also, is called "the horn of our salvation"—that is, He is our king, in whom is all our strength, and who has also "become our salvation."—*Extracts from Travellers.*

"Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman."—1 Sam. xx. 30.

When the eastern people are angry with any one they abuse and vilify his *parents*. Saul did not intend to reproach his wife personally, but to show his wrath against her son. This treatment is keenly felt by the children. In every eastern family the great object of respect and devotion is the mother. Witness the familiar expression, "Pull my father's beard, but do not speak ill of my mother." In Africa, maternal affection is always conspicuous (that means, very plain to be seen), and creates a corresponding return of tenderness in the child. "Strike me," said a traveller's servant to his master, "but do not curse my mother."—*Extracts from Travellers.*

[Let it not be said that in Christian Britain children love and cherish their mothers less than the poor heathen do. They set us a beautiful example. And let us mark the sad and painful fact, that these mothers and children, who love each other so wonderfully, are the very persons torn from each other's arms by the wicked slave-trade! and by such people calling themselves Christians

as carry on the horrible system of using slaves! Let us love our mothers yet more dearly, and pray daily, that the "peace of God" may come down and dwell among all nations.—ED. C. L.]

LOVE OF FINERY.

I HAVE been much pleased with your publication, entitled the COTTAGE LAMP, and, as the wife of a clergyman, I am emboldened to send you a little article, which, perhaps, you will deem useful.

I am thrown very much amongst the poorer classes, whose increasing *love of dress* I consider one of the greatest evils in our parish, and the chief cause of much of the wickedness and dishonesty which I see, with pain, around me. It is begun in our schools, carried out into service, where young women, who *profess* to be working for a respectable support for the remainder of their lives, are really spending the greater part of their wages (if not the whole) on their persons. Parents encourage a taste for dress in their children, and, therefore, are the first to blame, and in after years they can scarcely be surprised to see a love for it increased with their years, when they have their money in their own power. But they do not consider that money is not, nor ever will be, their own to use as they please. The poor, as well as the rich, will be called hereafter to give an account of their stewardship. Money is a *talent*, and we must expect to have to give an account of the sums so foolishly spent upon the adorning of our poor, frail, perishing bodies, which to-day may be clothed in silks and satins, to-morrow, in a shroud. Ask the thousands who have been led astray into the paths of sin, and

come at length to an untimely grave; and I venture to say, that the largest number will confess that they trace it to the love of dress. Ask her who is lying on a sick bed, from which she can never expect to rise, what advantage has she gained by this sinful adorning of that poor body, now racked with pain and disease, about to become the prey for worms? Perhaps she may have gained the admiration she sought—but of what use is it now? Perhaps she was attracted by the false attentions of some one above her, and fallen, aye, grievously fallen, in the eyes of her God, and the good opinion of those, perhaps, she valued on earth.

Parents—as you value the future good of your child, whom you have brought in baptism to God, promising to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, &c.—reprove this love of dress from the *very first*. Send your child to school. Dress her neatly and cleanly, but not above her station, however others may do so.

Mistresses—set your faces against it in your servants, for if this is permitted, numberless evils follow after it. Dress in *your own station yourself*, but not out of it, and all right-minded servants will know there is to be a difference between themselves and their mistresses.

Servants—attend to the wishes of your superiors, in this respect, without murmuring, and be assured, in the end you will see the benefit of denying yourselves in forbearing to lay out your money upon the unnecessary or fine articles. I have known dishonesty practised so much, where this love of dress abounds, that I feel very anxious to press it upon the young to watch and struggle against it, and pray that the grace of God will root out of their hearts all regard

for it. Servants who dress much cannot be honest, because they cannot be expected to pay their debts; and many are tempted to search into drawers, take this or that article, trifling as it may be to their mistress, or their fellow-servants, in order to wear themselves, or add to their own finery, which upon them is only laughed at. How much sin and wickedness there is in going to God's house gaily dressed, all must admit, who think for one moment seriously that this house is especially called a house of prayer, and, therefore, not a place for vain thoughts or worldly imaginations, which must take hold of our hearts if we are busy in setting off our persons to the last moment of entering that sacred building. I could say more, such as advising the poor, and servants, to lay by part of their wages in the savings bank. A rainy day will come—it may be sickness; and, should they be spared to old age, what an unspeakable comfort will they find it to have a little sum to go to when they will find themselves so much in need of comforts. But I fear I have extended the paper beyond the limits you will like to assign to it in your Magazine; if so, and you think any part worth inserting, pray make what use you please of it, adding to, or taking from, as you please.

I pray that a blessing may rest upon what I have written.

[It is not very easy to take from this very excellent article, for which sincere thanks are offered; but it is a subject upon which volumes might be written; and I do earnestly entreat parents and employers to give earnest heed to it, as the advice of one fully able, from experience, to set it before them. It will add strength to

"Fine Dressing," which appears in this number.—ED. C. L.]

THE MOTHER'S EXAMPLE.

In the first place you must be extremely careful as to the example you set before your children. Children are all eyes and ears to the conduct and language of those around them, especially of their parents. If, therefore, you wish your children to be honest, they must never see you practise any mean, crafty, tricks with a view to gain. If you wish them to speak the truth, they must never have reason to suppose that you are capable of falsehood, or deceit of any kind. If you are observant of the ways of your children, you will perceive that quite a little child, who has heard his parent speak of such and such a thing as a fact, and afterwards hears the parent speak of it in a different way, will look with an expression of surprise and inquiry. Perhaps both statements may be quite true, and something may have occurred, of which the child is not aware, to occasion the difference; in such a case it is well worth taking the pains to explain the matter, lest a wrong impression, left on the mind of the child, should tend to weaken his sense of the importance of strictly keeping to the truth. But if there is a possibility of mischief arising where no real falsehood is practised, how much worse must it be for a child habitually to hear its parents giving to one another accounts of matters differing from the truth, or making false excuses or misrepresentations to an employer or a customer, perhaps with a wink to the child to offer no contradiction! Oh! it is heart-rending to think how often the whole weight of parental example

goes in aid of the father of lies! It would be a miracle indeed if, under such influence, children should grow up otherwise than deceitful and selfish. Christian mother! for the sake of your children, be very careful in all your words and actions; let it always be plain that you love the truth, and speak the truth from your heart.

Take care that you do not drive your children to deceit by harshness and violence, but encourage them, if they have done wrong, freely to confess it. And though their confession should not be treated as making a wrong thing right, yet they should feel sure that the ready way to your forgiveness is by confession, penitence, and amendment. If a child openly confesses a fault or an accident, you should try to make him understand, that though you are sorry for the mischief which his carelessness has occasioned, you are pleased with his sincerity, and place confidence in his word. On the other hand, if a child try by falsehood and artifice to conceal a fault, you should take pains to convince him that the concealment was a second fault, and by far the greater of the two.

You should be careful to make children particular in speaking truth when they relate anything that they have seen or heard, even though it may in itself be a matter of no consequence. It is of great consequence that they should get a habit of strict truthfulness, even in trifles; for, as he who would steal a pin would steal a greater thing, so a child who is allowed to tell little fibs, and is perhaps laughed at for his cleverness and invention, will almost certainly grow up a notorious liar, one whose word can never be taken, even though he should speak the truth.

It is no trifle, to use a child to be strictly attentive and careful in observing, recollecting, and reporting facts and statements. For want of this habit being formed in early childhood, many people, without an intention to deceive, cannot be depended on to carry a correct message, or bear clear testimony to matter of fact; and much domestic and public inconvenience continually arises from this want of care. Your early care in this respect may fit your child for faithfully and honourably filling some responsible station in future life, and claim for you his lasting gratitude.

Then, if you would teach your children to be just and honest in all their dealings as they grow up in life—and you know how necessary this is, even to their worldly interests—you must always deal justly with them, and use them to be just towards each other. Have no favourites; but treat all alike. Let actions be praised or blamed as they are in themselves right or wrong, not as done by one child or another. Do not let them wrong one another, even in play. If a child has anything that is called his own, do not let another child deprive him of it, or use it without his leave. It is well if you can induce him to be kind and willing to share what he has with his brothers and sisters; but you cannot *compel* him to be kind; and it would be unjust and injurious to force him to sacrifice what is his own for the gratification of another. Be very careful to train your children to strict honesty as to property borrowed, or found, or, in any way coming into their possession. Remember the example of good old Jacob, who returned the money that was found in the sacks, saying to his sons, "Carry it again in your

hands; peradventure it was an oversight," Gen. xliii. 12. The mother of a family once asked the writer if she had ever read a certain book; and offered to lend it to her. The book was produced. It bore the name of a friend of the writer, who was lately dead. The person in whose possession it was found, carelessly remarked—"Yes; it belonged to poor Mrs. S. She lent it me more than ten years ago; and I daresay she forgot where it was, for she never asked me for it; and now she is dead I suppose it is mine. I might as well put my own name in it." What sense of honesty could be planted in the breasts of the children of such a mother? If you owe anything, or borrow anything, or find anything, or injure anything, that is the property of another, pray let your children see that you have a conscientious and earnest desire to render to every one their due, and make amends for any injury; and teach them to do the same.

Then, you want to teach your children to exercise self-command, or the management of their tempers and feelings. This is to be practised, both as to things that are agreeable to the feelings, and such as are unpleasant and painful. All that has been done in the way of teaching obedience and justice, will have, at the same time, greatly contributed to the regulation of the temper. It will have tended to check the eager, turbulent desire for such things as are in themselves improper or not to be obtained. A child who has learned to obey its parents—to respect the rights of others—and to be content with circumstances as they are, escapes most of the temptations to violent temper and headstrong selfishness.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	JULY. THE MOON'S CHANGES. New Moon—6th Day, at 54 m. past 10 morning. FIRST QUARTER.—13th Day, at 15 m. past 10 afternoon. FULL MOON—20th Day, at 54 m. past 1 afternoon. LAST QUARTER—27th Day, at 10 afternoon.	SUN.	
			Rises. h. m.	Sets. h. m.
1	F	The just shall live by faith. <i>Heb. x. 38.</i>	3 49	8 17
2	S	Is any merry? let him sing psalms. <i>James v. 13.</i>	3 50	8 17
3	S	6 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Keep the Sabbath day to sanctify it. <i>Deut. v. 12.</i>	3 51	8 17
4	M	Have we not all one Father? <i>Mal. ii. 10.</i>	3 51	8 16
5	T	Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life. <i>Mat. vii. 14.</i>	3 52	8 16
6	W	I have hoped for thy salvation. <i>Ps. cxix. 166.</i>	3 53	8 15
7	T	Our God is in the heavens. <i>Ps. cxv. 3.</i>	3 54	8 15
8	F	God will not cast away a perfect man. <i>Job viii. 20.</i>	3 55	8 14
9	S	Be ye therefore ready. <i>Luke xii. 40.</i>	3 56	8 13
10	S	7 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks. <i>Ps. lxxv. 1.</i>	3 57	8 12
11	M	My words shall not pass away. <i>Luke xxi. 33.</i>	3 58	8 12
12	T	Take heed to yourselves. <i>Luke xxi. 34.</i>	3 59	8 11
13	W	Let us walk honestly. <i>Rom. xiii. 13.</i>	4 0	8 10
14	T	Christ both died, and rose, and revived. <i>Rom. xiv. 9.</i>	4 1	8 9
15	F	The God of peace be with you. <i>Rom. xv. 33.</i>	4 3	8 8
16	S	Hold fast the form of sound words. <i>2 Tim. i. 13.</i>	4 4	8 7
17	S	8 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house. <i>Ps. xxvi. 8.</i>	4 5	8 6
18	M	O my God, I trust in thee. <i>Ps. xxv. 2.</i>	4 6	8 5
19	T	Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. <i>Ps. xxiii. 4.</i>	4 8	8 4
20	W	Shew me thy ways, O Lord. <i>Ps. xxv. 4.</i>	4 9	8 2
21	T	All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth. <i>Ps. xxv. 10.</i>	4 10	8 1
22	F	Repent; or else I will come unto thee. <i>Rev. ii. 16.</i>	4 12	8 0
23	S	Be patient therefore. <i>James v. 7.</i>	4 13	7 59
24	S	9 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Lead me in thy truth. <i>Ps. xxv. 5.</i>	4 14	7 57
25	M	If the Lord will, we shall live. <i>James iv. 15.</i>	4 16	7 56
26	T	Purify your hearts. <i>James iv. 8.</i>	4 17	7 54
27	W	To do good and to communicate forget not. <i>Heb. xiii. 16.</i>	4 18	7 53
28	T	Set your affection on things above. <i>Col. iii. 2.</i>	4 20	7 51
29	F	Thou hast taught me from my youth. <i>Ps. lxxi. 17.</i>	4 21	7 50
30	S	Watch ye and pray. <i>Mark xiv. 38.</i>	4 23	7 48
31	S	10 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? <i>Rev. xv. 4.</i>	4 24	7 47

THE CRY—TWO YEARS BEFORE THE
EARTHQUAKE.

It was a solemn cry to the people of Israel, spoken by the mouth of the prophet Amos, "Prepare to meet thy God!" It was a cry put into the mouth of the prophet by the Lord God Himself, when the people, His own people, had provoked Him, until His mighty patience was quite spent, and He could bear with their sin no longer. It was a cry put into the mouth of the prophet Amos "two years before the earthquake."

My dear readers, the Lord God utters the same solemn cry to us!—"Prepare to meet thy God." He speaks it by the mouth of the One Great Prophet, of whom all the other prophets were but shadows and forerunners. They spoke to Israel in days when there was no Gospel; but as soon as Christ came, concerning whom Moses said, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken," as soon as *He* came there were no more prophets; they were all dumb; they had spoken the Lord's Word as long as there was no one else to speak it; but there was deep silence for four hundred years before the Great Prophet came; so that, *when* He came, His voice only was heard in the world—there was no one else to speak besides Him. The Lord God said with His own mouth from Heaven, in the ears of the astonished people, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear Him." So that *He* is our prophet now—He is the one "to whom give all the prophets witness;" and, therefore, by Him, and at His mouth, we now hear the solemn cry uttered to us.

The very first words that Jesus Christ spake, after He began His ministry on earth, were these—"Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Is not this just like what the prophet said—"Prepare to meet thy God?" The same Spirit spoke in both, and very solemn speeches they both are. Oh! that we would lay them to heart, and consider them, as we ought to do, for our everlasting life depends upon it: if we turn away, and think nothing about them, we shall perish for ever.

We are willing and ready enough to prepare for worldly changes, and worldly things that are coming to pass. We can all set-to very cheerfully to prepare for mowing, or harvesting, or baking, or brewing, or going a journey, or anything of that

kind that is going to happen. We give a good deal of thought, now, to such a thing as our wedding; we look before us a long time, to get all ready for that—house, clothes, and such little furniture as we can afford to buy. We never put off thinking about such things as these till the very hour comes. We get our ploughs in order, and our scythes, and carts, and horses too. We do not begin to bake, or brew, till we have got our yeast and flour, and our malt and hops, ready. We do not go stupidly on till our wedding morning comes, and then find that we have neither clean clothes to put on, nor a cottage to go into, nor the ring, nor the wedding fee in our pocket. I suppose there never was such a thing heard of as two persons being so careless and stupid as this. They love each other too well; they are too happy in the thought that they are going to live in each other's company for the rest of their lives to forget it till the very hour comes. Everything is ready, *at least*, the day before.

Oh, my dear friends! why are we *prepared* to begin all our worldly works, and all our worldly undertakings—why are we *ready* and *waiting*, before the day dawns, to meet our bride, or our bridegroom, at the church door, and neither prepared, or ready, or willing, to “meet our God?” Why have we everything that we are likely to want put ready to our hands, so that we be not hindered when the time comes, and yet leave everything undone, everything at sixes and sevens, everything forgotten and out of order, and out of place, belonging to our immortal souls, and the great marriage-day of Jesus Christ? Oh, dear friends! is it not because we do not care one farthing about our souls and our Saviour? Is it not because our soul's salvation is less to us than a good batch of bread, or a good cask of beer, or a good rick of hay, or a good barn-full of corn? Is it not because Jesus Christ, who shed His blood upon the cross, that poor, lost, condemned sinners might have a way opened to the kingdom of heaven through the sacrifice He offered for them, is less to us than the poor worm we are going to be married to? who, perhaps, we know very little about after all, and may find out to be anything else in the world but what we expected. Is it not because we take great pleasure in everything we are doing, and hoping for, and looking forward to, here on the earth, and no pleasure at all in the things that we shall have to do, and feel, and suffer, in the world to come?

Oh, my dear friends! if we were all raving madmen in Bedlam this would not be a strange thing. No one is surprised to hear mad people talk madly, or to see them go right over a bridge into the river, or out of a window into the street, because they are not sensible of anything they are about—their poor wits are all to pieces, and they have not the instinct given by God to animals instead of understanding; so we cannot be surprised or angry at anything poor mad people may do and say. But we, who think ourselves sensible people, who can talk and reason about everything, and know how to take care of ourselves, and can do everything that is needful for us to do for our comfort and support as living creatures, that *we* should be so mad as to jump headlong into the bottomless pit—so mad as to do nothing to save our poor souls, though we know that they will be required of us at some future day—that we should be so stark, staring mad as to shut our eyes to where we are going, and what the road is to end in that we are travelling along: this is something so wonderful, so unheard of, that mad people may be said to be in their right senses compared to us. A madman doing a mad thing is all as it should be—he would not be mad if he did what was sensible; but that sensible people should deal so madly, seems to turn things quite upside down, and confound one's understanding entirely. And yet this is our case, readers! We are madder than madmen, whatever you may think; for their madness is come upon them by the will of God, and they are only doing what they might be expected to do; but our madness comes by our own evil wills; by the will of the devil, who hunts for souls as we hunt for foxes, and never stints or stays till he has run us down.

Readers! have you ever given one thought about what it is to be “prepared to meet thy God?” Have you ever given one thought about what it is to be *un*-prepared to meet Him? I am afraid you have been going on in a state of carnal security, or spiritual deadness, and have never given so much as half a thought to the matter of how you will meet your God—for meet Him you must.

Yes, we must all meet God one day; we may never see Him any more, but we must meet Him *once*—What kind of a meeting will that be? Oh, professing Christians! you are born in a Christian land; you are members of a Christian Church; you are standing in the middle of great privileges—blessed means of grace,

clear Gospel light, and great religious freedom. *Are you prepared to meet your God?*

If you were going to court to see the Queen, you would not like to go in your dirty, working clothes, with unwashed hands and face, and all the week's dust and grease sticking to your garments. You would be sure to try and make yourself as smart and as clean as you could; and if any kind friend would take you into a shop, and fit you out in a court suit, such as is worn in king's palaces, and make you a present of it out and out, you would be very thankful indeed, and spare no pains to put it on, that you might look well, and like the rest of the company in the Queen's presence.

Well, you *are* going to court, my friends. You are going to stand in the presence of the King of Kings, even the Lord God of Hosts. You have been called ever since you were born, and told that *one* day you must appear before Him, when He is seated on His glorious throne, with "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" of angels round about Him! Oh, my dear friends! are you prepared to meet your God?

Some of you, readers, when you come to this question will very likely shut the book and go away; others may say "Oh! we shall do very well—we have been baptized and confirmed, and we receive the Sacrament regularly, and are much steadier, and much more particular about religion than a great many of our neighbours—we are not much afraid of the Judgment Day." Others may say, "Well, we cannot exactly say we are prepared *now* for that Great Day of Account, but we hope we shall before we die." Others may say, "We hope all will be well with us. God is very merciful, and will not expect perfection. We do as well as we can, and we can't do more." Others may say (and how many have I heard say this), "I keeps on praying!"

My dear friends! if we were all raving madmen, these ways of thinking and acting would be all natural enough. If we were talking about going to the Crystal Palace, or the Camp at Chobham, or any other place where we must appear well-dressed, and well-behaved, these sort of preparations might do very nicely, and no one would much care about how we looked among the crowd; we should all be mingled together, and go very contentedly wherever our neighbours went. But those sort of

preparations will not do when we have to meet God. Oh! be warned—be advised—be aroused from such carnal security and spiritual deadness before it is too late! You *never can* stand in such filthy garments before a pure and holy God!

Now listen: A kind and compassionate Friend, “a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,” has provided you, every one of you, with a beautiful court suit; He offers it to you freely, “without money and without price.” He has bought it with His own blood—paid the price down at the footstool of a just and offended God—and He holds out this beautiful, white, spotless robe, to wrap round every soul that comes to Him for it; so that when that soul shall go to appear before the presence of the Lord God, he shall be as welcome and as acceptable as that Beloved Son whose beautiful robe he wears! He will not see the poor sinner, but He will, like Isaac, smell the smell of His beloved Son’s raiment, and will bless the soul that wears it! He will shut His eyes to everything but the raiment of His own dear Son! And there is no deceitful dealing here. The sinner does not deceive and lie to a blind and aged parent. It is a covenant entered into between the Father and the Son—the Son has covenanted to put it on upon every poor sinner that *comes to Him for it*—and the Father has covenanted to receive and welcome as He would His own Son, every soul that comes to Him in that robe, “whosoever” that soul may be.

Oh, my dear friends! go to Jesus Christ, and ask Him for this robe! Arise, and go to Him *now*—lose no time—take no refusal—if He seem as though He heareth not, persist. He has nothing but love in His heart. He will “in no wise cast out” any one that comes to Him. Do not delude yourself with vain pleas; the Bible says nothing about any way of acceptance with God, but the name, and the robe of righteousness of Jesus Christ. Whoever believes, and takes refuge in that precious name, may *honestly* plead before God, “I am Thy Son, Thy very Son;” because Christ and His believing people are one.

The poor Roman Catholics are taught by their priests that preparation to meet God is by almsgiving; good works; receiving the Holy Sacrament; confession to the priest; and *extreme unction*, which is only given when people are thought to be dying—this is touching the eyes, lips, nose, ears, mouth, hands, breast and feet, with oil, which the Priest has blessed, and puts on with his thumb or a rod. This oil so cleans and purifies from

sin, that however great the sins of the dying person may be, they are all washed off, even the last trace of them, so that the poor creature dies as comfortably as can be, believing himself to be saved. There is not a word said to them about the *Only* name "whereby we must be saved." The priest has it all his own way, and the poor deluded people cannot find out the cheat, because they have no Lamp to light them—no Bible to teach them about the "wedding garment," the robe of righteousness, which Jesus Christ holds out.

The Bible says nothing about confession to the priest, nor about extreme unction, in any way whatever. It says nothing about good works, or sacraments, as saving our souls alive. It sets forth nothing, NOTHING but the name of Jesus Christ, "whereby we must be saved."

Readers! Prepare to meet your God *now*! Go to the Intercessor—the Redeemer—the Deliverer—to Him "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification;" go at once to Him, and ask Him for that robe that will make you a welcome guest in the court of the Great King. He will not deny you. He will give it you, and make you feel easy and happy in it. Oh! do not trifle; do not delay; do not waste time about nothings; do not put off going till the King is seated in judgment; you will have no time *then*; Jesus Christ will be busy *then* receiving His people, and presenting them to His Father. He cannot attend to knocks at the door *then*. He has stood at *your* door and knocked times without number, but you would not let Him in. When the great court is held, and the King is on His throne, you will be shut out too.

Oh, readers, friends, sinners! I call on you with all my strength to "prepare to meet thy God." Remember, that cry was uttered "*two years before the earthquake.*" An earthquake is at hand *to you*: an earthquake is at hand to every one of us. But it may come *to us* in a shorter time still; it may be but two months, two days, two hours, to some of us! Oh, let us fly to Christ now—this very minute—for His full and free pardon. The deed is signed and sealed with His own hand and blood; all it wants is to *be delivered*. Go with a burdened heart to Him—a burdened yet believing heart—and put out the hand of faith. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

Hear the song of the redeemed—"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garment of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."

Christ will give you the pardon with one hand, and this glorious robe with the other. *Then* never mind how soon the earthquake comes! It will not hurt, or shake, or frighten you.

Fellow sinners! I call on you with all my strength to prepare to meet thy God! Go to Christ at once—now! The earthquake is at hand!

THE CUTTING DOWN.

WE cannot be too often reminded—surely, we cannot be too often reminded, among our pleasures and toils—that we must all die. Those to whom such a subject is unpleasant will not read *my* writing, for I have touched largely upon it; and the only recommendation to notice which my pen can claim is, that it has ever spoken *truth*. To those who feel no gloom or sadness in looking death in the face, I must add another affecting proof that every man shall die, "and his name perish."

This morning, at breakfast, a kind and anxious young medical man called and requested to see my sister. On returning to the room, she brought the intelligence that Farmer, a man who had worked on the property ever since he was a youth, was lying on his death-bed. He was a woodman, skilled in the measurement and management of timber, who has for years been "ranger" of our "woods and forests," in their simplicity; and who knew the face of every tree upon the property. But a very few days ago, I think only this day week, we saw him, in his usual health and spirits, wending his way home, with the customary "*nitch*" upon his back, little thinking—*too* little thinking—of the summons so near at hand. He was labouring for the meat that perishes; but as to the bags which neither moth nor rust corrupt, they were lying empty and utterly neglected. Only two days ago, he was speaking of coming down to the house for orders—the very day on which he was taken ill; but another order awaited him—one which was stern, and must be obeyed at once; from which there was no appeal. Hezekiah was commanded to set his house in order, "for thou shalt die, and not live;" but

poor John was not given time to make his paths straight; he was laid at once upon a bed of suffering, and his recovery is said to be hopeless. Unless the Lord gives the word, his departure is immediate.

As we approached the abode of sickness there seemed an unusual stillness there. The cottage is one of three little tenements beneath one roof, and the whole of them are covered with roses, and surrounded by neat and well-cultivated gardens, orchards, and trees. They nestle in a picturesque dell, and are quiet and secluded from the bustle and noise of busy life. Poor John's garden was always fruitful and early; well-stocked, and well-managed. He has a row of bee-hives, under a sheltering box hedge, and there they were this morning, buzzing about as if nothing was the matter. He has had much trouble with them this summer; they swarmed, and went back again; then they hurried out, day after day, keeping him in perpetual uncertainty—but now all is over. How soon do our earthly cares and pleasures cease, and seem as if they had never been.

John has survived his wife three or four years. They never had a family; and an aged brother and sister alone remain to mourn for him. He has lived alone, with a large black cat, the pet of his wife, ever since she was taken from him; but he has kind and attentive neighbours, and his poor old sister sits by him. When we saw him he was sensible, but could say little. The very great heat oppresses him, and he is to be kept "very quiet." Alas! what a time for the work of works to be begun and finished! What a time for a "sleeper" to arise, and call upon his God! Sabbaths neglected and broken—the laws of God broken and disregarded—the Saviour unheeded and unknown—death unprepared for! What a time to face all these terrors, and plead with God, "if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." A *Christian* man must feel deep awe when the last summons comes, particularly if it is quick and sudden; what shall *he* feel who *has no sure hope* in his God?

John has some worldly business that ought to be attended to. He has other persons accounts in his head, for he cannot write or cipher; but he cannot talk or think of them, though we know it gives him uneasiness. How, then, can he wrestle with Him whose strength "is as it were the strength of an unicorn?" A death-bed is no place in which to repent. Even supposing we are enabled to collect our thoughts, and have time given us to do

so, we cannot tell whether it is godly sorrow, or slavish fear, that leads us to cry mightily to God. Many and many a sick penitent has come forth from his chamber, and returned to his wallowing in the mire. Let us not deceive ourselves in this matter; the day will come when we shall look back to these precious hours of health, wasted and misspent, with hopeless agony. We shall then think nothing of our gardens, our bees, our poultry, our pleasantest worldly concerns, except to cry, "All these things I might have done, *and yet* not have left the other *undone*."

Since I wrote the last paragraph we have again seen poor John. The languid eye lighted, and the horny hand, that has for so many years laboured in our service, was stretched out feebly to meet ours. He could only gasp a few words with difficulty; but some of those few cheered us. To a searching question, he sobbed out—"I have been thinking of these things for a good while. I found I was't in the right way. The soul is of a deal more account than the body." He could say scarcely anything more; but the eyes moistened, and the weary head moved, as if he felt the power and sweetness of "the Word," as it met his ear. There is no other *word* that can give comfort in the dark valley—no other pillow to rest the soul—no other "water" that can calm the fevered mind. The parched lips may be refreshed with the cool draught, but they will "thirst again." "But if any man drink of the water" that Jesus Christ will give him, "he shall never thirst again," but be satisfied with the sweetness of *that* draught for ever and ever!

Before these lines go to press the earth will have rattled upon the coffin of poor John—another cottage gardener. May it sound in the ears of many who dwell far from his secluded grave! May it call to them loudly to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth," their health, their prosperity! *We must all die*: it is a solemn thought. *But we may not all be ready*: this is more solemn—more terrible still. Oh! let us set our houses in order *now*. Let us make up our accounts with God *now*. Let us be as servants *ready* and *waiting* for our Lord. We shall enjoy our gardens, and bees, and home pleasures, ten thousand times more that we have ever yet done, when our great spiritual account has been crossed out by Jesus Christ—when there is "no handwriting against us"—when he has whispered clearly to our heart, "Thy sins be forgiven thee; go in peace."

"Man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down." Let us *all* remember the *cutting down* of poor Farmer, the woodman and cottage gardener!

WHO IS A CHRISTIAN?

THIS, my dear friends, you may think a very simple question to answer, but yet it is of no slight importance, and one, perhaps, which many of you have never really put to yourselves. Thousands in this world are born of Christian parents, baptised in a Christian church, may even partake of all the rights belonging to that church, and thus grow up in the belief that they are Christians, while they know nothing spiritually of Christ, and are further from the kingdom of heaven than the most abject heathen; the bare idea of all this makes a Christian's heart sigh as he looks around upon the numbers of *professing*, and the few *real*, children of God. You must look within, deep into the heart, study its secret thoughts, desires, intentions, the motives which cause all you do, the object upon which your best hopes are fixed, the end for which you live. All this you must seriously and carefully search into ere you can answer my question.

Who is a Christian? Is it the man who goes to church once or even twice on a Sunday, but whose religion ends there? No morning or evening finds him reading a few verses from the Bible, to his wife and children; no prayer is ever breathed, no thanks offered for daily mercies, no pardon sought for daily sins, or no protection implored for future guidance; he works hard during the week, and forgets, as he eats his daily bread, and lies down to sleep at night, or

rises in the morning refreshed by his slumbers, that there is a God above, at whose hand, life, health, and every thing may be given or withheld; he forgets that he is a being with an immortal soul, that though God is but a Sunday God to him, a day will come when every work shall be brought into judgment, with every secret thought, then, if not before, will be seen who is a Christian, or a member of Christ's everlasting Church, and the reward or punishment will alike be for ever unchangeable. Unchangeable! Oh—what an awful thought! Who can then lightly step on in life, carelessly spend each day, only anxious to draw all the enjoyment possible from this moment-satisfying world? who can lightly regard the future? Sin will, it must find you out, unless you seek to get at the bottom of it, not in your own strength, that is poor, puny, good-for-nothing. "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "My son, give me thine heart." "Without me ye can do nothing." "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." These and many others are texts given you plainly, to prove that Christ is waiting to mark you with His name—your decision alone is wanting. Examine your heart before it be too late. "As the tree falls, so it shall be." Perhaps some of you who read this little tract may be admirers of nature, and may feel a thrill of delight as you look at the delicately-formed bud; you may

watch with eager interest the opening of that bud, and feel gratified as you behold leaves and flowers fully blown, displaying a grace and beauty art falls far short of. It may be pleasant to you to examine the form of a bird's nest, the diligence and neatness of their workmanship, the patience of the parent birds during the period of sitting, the care with which they guard and care for their young. All this you may own as the work of God, who has made all things beautiful in their season; but do you not—as you own, that from the tiniest blade of grass to the giant oak the hand of God is seen—do you not, I say, look beyond; carry your thoughts further, and own *yourself* the work of His hand, the object of His care. Has God made all these, caused them year by year to bloom, and fade, and bloom again; has He made all these, and cared for them; are the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, His creating, and all do His bidding; and does His work end here? Oh, no. Man is the noblest of created beings, made after the image of God, originally His likeness, but now defiled and blackened by sin, a lost, a ruined sinner; but for the sacrifice of the death of Christ. He was offered to bear the sins of many, the whole world if they would believe on Him. You must now consider what man is intended for, since he is superior to all besides in the world. What is the object of his creation? How is his journey through life to be performed? Though born a sinner, he is at an early age joined to the Church of Christ, early grafted bodily into the visible Church. Are any of you members of some club? Have you not each some particular interest in it? Does it

not concern you personally, and if it fail, or is in any way likely to go wrong, are you not all anxiety about it? You do not sit down and say, "Oh, I am, I believe, a member of the club, which, I expect, will be a great benefit to me," and then think no more of it. How regularly will you attend? how mindful will you be of its success? Just so, then, should you feel anxious or jealous for the cause of Christ. Your life ought to be devoted to His service; you were devoted in infancy to Him, and to serve Him is your bounden duty. Salvation is a free gift; you must strive to please Him; He is not only willing to benefit you, but all the obligation is on His side; all the anguish, all the sorrow was on His side; His life blood has been shed for you; He cried out upon the cross for you; and now He holds out the promise of salvation to you, to every sinner, if you accept His offer. He has pledged Himself to be the Saviour, the Christ of the world, and only waits for you to come and tell Him of your sins; beg Him to cleanse your hearts; then, and then only, will you be able to realise a Christian's hope, and feel that you can, through Christ's death, apply the name of Christian to yourself. Time is short—Eternity waits beyond; and as the one is to follow after the other, so surely will justice order for each one his portion. "In the midst of life we are in death." How often do we hear of those we knew but a few days ago in the bloom and vigour of health being called before their Judge; and can any one reckon upon a moment—*dare* you do so? and yet you can go on from day to day, week to week, month to month, aye, even year to year, and not have yet made yourself acquainted with your

own heart—its deep depravity, its need of being cleansed at the only fountain for sin. Rest not till you can satisfactorily examine your conscience; bring it to the test of God's written Word. Know Christ's blood so to have availed for you, that should death unawares be your's it would be robbed of its terrors. You would, as a true Christian, yield your breath to the God who gave it, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. Let your Bible be your staff and comfort; it may not long be your's to enjoy. Prayer, the key by which you unfold its truths; the Holy Spirit, the Teacher who fully reveals to you Christ crucified and raised again upon the eternal throne—the Sinner's Friend, and the Christian's Hope.—P. R. D.

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Psalm xci. 1.

He that wanders not, but stays there, shall find himself there hid from danger; they that rove out from God in their ways, are disquieted, and tossed with fears; this is the *fruit of their own ways*; but the soul that is indeed given Him to keep, keeps near Him.

Study pure and holy walking, if you would have your confidence firm, and have boldness and joy in God. You will find that a little sin will shake your trust, and disturb your peace, more than the greatest sufferings; yea, in the greatest extremity of sufferings, your assurance and joy in God will grow and abound most, if sin be kept out. That is the trouble-feast that disquiets the conscience, which while it continues good, is a con-

tinual feast. So much sin as gets in, so much peace will go out; afflictions cannot break in upon it to break it, but sin doth. All the winds which blow about the earth from all points, stir it not; only that within the bowels of it make the earthquake. I do not mean that for infirmities a Christian ought to be discouraged; but take heed of walking in any way of sin, for that will unsettle thy confidence. Innocency and holy walking make the soul of a sound constitution, that the counter-blasts of affliction wear not out, nor alter it. Sin makes it sickly and crazy, that it can endure nothing; therefore, study to keep your consciences pure, and they shall be peaceable, and best furnished with spiritual confidence and comfort. Let such *commit the keeping of their souls to God.* The Lord is an entire protector, He keeps the bodies, yea, all that belongs to the believer, and, as much as is good for him, makes all safe, "keeps all his bones, not one of them is broken." "Yea," says our Saviour, "the very hairs of your head are numbered." But that which, as in the believer's account, and in God's account, so is certainly in itself most precious, is principally committed and received into keeping, *their souls.*—Archbishop Leighton.

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

"AND I set before the sons of the house of the Rechabites pots full of wine, and cups, and I said unto them, Drink ye wine. But they said, We will drink no wine: for Jonadab the son of Rechab our father commaded us, saying, ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons for ever." (Jer. xxxv. 5, 6). "And Jeremiah said unto

the house of the Rechabites, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel; Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according unto all that he hath commanded you: Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." (Jer. xxxv. 18, 19).

The following account of the Rechabites is given by the Rev. Joseph Wolff, missionary to the Jews:—"On my arrival at Julooka, I saw Jews wandering about among the Arabs, and believing them to be Rechabites, on account of their wandering about in the desert, I asked them the question; they answered, No; but here is one who comes from the deserts of Mecca. I saw a man standing before me, with the wild look and dress of an Arab, holding his horse's bridle in his hand. I showed him the Bible, both in Hebrew and Arabic. He read both languages, and was rejoiced to see the Bible; he was not acquainted with the New Testament. After having proclaimed to him the tidings of salvation, and made him a present of the Hebrew and Arabic Bibles and Testaments, I asked him, 'Whose descendant are you?' He said with a loud voice, 'Come, and I will show you.' He then opened the Bible at the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah, and began to read from the fifth to the eleventh verse. I asked, 'Where do you live?' Referring to Genesis x. 27, he replied, 'at Hadoram, now called Samar by the Arabs; at Usal, now called Sanaa by the Arabs, and Genesis x. 30, at Mesha, now called Mecca, in the deserts around those places. We drink no wine, we

plant no vineyards, and sow no seed, and live in tents as Jonadab our father commanded us; Hobab the son of Jethro was our father too; come to us, you will still find sixty thousand in number, and you see thus the prophecy has been fulfilled,—'Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.' Saying this, he mounted his horse and galloped off."—*Wolff's Journal* (1828).

[I wish my readers to take particular notice of the faithfulness of God's promises, as shown in the state of the Rechabites at this very day. It is also a striking example for young people to obey the commands of their parents. The Lord of hosts honoured the Rechabites for this, and so will He honour all who "obey their parents in the Lord." We must remember, that the *threatenings* of God are just as faithful, too, if we obey not His voice to do that which He has commanded us.—ED. C. L.]

COMMON SAYINGS.

"I UNDERSTAND there has been a dispute between Sir Henry's steward, and Cleaver, the woodman; and they say that Cleaver is gone off to Sir Henry about it. Have you heard the particulars, Mr. Griffiths?"

"No, not I; I don't love 'to fish in troubled waters,' or 'meddle with strife that does not belong to me,' which, as the wise man says, is 'like taking a dog by the ears,' doing no good to either party, and getting the ill-will of both. My rule is, to keep aloof from all quarrels, and never to foment them by talking about them."

"Well, I think Cleaver is in the

right, and the steward, when it comes to be looked into, will be found to be in the wrong, and I can't say I'm sorry for it, for I've long had a 'crow to pluck' with the steward. He has taken all 'the gilt off my gingerbread,' and made my place by no means what it used to be; and if he gets put down by his master, it will only serve him right. He has no business 'to make flesh of one, and fish of another' among the men, as he does."

"My friend, are you acquainted with the Book that says, 'Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity,' and 'Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth. Say not, I will do so to him, as he hath done to me: I will render to the man according to his work.'"

"What is all that in the Bible, Sir? I can't say I ever noticed it, though I know the Bible pretty well."

"Yes, it certainly is in the Bible, and I will show it you (1 Cor. xiii. 6, Prov. xxiv. 17, 29). But I'm afraid the practical instructions of the Bible are sadly overlooked, even by many who profess to believe in, and receive it."

"Well, I would not do the steward any hurt, though I don't much like him; but I should not have thought there was any great harm in being rather glad than sorry if he got into a scrape by his own doings, quite apart from me. And yet that text that you quote seems very strict about it, that one must not be glad in one's heart at an enemy coming to mischief."

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he, and if our hearts are secretly glad at the misconduct of another, or at any mischief that befalls him, it is great self-deception to imagine that we would not do

him hurt if it were in our power. There is, in reality, nothing but the fear of consequences that keeps us back from it. But, remember, 'harm watch, harm catch.' Even the wish of envy and spite against another is like so much birdlime set to catch ourselves. 'Ill will is sure to come home at last,' and 'they that have glass windows should never throw stones,' but expect, that 'with what measure they mete' to others, 'it will be measured to them again.'"—*From the Visitor.*

HOW TO WASH GLASSES, &c.

Remember—that glass vessels, of whatsoever description, must never be put into boiling, or very hot water, or they will crack; and that, in frosty weather, it is dangerous to put china, or even earthenware, into very hot water.

Remember, also—that all glass must be kept quite clear and bright—that the warmth or moisture of a finger will leave a soil—and that, therefore, clean glass must be handled very carefully.

Q. How do you wash glasses?

A. First, in lukewarm water; then I rinse them once or twice in clean cold water; and afterwards I wipe them quite dry with a very soft *linen*—not *cotton*—cloth, and clear them with a skin of perfectly dry wash-leather.

Q. Is that sufficient, supposing the glass to be very dirty?

A. It is generally sufficient for wine or other drinking glasses; but for anything that is dirty, there should be a little bit of soda in the first water.

Q. How do you manage wine-decanter?

A. They require soda, or pearl-ash, in the water—especially red-

wine decanters; and into them it is necessary also to put some coarse brown paper, cut into very small bits—or some parings of raw potatoes—or a wineglassful of small shot.

Q. What then?

A. I shake the decanter well, and allow it to stand a while; after which, I take a slip of whalebone, or of cane, with a small bit of sponge tied on at the end, put it into the decanter, and work it well through the neck, and about the sides, to rub off the stains. Then I rinse it thoroughly two or three times with cold water, and place it in a rack, or, mouth downwards, in a jug, that it may drain perfectly dry.

Q. What next?

A. When drained, so that not a drop of moisture remains, as that might occasion mildew, give the decanter a musty smell, and muddle the wine when put into it, I wipe the outside, breathing on it now and then if it have any spots, and clean it with wash-leather.

Q. What do you do when you put decanters away?

A. To prevent the stoppers from sticking, I wrap a piece of thin white paper round each of them.

Q. Suppose, from want of proper attention, or any other circumstance, a stopper should stick, how should you loosen it?

A. It may generally be effected by putting a drop or two of sweet oil round the part where it enters—by tapping the stopper lightly, first on one side and then on the other, with a bit of wood—or by placing the neck of the decanter in warm water.

Q. How do you clean the glasses of the cruet-stand?

A. I wipe them every day, fill them when necessary, and about once a month I thoroughly wash

and clean them in the same way as the decanters.

Q. And the mustard-pot?

A. That I wash and clean every time I make fresh mustard, which should be every two or three days at the farthest.

Q. Well, having disposed of your tea-things and glasses, have you anything more to do before you prepare the supper-tray?

A. No, ma'am; but if there be an hour or two to spare, I should be glad of the opportunity, if you please, to do a little needlework for myself, in mending and keeping my clothes in order.

HYMN FOR THE POOR.

When Hagar found the bottle spent,
And wept o'er Ishmael,
A message from the Lord was sent,
To guide her to a well.

Should not Elijah's cake and cruse
Convince us at this day,
A gracious God will not refuse
Provisions by the way?

His saints and servants shall be fed,
His promise is secure;
"Bread shall be given them," as
He said,
"Their water shall be sure."

Repasts far richer they shall prove
Than all earth's dainties are;
'Tis sweet to taste a Saviour's love,
Though in the meanest fare.

To Jesus, then, your trouble bring,
Nor murmur at your lot;
While you are poor, and He is King,
You shall not be forgot.

COWPER.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	AUGUST. THE MOON'S CHANGES. New Moon—5th Day, at 5 m. past midnight. First QUARTER.—12th Day, at 39 m. past 3 morning. Full MOON—18th Day, at 55 m. past 10 afternoon. LAST QUARTER—26th Day, at 38 m. past 3 afternoon.	SUN	
			Rises. h. m.	Sets. h. m.
1	M	In returning and rest shall ye be saved. <i>Is.</i> xxx. 15.	4 26	7 45
2	T	Give to him that asketh thee. <i>Matt.</i> v. 42.	4 27	7 43
3	W	We have transgressed and have rebelled. <i>Lam.</i> iii. 42.	4 29	7 42
4	T	Put me in remembrance. <i>Is.</i> xliii. 26.	4 30	7 40
5	F	Quench not the spirit. <i>1 Thess.</i> v. 19.	4 32	7 38
6	S	Take the helmet of salvation. <i>Eph.</i> vi. 17.	4 33	7 37
7	☿	11 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Behold, the day of the Lord cometh. <i>Zech.</i> xiv. 1.	4 35	7 35
8	M	Give ear to my prayer, O God. <i>Ps.</i> lv. 1.	4 37	7 33
9	T	The Lord our God is one Lord. <i>Deut.</i> vi. 4.	4 38	7 31
10	W	The thought of foolishness is sin. <i>Prov.</i> xxiv. 9.	4 40	7 29
11	T	Take with you words, and turn to the Lord. <i>Hosea</i> xiv. 2.	4 41	7 27
12	F	Deliver me from all my transgressions. <i>Ps.</i> xxxix. 8.	4 43	7 25
13	S	Remember me, O my God, for good. <i>Neh.</i> xiii. 31.	4 44	7 24
14	☿	12 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. I know that my Redeemer liveth. <i>Job</i> xix. 25.	4 46	7 22
15	M	O my God, incline thine ear, and hear. <i>Dan.</i> ix. 18.	4 48	7 20
16	T	They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy. <i>Jonah</i> ii. 8.	4 49	7 18
17	W	These things I command you, that ye love one another. <i>St. John</i> xv. 17.	4 51	7 16
18	T	Be not afraid, only believe. <i>Mark</i> v. 36.	4 52	7 14
19	F	Be careful for nothing. <i>Phil.</i> iv. 6.	4 54	7 12
20	S	Lay hold on eternal life. <i>1 Tim.</i> vi. 12.	4 56	7 9
21	☿	13 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. My soul doth magnify the Lord. <i>Luke</i> i. 46.	4 57	7 7
22	M	Let brotherly love continue. <i>Heb.</i> xiii. 1.	4 59	7 5
23	T	Be sober, be vigilant. <i>1 Pet.</i> v. 8.	5 0	7 3
24	W	Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. <i>James</i> iv. 7.	5 2	7 1
25	T	The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich. <i>Prov.</i> x. 23.	5 4	6 59
26	F	As for man, his days are as grass. <i>Ps.</i> ciii. 15.	5 5	6 57
27	S	Thou markest me. <i>Job</i> x. 14.	5 7	6 55
28	☿	14 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Let me speak, and answer thou me. <i>Job</i> xiii. 22.	5 8	6 52
29	M	Hide not thy face from me. <i>Ps.</i> cxliii. 7.	5 10	6 50
30	T	Wash thine heart from wickedness. <i>Jer.</i> iv. 14.	5 12	6 48
31	W	Give heed to me, O Lord. <i>Jer.</i> xviii. 19.	5 13	6 46

FLEEING TO TARSHISH!

READERS! Do you remember the questions that were put to Jonah on board the ship "going to Tarshish?" The men said to him, "What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou?" These were very searching questions—but it was a time of great terror and great danger—and Jonah had been asleep and careless about all that was going on. He had refused to do what the Lord had bidden him—he had fled "from the presence of the Lord," and hid himself, as he thought, from the All-seeing eye, and the Almighty arm. He was snugly laid down in "the sides of the ship, and was fast asleep," while the mighty tempest arose, and raged round about them, "so that the ship was like to be broken." When Jonah was waked out of his sleep he found himself in a miserable plight; he felt the ship rocking under him; he heard the roaring of the winds and waves; and something within him told him very plainly that the Lord had overtaken him, and for his sinful disobedience he must die! The wrath of God was come upon him, and nothing could quiet the storm, but the death of the guilty offender.

Jonah's history is a very remarkable one; he was a very remarkable man; and it will be very profitable to consider it a little more closely and carefully than people generally do. So, my dear readers, before I talk about these questions, I am going to talk a little more about Jonah himself, if you will have a minute's patience with me.

Jonah behaved just like our first father, Adam. Adam disobeyed the command of the Lord God, and then, when he heard the voice of God, he was afraid, and "hid himself from the presence of the Lord among the trees of the garden." A guilty conscience needs no accuser; it needs not that anybody should condemn it; it condemns itself; for fear begins the very minute that sin is committed; so both Adam and Jonah fled from the presence of the Lord as soon as ever they had broken His law. In both cases, nothing but death could satisfy the justice of God. Adam was condemned to die for his sin, and Jonah was condemned to be thrown overboard for his; but, in the mercy of God, Adam was spared for the sake of another, who died in his place; and Jonah was vomited alive out of the fish's mouth "upon the dry land."

Jonah is a type—that means, a figure, or representation—of

every man who is born into the world. We have all, *all* broken the commandment of God from the hour we were born. We are not only guilty through Adam's transgression, but through our own, our very own, dear readers. Each one of us have sinned ever since we knew right from wrong; we have done evil, from our cradle to this present minute, morning, noon, and night. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

Oh, dear friends! Jonah was very wicked, was he not? for refusing to obey God, and then running away and hiding himself, that God should not find him. He was very wicked for thinking a poor earthworm could creep away where the Lord of heaven and earth could not find him. That was making God out to be nothing more than man, who cannot see in the dark, or tell where people are when his eye does not behold them. But Jonah was not a whit more wicked than every one of us are!

We hide our sins, as we fancy, from the Lord; or else, I am sure, we should never dare to do, or to think, or to feel, as we do. We say *in our hearts*, "God hath forgotten; he hideth his face; he will never see it." We say *in our hearts*, "Thou wilt not require it." Oh, my dear friends! what are we making the Lord out to be, when we go on sinning all day and every day, without once considering that all is seen and known to Him, who looketh on *the heart*? The trouble we take to keep ourselves from *thinking* shows what is going on within us. The voice of the Lord terrifies us, and we hide among the things of the world, or the outward forms of religion, or the lying vanities that the devil hangs out, or anything that can hide us from the presence of the Lord. Does not this prove that we are not a whit better than Adam in the garden, and Jonah in the ship? We are all fleeing to Tarshish, from the presence of the Lord.

But men cannot flee from the presence of the Lord so far that he cannot overtake them. They cannot flee to any part of the world, nor hide in any pit, though ever so deep and dark, where He does not see them. Nay, dear readers, God is in your very hiding-place before you go into it; so that run where you will, you are running, as I may say, into the very lion's mouth. What did David say about this very thing? He said—"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy

hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both the same to thee." There was not a spot of earth or sea, where David found not the presence of the Lord. He was everywhere! Adam found Him among the thick trees, and Jonah found Him out at sea, where he thought he was all safe and snug. It was a very precious thing to David to feel that God was everywhere, but it is a very distressing and terrifying thing to sinners to feel it. *They* would rather meet a pack of wolves, or a roaring lion, or a murderer with a great knife in his hand, or any frightful and dangerous thing that can be thought of, than the holy and glorious Lord God! The very thought of meeting Him face to face would make them drop down dead with terror. But meet Him they *must*, one day or other, whether they wish it or not. So, dear friends, take warning by Jonah, and do not wait for God to meet you, but go out yourselves to meet Him.

If thieves, and murderers, and drunkards, and such-like people, were only just *once* to feel that God is standing right before them, and closing them in on every side, while they are taking hold of their stolen goods, and while they are shedding their brother's blood, and while they are drinking themselves drunk in those dens of darkness and violence, where the very police themselves are afraid to enter; if these poor, wicked, miserable men, could but just *once* feel and see that they were as much in the presence of the Lord then, as if they were worshipping in the great congregation, they never could go on with their wicked deeds; they would throw down the silver and gold, or the knife and pistol, or the mugs of beer, and their cheeks would grow as pale as ashes, and their knees would knock together with deadly fear.

Readers! Are there any among *you* who steal, or drink, or desire your neighbour's life? Remember, the Lord is in the garden, and in the field, when you are robbing cabbages and turnips, or wood, or anything that does not belong to you. He is in the house, when you are breaking into it; and He goes with you, from room to room, and from box to drawer, and counts every thing you take away. He stands close beside you when you are lurking to shed innocent blood; you cannot lift your arm to draw the trigger, nor to plunge the knife, nor to deal the

blow, but what you touch, as it were, the very arm of God as he stands beside you! You may not be found out *here*, but the Lord knows all about it, and you will feel that *He* does not forget, though you may, at the last day. He will require it, depend upon it. Oh! do not wait for Him to meet you; go out now, and meet Him.

Jonah's conscience was not asleep to his guilt and its just punishment; he knew full well the cause of the tempest, and the only means to stop it. He acknowledged his offence, and he betook himself to prayer when the hand of the Lord was upon him. While he was hoping to escape from the Word of God, and from His presence, he went to sleep; but when he was in "the fish's belly" he went to prayer. This is a lesson and a warning to us.

Jonah's faith did not fail now. The Lord had found him; and Jonah humbled himself, and kissed the hand that smote him. He declared, even in the midst of his punishment, the tender pity and loving kindness of the Lord. "I cried, by reason of my affliction, unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice."

What a picture of the sinner Jonah is in all his history. When the Lord overtakes us in our rebelliousness, conscience wakes us up, just as the shipmaster waked Jonah. It bids us arise, and call upon our God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not. It makes us feel God's wrath roaring around us, and the earth rocking under us. It searches into the very core of our evil, unbelieving hearts, and rakes up such heaps of sins and uncleanness that we are terrified to death. It thunders in our ears the very questions the shipmen asked Jonah; and *we* tremble to answer them. It says to us—"What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? What is thy country? and of what people art thou?" Oh! what can we say to these things? What can we answer to these things? Readers—answer them if you can.

Some of you will say, you are decent people—bakers, shoemakers, tradesmen of every kind; labourers, woodmen, gardeners, servants, soldiers, sailors, boatmen, railroad men, according as it may happen. You will say, you come from some village, or town, or hamlet, or city,—that England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, is your country, and you belong to the people of Great Britain. Will any of you say, "I am a Christian; and I fear the

Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land?" Will any of you lay your hands on your hearts, and say *that*? Jonah was a believer, though he was fleeing from the presence of the Lord, because of an actual sin; for even believers fall through the power of strong temptation. But we cannot all answer as Jonah did. The answer our conscience gives is this—"Our occupation is sin. We come from the city of destruction. Hell is our country. The people we belong to are those that forget God." Oh, dear readers! do these answers go like knives to your hearts? Do they smite you deeply? Do they wake up in your souls a loud and piercing cry? If so, do not flee away from them; do not shut your eyes and ears; do not hide yourself from God's presence; but come to Him with all your sins about you, for He is ready and willing to save. Confess, as Jonah confessed, that "salvation is of the Lord;" trust in nothing and nobody but Him—but Christ; but trust in Him *fully*. You may be saying, "I *am* a Christian! I can say that honestly." Ah! but do you "fear the Lord, the God of heaven?" That is the proof, and the only proof, that you have a right to the name of Christian; for being born in a Christian land, and baptised into the outward church, is not enough to make you one. If your occupation is sin, depend upon it the people you belong to are those that know not God, and neither they nor you have any more right to the name of Christian than Turks and infidels.

Jonah says truly, in the fulness of his heart, "they that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy." If we trust to any other thing for salvation than the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, we are observing a lying vanity, whatever kind of thing it may be. The poor Roman Catholics trust to the merits of saints; to the prayers of the Virgin Mary; to the absolution of the priests; to saying a certain number of prayers themselves; or doing a certain number of painful bodily acts, or giving large sums of money to their church: they look to some or all of these things for their salvation. But these are all lying vanities, dear readers; they cannot save men's souls—how can they? "Salvation is of the Lord."

We Protestants have an open Bible to teach us; but we do not care about it as we ought; and we do not try the teaching in our own church by it as we ought; and we do not understand it ourselves as we ought; nor study it with prayer and suppli-

cation as we ought; and, therefore, we are ignorant, wrong-headed, presumptuous, carnal-minded, guilty sinners, not a whit better than the poor papists who have no Bible, and nothing but the priest's word to go by. If we trust to a ship, like Jonah, for getting away from God—if we trust to a priest, and a dead woman, and a wooden image, for escaping from His wrath—or if we trust to the baptism of water, to the church we are brought up in, or the mercy of God being so great that everybody will be forgiven, somehow or other, when they die—we are, *every one of us*, trusting to lying vanities, and forsaking our own mercy. "Salvation is of the Lord." We are as much in the belly of a whale as ever Jonah was if these are our thoughts, dear readers; and, what is more, except we repent we shall never be vomited out upon the dry land. Except we seek to know God—the *true* God—and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent, we shall spend eternity in the "belly of hell"—"the depth will close us round about; . . . the earth with her bars will be about us for ever!"

Oh, readers! Oh, sleepers! "arise, call upon your God! "Cast forth your wares"—your lying vanities; the Lord of heaven and earth is ready and waiting to cast them all into the depths of the sea, and remember them no more! He is waiting to be gracious, for His own Son has made atonement—full and perfect atonement—for the sins of the whole world, and holds out a free pardon with His own bleeding hand to every one that passes by. Oh, readers, go out to meet Him! Do not wait till He meets you, for then He comes in judgment; but go out, just as you are, and *meet Him*. Do not flee from His presence, for He will overtake you, as surely as He overtook Jonah; but cast your wares—your lying vanities—forth into the sea, and *go and meet Him*. "Salvation is of the Lord."

Remember Jonah. Remember the shipmen's questions. Answer them—answer them *truly*; and then see what manner of man ye are.

Remember, also, "Nineveh, that great city," and repent, as she repented when the Word of God was preached to her. Jesus Christ, the Preacher of all preachers, cries aloud *to you*. Hear Him before He shuts the door. He has Himself declared that "the men of Nineveh shall rise up in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it, for they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and behold! a greater than Jonah is here."

A LESSON FOR THE SICK.

I HAVE already, I believe, observed upon the patient and quiet way in which the poor generally endure the trials of poverty and sickness that very often come upon them; but another instance struck me so forcibly, a few weeks ago, that I cannot forbear touching upon the subject again, because it is one which will benefit every class, and reconcile those to their trials who possess larger shares of this world's good, and yet are sometimes tempted to murmur when they cannot obtain every thing that they fancy would do them good.

We were told that a poor man was ill, who lived at a short distance from us, and we went to see him. His cottage stood in a beautiful situation, just at the outskirts of an extensive larch plantation, on rather high ground, overlooking a beautiful valley, with a fine sweep of green hills on the opposite side, and a rich scene of woodland loveliness wherever the eye rested. It was the Sabbath evening, too, and all but the joyous songs of the birds was calm and still. An air of comfortlessness always surrounds that cottage; there is a broken wicket, a deep, black, muddy ditch close to the house—enough in itself to cause a fever—an untidy garden, and a neglected, wretched look about the place, which says a great deal about *the wife* who dwells within. In fact, it can scarcely say too much. We opened the door and found poor Morris and his family sitting together, but such a picture of domestic bliss will scarcely be imagined by many of my readers. It was very cold, with the cutting easterly wind whistling through the trees, but there was no fire on the hearth. Morris was sitting in a straight-backed, rickety chair, close to the fire-place, where the embers were gone out, after the kettle had boiled for tea, and a little cracked teapot was placed among them to be kept warm. The house was very dirty and untidy; the table was still covered with the tea-things, and a piece of a loaf, and a small bit of lard in a plate, stood upon it. The wife sat beside this tea-table opposite her husband, a dirty little child was near her, and an infant was crying in the cradle. Poor Morris sat in the midst of this discomfort, the image of contented suffering. He was very clean and neat, as usual; but his face expressed so much acute pain, that it was distressing to look at him. A large boil was forming on his back, the pain of which was extremely great, and he had much fever and weariness of body too. But he said nothing about it, and made no complaint.

A cup of pale liquid, which they called tea, stood before him, and a thick piece of hard toast with a scrape of lard upon it. It was impossible to sit in a scene like this and not learn a lesson. How good would it be for every one to enter such dwellings, and observe all that is there, and all that is *not* there too! When *we* are racked with pain, and our bodies exhausted with want of rest and appetite, how we should turn from the cup of water just coloured with tea, and no milk in it, and from the clumsy toast, that formed poor Morris's only meal! True: the poor are not accustomed to dainties; they are brought up to relish coarse and humble fare; but we all know how fanciful the appetite is in sickness, and how we dislike the soft and delicate bread and butter to which we have sat down with pleasure in the day of health. Even meat, poultry, fish, jelly, and all nice things do not please us always when we are ill; but do we sit with the same contented spirit that the poor man sits? Morris could not relish his tasteless tea, and hard, thick toast, but he sat meekly and contentedly under his privations, and never seemed to think of wanting anything else. How reviving to a faint and exhausted frame is a cup of nicely made gruel, or a little simple mutton or veal broth. How the eye brightens, and the spirits rise, as it is sipped with the relish of a stomach longing for something warm and comfortable. Even a little soft sweet biscuit is a luxury to the sick when they can obtain nothing but bread; and how many of us, how *very* many of us, who can do nothing *great* for our neighbours, who cannot stand forth as helpers in a general way, may yet be able to give these little simple things to such as are sick and destitute. It is a work of joy: and the pleasure of seeing the relief afforded by the most trifling assistance of this nature is abundant payment to the giver.

Poor Morris was for many days in extreme suffering; he could neither lie, nor sit, nor stand, so as to get ease. For hours he would lean over a table, or stand bent down, resting upon a stick, but all the time so quiet, so patient, and so thankful for whatever was done for him. His poor, little, dirty wife sat looking at him, in a high-crowned cap, but she was so helpless and unthrifty at all times, that she had no notion of making him or the house in any way comfortable; so there he remained, poor fellow, until the boil was in a fit state to be lanced, and then relief was speedily obtained. We were standing one morning watching our workman, when a man walked rapidly up to us, which proved to be Morris

himself, on his way to the doctor, quite another person, and looking almost well. He quickly gained strength, and is now at work again; happy, no doubt, to get away from the dirty, dreary kitchen where he passed so many days.

We are told, on the best authority, that "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart." But there is another reason why the house of mourning among *the poor* is wholesome to the living. It instructs us as to the blessings the Lord has given us, and calls loudly upon us for gratitude and praise. It makes us contented: nay, it makes us thankful and *adoring* for the many mercies we possess which our poor brethren have not; and it tells us that all our good things may be of yet more value and blessing *to us*, by being used and distributed for the good of others. Never mind present reward; never mind the evil that sometimes is returned for good; let us hear *The Word*: "Charge them that are rich in this world . . . that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate;" it is *this* with which we have to do, "according to our several ability;" remembering at the same time that we shall be judged according to that which we have, and not according to that we have not. There are few that cannot give something or do something for those who are poorer still; and if we strive to be faithful stewards to our Master in Heaven, we shall be surprised to find how much "meat" we shall have to give to our fellow-servants "in due season"—meat temporal, *and* meat *spiritual*. Let us take a lesson from our poor suffering brethren; let our wants and desires be few; let us be satisfied with such things as we have, however few and lowly; let us take evil as well as good from our Father's hand, with heartfelt thanks; it is medicine, if it is not oil and wine, and meant to do us, perhaps, much greater good. Let us go to the *cottages* of mourning, for there we shall learn the deepest lessons, and receive most benefit to our own souls.

HINTS TO THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BREAD is a very considerable portion of cottage food. The labourer and his family live mostly upon the loaf; and it is highly necessary that it should be as

good and as cheap a loaf as possible. Sometimes the cottager has an oven, and where they can afford such, it is easy to bake at home, which is a great saving, because they then gain the baker's profit.

If living near a baker's oven, the advantage is pretty much the same, because what is paid for baking the loaves is saved from buying faggots. Bakers' bread never goes so far as home-made. There is something put into it that lightens it up, and makes it eat spongy and nice when quite new; but when it gets stale, it is often chaffy and crumbly, and goes no way in both cases. It does not satisfy, or "stay by" the eater, as the poor express it, like sound flour-and-yeast bread.

There is no need to have bread made only of wheaten flour. Now that bread is rising in price, it is right to try all methods of feeding ourselves cheaply; and excellent bread is made from the cheaper articles, which I am going to give from that very useful little work, "The Family Economist:"

1st. Maize, one gallon; barley, one gallon; wheat-flour, half-a-gallon.

2nd. Maize, one gallon; wheat, one gallon. (This is an excellent bread.)

3rd. One gallon each of oatmeal, barley, and wheat; or oatmeal and wheat, without barley.

4th. Barley-flour, one peck; wheat-flour, half-a-gallon.

5th. One gallon each of barley, rye, and wheat.

6th. One gallon each of barley and rye; two gallons of wheat.

7th. Buckwheat, one gallon; barley or rye, one gallon; wheat, two gallons.

8th. Potatoes, when good and cheap, if wheat is dear, may, with advantage, be used in larger proportions than common; if dry, an equal weight of potatoes and wheat; if the potatoes are newly-dug, two-thirds potatoes to one-third wheat.

9th. One-third potatoes; one-

third oats, rye, maize, or barley; and one-third wheat.

In using any of these mixtures, it is found best to ferment the wheat-flour by itself, and then add it to the other materials, to make up and rise in the usual way. . . .

The price of each kind of grain must determine how far these mixtures may be profitable. One remark is applicable to bread generally, whether bought or home-made, and it is of no small importance to the family manager of straitened circumstances. New bread is as extravagant as it is unwholesome. Just the difference of one loaf in five is made by cutting bread the day it is baked, or cutting it when it is two days old."

I have, myself, often seen cottagers bring in warm bread, because they had none left, and could not buy a stale loaf, and it went at a gallop among hungry stomachs, so that a week's supply could not possibly last much more than half that time. This is a great want of thrift in the poor man's wife, to let her loaves run out before getting in a fresh supply; and if she could with care contrive to bake at home, and use any of the receipts I have given, she would certainly find it not only cheaper in money, but cheaper in quantity too, for less, very much less home-made bread is consumed than of that which is bought. I know one little country baker who does honestly make bread of nothing but flour and yeast; and the poor flock to his shop; they can scarcely bake fast enough for the demand; and on Saturday nights their customers will wait till ten or eleven o'clock for bread hot out of the oven, rather than buy stale bread anywhere else. They say this bread goes as far again among

their hungry children. There is great want of carefulness among the poor. They do not mean to be careless or wasteful, but they often are; and on this, and a want of faith and trust in Him who has power both to "minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown," depends more of the poor man's difficulties than he has any notion of. The "meat that endureth unto eternal life," is the surest and soundest foundation for that "meat which perisheth."—R.

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"SEARCH the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." John v. 39.

Even Satan, when he tempted our Lord, though he dared to pervert, yet he never once attempted to deny holy Scripture to be the truth of God. Shame to professors who are ignorant of God's Word! For Jesus and eternal life are revealed therein. Even devils, who have no hope from the Scriptures, seem well versed therein. But may not Jonadab's question to Amnon be put even to some of God's children—"Why art thou, being a king's son, lean from day to day?" Lean-ness of soul comes on many through neglecting the nourishing truths of God's Word. It is the rich part of the Father's love. By it the soul is fed and nourished up to eternal life. Verily, when we lose our appetite for the Scriptures, and they are not savory food to us, our souls are distempered. "They testify of me," saith Jesus. Is not that word enough? What so sweetly, so powerfully engaging to the soul, as when somewhat of our dear Saviour is to be learned from every page? The more we are

acquainted with His precious person, amazing love, wonderful humility, astonishing sufferings, and finished work on earth, so much the more will he be endeared to our hearts. We shall prize the word that testifies of Him, and the Spirit that glorifies Him. We shall think of Him, love Him, live upon Him, live to Him, long to be with Him, from day to day. So we shall beguile all our troubles and trials below. Our hearts will be simple and happy. Our conversation and conduct will be more like the meek Lamb of God. Thus shall we grow as Pharaoh's "kine fattened, and well-favoured," while we feed in God's meadow. If we neglect the Scriptures that testify of Jesus, no wonder we enjoy not the comfort of the Spirit's witness of Him. Says Luther—"Let the Lord take me out of life this hour, or when it pleaseth Him, I leave this behind me. I will own Jesus Christ for my Lord and my God. This I have not only out of the Scriptures, but by manifold experience also; for the name Jesus hath often helped and comforted me, when no creature could." "Holy Scriptures are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."—*Mason's Spiritual Treasury.*

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

"IN that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord." Zechariah xiv. 20.

The charger which the English Consul at Damietta (a city in Egypt), rode on, a remarkable fine, spirited animal, had a bell hung round his neck, which brings us to observe, that in the early ages bells appear to have been a symbol (that means a *sign*) of victory or

dominion. Thus, as horses were employed in war, and distinguished for strength, stateliness, and courage, these kind of tinkling symbols became part of their martial furniture. The Jewish warrior adorned his animal with the same ornaments which the prophet foretells shall in future be consecrated to God.—*Rae Wilson's Travels.*

“AND the high priest Ananias commanded them that stood by, to smite him on the mouth.” Acts xxiii. 2.

Among Eastern nations, the shoe is always considered as vile, and to be smitten with it as the last act of ignominy. An Eastern governor, wishing to force money from two of his subjects, demanded a large sum of them in tribute. They answered the king, that all that was due had been sent; when the latter, enraged at their refusal, commanded them to be beaten, which was done accordingly; and whenever they attempted to say anything in their own defence they were smitten on the mouth with a shoe, the heel of which was shod with iron.—*Moriss's Second Journey through Persia, &c.* From “*Extracts from Travellers.*”

MRS. BENWELL'S CONTRIVANCES.

MRS. BENWELL, in contriving a daily meal of animal food for a week, managed it somehow in this way:—When she bought a leg or shin of beef, she desired the butcher to saw the bone in lengths of about four inches. During this operation she took care to pick up and put in her basket any little fragments that might drop. It was from no mean authority she derived the lesson, “Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost;” and she

conscientiously observed it, not in a miserly way, but with true liberal economy, to make her family as comfortable as she could; and also, to be able to help a poor sick neighbour, which she frequently did. Perhaps in the butcher's shop she saw a shank or two of mutton, or a lamb's foot. these are generally thrown to the dogs; but they are readily given to a customer who asks for them; and those who have often used them know their value.

On bringing home her purchase, the active woman began by cleaning out the marrow from the bones; these, with the gristly parts, she set on to boil with, at least, two gallons of liquor, either in an oven or over the fire, as best might suit. This required to go on five or six hours. In the course of that time a pudding was boiled in it, and a few parsnips. The pudding was composed of the marrow with two pounds of flour, not boiled in a cloth, because a cloth would take up the goodness of the liquor; but made stiff, like paste, and boiled loose in the form of dumplings. The pudding with the parsnips formed the allowance for the first day, and no despicable portion of animal food either. When the bones had boiled that day, as long as convenient, they were taken out and cleared of the gristly bits.

Next day, these bones were made to yield a second meal, by being boiled down in fresh liquor for several hours, seasoned with onions and whatever other vegetables might suit, and thickened with oatmeal. By this time, the bones had become white and dry; still there was a nice little scraping from them, and those who have never tried, can scarcely believe how good this second broth was—

so good, that even then the bones were not to be thrown away.

The third day, the raw meat cut in pieces of about two ounces each, and the gristles, were set on with pepper and salt and six or eight onions, in the first-made gravy, and stewed from four to six hours. Perhaps this was done in the oven, or if not, as it did not take the whole of the fire, in another saucepan was boiled half-a-pound of rice, which, when done, was mixed with a little of the stew, now becoming very rich. Then the bones were again stewed down in the rice liquor, which was either thickened with oatmeal or peas; or vegetables, such as turnips, carrots, parsnips, or Jerusalem artichokes, were boiled to be added to the stew. At the end of the third day, the stew was turned out, very rich and good, producing at least four quarts, very little of either the meat or the gravy having been used. When cold, it would cut out a beautiful stiff jelly, which was divided into four portions; two, perhaps, to be rewarmed with part of the liquor last made; and two to be eaten cold with hot potatoes. Now, it is not said that this family did, or that any family of equal number could, live abundantly on a leg or shin of beef a week; but it is said that, if ill-managed, as much animal food may be consumed at two meals, as if, well-managed, might be made to yield a portion for seven days; and well were it if every working family had the means of buying one good weekly joint, and the good management to make the best of it.

A *leg of mutton* is the most profitable joint that can be bought; and may be made to give a meal for every day in the week: thus—

1st day. Pick out the flap, cut

off the shank and knuckle with very little meat, and make an Irish stew. Take care of the bones when picked.

2nd day. Pick out the suet from the upper part of the leg; chop it up to make a pudding paste, in which put a little meat—the udder, if there be one—and fill up with scalded potatoes or parsnips.

3rd day. A potato pie—thus; six pounds of potatoes, boiled or steamed till they will mash. Grease a deep dish in which lay half the potatoes smoothly at the bottom. Then, one pound of meat cut into small pieces and seasoned with pepper and salt; two or three onions chopped up, and if you please, a little parsley and thyme. Then lay the rest of the potatoes at the top, and bake for an hour.—This dish may be improved by the addition of a little milk or dripping in mashing the potatoes; or an egg beat up and poured over the top.

4th day. Boil the remainder of the joint with turnips, carrots, or parsnips and rice. Cut off a portion of the meat (remembering that there are yet three days to come) and set the rest away. The bones of the stew should be boiled again to-day.

5th day. Mutton broth, thickened with oatmeal, and a few hard dumplings boiled in the broth.

6th day. Cold mutton and hot potatoes.

7th day. The marrow made into dumplings; the bones and fragments of meat boiled down (for which purpose a little of the liquor should be kept back), and thickened with barley, flavoured with onions, or whatever else may suit, and the dumplings boiled in it.—*The Working Man's Wife*.

HEMMING.

In some establishments it is usual, in the first teaching of very young children, to use pieces of paper instead of cloth or calico; but, unless in cases of extreme economy, this is not to be recommended. A single yard of calico may be hemmed all round; then, the hems being cut off, the hemming may be made again; and repeating the process of re-hemming and cutting off, one yard of calico may be enough for the instruction of fifty pupils.

Q. If the piece of calico or cloth that you are about to hem be a square piece, what do you do first?

A. If the sides appear to be of nearly an equal length, I fold the piece like a half-handkerchief, to see whether the sides are *exactly* equal in length.

Q. And if not, what do you do?

A. I draw a thread out of the calico or cloth, and cut it even by the open line thus made.

Q. And then?

A. Then I cut the raw edge straight and smooth.

Q. Do you know what a selvage is?

A. Yes, ma'am; it is the edge of the cloth, where it is closed in the making.

Q. Then, if the piece you are about to hem have a selvage on one or two of its sides, those sides do not require hemming?

A. No, ma'am.

Q. What do you do next?

A. I turn the raw edge down once, and then turn it down again the same width as at first.

Q. With which hand do you thread your needle, and how do you wear your thimble?

A. I thread the needle with my right hand, and wear my thimble on the second finger of my right hand also.

Q. Well, having prepared your work for hemming, how do you proceed?

A. I place the work upon the first finger of my left hand, and hold the needle in my right hand.

Q. In setting the first stitch, how do you begin?

A. I begin by pointing the needle from me, turning in the end of the thread under the hem, and drawing it out till near the end of the thread; then the end must be neatly turned in under the hem with the point of the needle.

Q. As you go on hemming, in what direction do you point the needle?

A. I point the needle towards my chest or bosom, not towards the left shoulder.

Q. When a new thread becomes necessary, what do you do?

A. I cut off the end of the thread I have been using, and turn it under the hem; then I set in the needle, pointed from me, and manage the end of the new thread in the same manner as before.

Q. Which do you keep uppermost,—the eye of the needle, or the point?

A. I keep the eye rather lower than the point, otherwise the needle is very likely to get broken.

Q. How many threads is it proper to leave between the stitches in hemming?

A. Four threads left between every two stitches will place them at a good distance.—*The Finchley Manual of Industry.*

SEWING.

SEWING is the joining of two edges together; and if the edges happen to be good selvages, they require only to be placed evenly, and to be pinned at short distances,

or tacked slightly, to prevent puckering.

Should the edges be raw, one edge must be turned down once, and the other must be turned down double the width, for the purpose of being folded back again in the middle, to form what is called the *fell*.

Q. What do you understand by sewing?

A. The joining of two edges of cloth, calico, or other material together.

Q. If the edges be good selvages, how do you proceed?

A. They then require only to be placed evenly together, and to be pinned or tacked, that they may remain so.

Q. But if the edges be raw?

A. Then one edge must be turned down once, and the other edge must be turned down double the width, to admit of being folded back again in the middle, to form the *fell*.

Q. Well, having prepared the seam for sewing, what do you do?

A. I hold the cloth or other material upright, firmly, with the thumb along the side of the first finger of the left hand, and support it with the second and third fingers.

Q. In sewing, how do you point your needle?

A. Towards the chest; and the stitches must lie straight across the seam, and not be taken too deep.

Q. In beginning, do you make a knot in your thread?

A. No, ma'am; I leave out one end of the thread, and sew it over with the first few stitches.

Q. Do you begin to sew at the point of the finger?

A. No, ma'am; along the side, commencing about the beginning of the nail.

Q. When you require a fresh thread, what do you do?

A. I leave an end of the thread I have been using, and the same length of the new one; and I sew them both over neatly and carefully.

Q. When you have finished the sewing of the seam, what do you do?

A. I flatten it with my thumb-nail.

Q. Then how do you proceed with the running and felling?

A. I lay the raw edge of one of the parts once down, in the same manner as for the first fold of a hem; and I then place the other part upon it, a thread or two below the double edge, and run them together, making the stitches short, about three threads up, and three threads down.

Q. The running having been finished, what do you do?

A. I lay the seam down very smoothly, and hem on the other side.

Q. For the *double seam*, or *sewing and felling*, how do you proceed?

A. I lay down a fold in the same manner as for a run-and-fell seam; turning it back again from me, exactly at the raw edge of the turn, so that the fold may be double.

Q. What next?

A. I lay down a single fold on the second piece, and place the edges of both together, with the turns inside.

Q. And then?

A. I then sew them neatly; and, when finished, I lay the seam down smoothly, and hem the fold on the other side.

Q. Should the sewing be on the right side of the cloth, or the wrong?

A. The sewing must be on the right side, and the hem on the wrong.—*The Finchley Manual of Industry.*

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	SEPTEMBER. THE MOON'S CHANGES. New Moon—3rd Day, at 43 m. past 11 morning. First Quarter.—10th Day, at 58 m. past 8 morning. Full Moon—17th Day, at 12 m. past 10 morning. Last Quarter—25th Day, at 33 m. past 10 morning.	SUN	
			Rises.	Sets.
			h. m.	h. m.
1	T	Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law. <i>Gal.</i> iii. 18.	5 15	6 44
2	F	Let thy mercies come also unto me. <i>Ps.</i> cxix. 41.	5 16	6 41
3	S	Thy word is a lamp unto my feet. <i>Ps.</i> cxix. 105.	5 18	6 39
4	☿	15 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Be ye not slothful. <i>Heb.</i> vi. 12.	5 19	6 37
5	M	I will recompense, saith the Lord. <i>Heb.</i> x. 30.	5 21	6 35
6	T	To the Lord our God belong mercies. <i>Dan.</i> ix. 9.	5 23	6 32
7	W	Every knee shall bow to me. <i>Rom.</i> xiv. 11.	5 24	6 30
8	T	I will ransom them from the power of the grave. <i>Hosea</i> xiii. 14.	5 26	6 28
9	F	Every word of God is pure. <i>Prov.</i> xxx. 5.	5 27	6 26
10	S	O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive. <i>Dan.</i> ix. 19.	5 29	6 23
11	☿	16 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread. <i>Prov.</i> xxv. 21.	5 31	6 21
12	M	Ye are not under the law, but under grace. <i>Rom.</i> vi. 14.	5 32	6 19
13	T	Give place unto wrath. <i>Rom.</i> xii. 19.	5 34	6 16
14	W	O Lord, to thee will I cry. <i>Joel</i> i. 19.	5 35	6 14
15	T	Fear not: for I am with thee. <i>Is.</i> xliii. 5.	5 37	6 12
16	F	Fools make a mock at sin. <i>Prov.</i> xiv. 9.	5 39	6 9
17	S	Be filled with the Spirit. <i>Eph.</i> v. 18.	5 40	6 7
18	☿	17 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. The Lord is our judge. <i>Is.</i> xxxiii. 22.	5 42	6 5
19	M	Thou art my lamp, O Lord. <i>2 Sam.</i> xxii. 29.	5 43	6 3
20	T	Not as I will, but as Thou wilt. <i>Matt.</i> xxvi. 39.	5 45	6 0
21	W	O our God, hear the prayer of thy servant. <i>Dan.</i> ix. 17.	5 47	5 58
22	T	I will love them freely. <i>Hosea</i> xiv. 4.	5 48	5 56
23	F	Who is a rock, save our God? <i>2 Sam.</i> xxii. 32.	5 50	5 53
24	S	Beware, lest thou forget the Lord. <i>Deut.</i> vi. 12.	5 52	5 51
25	☿	18 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. My soul, wait thou only upon God. <i>Ps.</i> lxii. 5.	5 53	5 49
26	M	Ever follow that which is good. <i>1 Thess.</i> v. 15.	5 55	5 46
27	T	Know ye not that ye are the temple of God. <i>1 Cor.</i> iii. 16.	5 56	5 44
28	W	Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer. <i>Ps.</i> lxiv. 1.	5 58	5 42
29	T	The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. <i>1 Cor.</i> x. 26.	6 0	5 40
30	F	God is able to make all grace abound. <i>2 Cor.</i> ix. 8.	6 1	5 37

THE GRAND TRUTH OF THE BIBLE.

THERE are some things spoken of in the Holy Scriptures that some people think too deep and too difficult for poor people to understand. They say, "Oh, if a poor man reads his Bible, and walks honestly, and says his prayers, there's no need for him to puzzle his brains with deep questions that even learned men cannot clearly understand; there's no need for him to argue and search into the things that are secret, and not intended to be meddled with except by clergymen." My dear readers, be not deceived by such words. The Bible is not only to be read, but pondered in the heart. It is not the clergyman's book, nor the rich man's book, nor the wise man's book, nor the righteous man's book, nor the poor man's book. "Whose book is it, then;" you will ask. "Is it *nobody's* book?" Yes, it is THE SINNER'S BOOK. Whether you are rich or poor, gentle or simple, good or bad, clergyman or no clergyman, you are SINNERS, and you want to be told how to be saved. The Bible was written for sinners, to tell them how they are to be "just with God;" and, therefore, all that is written in the Bible is meant to be pondered upon, and understood by the ignorant and poor, every bit as much as by the rich and learned. Who is daring enough, and presumptuous enough, to say, that what God has spoken is not needful, or proper to be understood by any one man alive? Where is there a warrant for such a thing in all the Scripture? "Go, preach the Gospel to *every creature*," was Jesus Christ's last address to His disciples. He said nothing about any deep, difficult, parts that were to be kept back from the poor and ignorant, or that were beyond their power to see clearly into. No; He said not one word about that; and, therefore, the Gospel, the *whole* Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel, is to be received and understood by *every creature*. Half the Gospel, or three parts of the Gospel, or nine-tenths of the Gospel, is not *The Gospel*! What would you say to a man who sold you a flitch of bacon and sent it home without the gammon? You would say, "This is a piece of bacon, to be sure, but it's not *the flitch*;" therefore, dear readers—I speak as unto men—the Gospel, with a great piece cut off, and kept back, is not the Gospel that Jesus Christ commanded should be preached to *every creature*—it is not the Gospel He has sent you. It came in fullness and freeness from His stores; it is fully and freely declared in His Book; and no man living has a right to say, or a warrant for saying, that any part of that Gospel

is too hard for your understanding to digest, or for your soul to feed upon. Do not let anybody persuade you to pass by anything that is written in that Book that you cannot rightly lay hold of. Very likely you cannot understand it; and very likely men cannot make you understand it; but what of that? *God* can make you understand it in the twinkling of an eye, if you ask *Him*. The Holy Ghost can teach you, though you may be as ignorant as the very beasts that perish. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and *it shall be given him.*" A king upon his throne cannot *understand* the Bible without the help of the Holy Spirit; he may *read* it, and have it all at his finger ends, but he *cannot* understand it without the Holy Spirit. So, dear readers, do not be out of heart because you cannot understand all that is in the Bible; and do not be persuaded that what seem hard things are not intended to be understood. *Ask of God, and it shall be given you.*

Now, dear readers, there is a truth laid down in Holy Scripture which some people, in these days, put on one side, and either tell you it is no such thing, or else that it is too deep a matter for us to pry into. But if it was no such thing, the Lord would not have taken, as it were, so much trouble to make it plain to us; and if it was too deep for us, He would have "sealed it up," as He did other things which He spake both to the prophet Daniel and to St. John in the Revelation, which were not needful for *us* to know, "until the time of the end." So that argument is knocked on the head.

This one particular truth is of such consequence, that without it we cannot tell what we must do to be saved, nor have any sure ground for knowing that we are saved; so, whether it is easy to be understood, or not, we must try at it; for life or death depend upon it. This great truth is, that we are "JUSTIFIED BY FAITH WITHOUT THE DEEDS OF THE LAW;" "justified freely by God's grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." This great truth is called among us, The Doctrine of Justification by Faith. It is the grand truth of the Bible; the grand foundation of the Church of England; and the grand foundation of the Church of Christ.

My dear readers, let me beg and beseech of you not to suppose

this doctrine too deep, or too hard, on the one hand ; or not necessary to be insisted on, on the other. It is deep, indeed, for it is founded on the Rock ; but it is so often laid down in the Bible, told over and over again in almost every page of the New Testament, that it will not be hard, if you pray for help ; and it *must* be necessary, or so much would not be said about it, and it would not be insisted upon so very often as it is. "The just shall live by his faith," says the Old Testament. "A man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law," says the New. Abraham "was strong in faith, giving glory to God," "therefore it was imputed to him for righteousness. Now, it was not written for his sake alone that it was imputed unto him, but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. Therefore, being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand." "But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them *that believe*." "By grace are ye saved *through faith*." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved." And now I will bring up the heaviest gun of all, to fire off on the side of this great and glorious Bible truth—the word that was spoken by Jesus Christ's own lips—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life*."

Now, dear readers, who shall persuade you that this is a doctrine too deep for a poor man to understand, or not needful to be understood ? If the Lord does not think so, how dare we ? If you do not understand it, you are not in a saved state, because "by grace are ye saved *through faith* ;" and if you die in ignorance of it, you will die without salvation. People may, indeed, *understand* it, and yet not take hold of Christ *savingly* ; we must look well to that too ; but if we do not understand it at all, die we must in our sins, for nothing cleanseth from sin but the blood of Christ ; and if we understand about it with our heads, we are *so far* on the road to believe it with our hearts.

Now, the poor Roman Catholics are taught that good works, and the sacraments, and the prayers of the Virgin Mary and the saints, and masses (that is, services of the church), and the forgiveness of their priests, can save them. They put all kinds of

things between Jesus Christ and their souls, so that He, and His atoning blood, and justifying righteousness, are kept quite out of sight; and the grand Bible truth, that "*whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life,*" is accounted a very blasphemous and dangerous deceit.

In times of very great spiritual darkness all over the world, when popery triumphed, and kept the Bible out of every body's sight, it pleased the Almighty that a poor popish monk should fall in with a copy of the Holy Scriptures, in Latin, in the monastery where he was living. It was lying among the dusty books in the library of this monastery, and the poor monk opened it, *by chance*—as men would say—and he was so astonished at it, that he went on reading and studying, day after day, until such wonderful light broke into his dark mind as he had no idea of. He found out that the parts of Scripture that the Roman Catholics are allowed to read were all cut out of this Book, but they were only bits, here and there; and when he read the whole, he found out the lies he had been taught and brought up in, and he rose up like a man raised from the dead. This poor monk became the greatest man that ever lived, because he overturned popery by preaching the Word of God, and persuading men, out of the Holy Scriptures, that "by grace we are saved through faith; and that not of ourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." He turned the world upside down, just as the apostles did, by setting forth "Jesus Christ and him crucified," and popery got such a heavy blow from this man's hand (through the power of the Holy Spirit), that it has never had a leg to stand upon since. It goes limping about, to be sure, and covering itself up that its deadly wound may not be seen—but if you only let half an inch of the Bible peep out of your pocket, if the priests cannot get at it to burn it, they will not stop to face it or you either.

Do you guess who this poor monk was? It was the great and honoured Martin Luther, who, three hundred years ago, woke up the world to understand the grand Bible truth, Justification by Faith of Jesus Christ, which upset popery; and who brought the Holy Scriptures freely before the people, which made men wise unto salvation. A very great friend of Luther's, named Melancthon, a German (for they were both Germans), wrote this about him, which I will copy out for you, dear readers: "He was led to attend to St. Paul's doctrine of justification by faith, which is so

often inculcated (that means *taught*) by that apostle. By reading, and comparing together different parts of the Old and New Testament, and by an increased dependance on God in daily prayer (*mark that, dear reader*), he gradually acquired more light, and saw the emptiness of the usual interpretations of scripture." Then he goes on: "Afterwards Luther undertook to expound the Psalms and the Epistle to the Romans. He showed the difference between the Law and the Gospel: he refuted (that means *proved the falseness of*) the ancient error, that men by their own works may merit the remission of their sins, and be accounted righteous before God. Thus he recalled men's minds to the office of the Son of God, and, like John the Baptist, showed them the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. Moreover, he taught them that remission of their sins is freely for Christ's sake, and that this benefit is to be received by faith."

Readers! do you want to be saved! Then begin from this very instant to understand how you are to be justified—that is, accounted righteous—before God. I do not think any of you are over easy in your minds when you are sick and like to die. I *suspect* you are not—and that comes of two things: either you are not walking according to your light, or else you have got no light at all. Salvation is "of grace that it may be by faith:" it is not to be bought—or worked for—or wrought out, dear readers. The papists think it is, and some of us, who *ought* to be Bible christians, think so too, I am sorry and grieved to say. But the Bible says it is "of grace," "in Christ Jesus"—and also it is called "the end of your faith." St. Paul also says, "if by grace, then is it no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace."

Dear readers, let no man deceive you. Stick close to God's Word: if man's word is the same, all well and good; but if God says one thing, and man says another, you had better do as the Master tells you, and never mind the servant; for the servant does not always know what his Lord doeth. He *ought* to know; but things are not always as they ought to be in this world.

To be saved is the very first thing a man wants, who is one day sure to die. How to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called," is the next thing; but how to be saved is the first. Some people jumble these two things together; and some put the cart before the horse; that is, they say we must walk worthily before we *can* be saved. But St. Paul bids us walk worthy of the vocation (that means calling) wherewith we *are*

called—called already; and he says again, “These things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which *have* believed in God may be careful to maintain good works.” And our blessed Saviour always healed, and pardoned, those who came to Him, out of hand, as I may say, with all their sins about them; and *then, after* they were healed, he said “Go, and sin no more.”

Trying to explain God’s Word is like holding up a lantern that our neighbour may see the sun; still, one cannot help doing one’s best to help one’s fellow-creatures on; and the Lord can bless a very poor little word, if written or spoken with a desire to magnify His grace, and save sinners. This doctrine of justification by faith of Jesus Christ is so plainly set forth in God’s Word, that the very poorest, most ignorant pauper may lay hold of it and have everlasting life; but it is so wonderfully and strangely overlooked by half the people we meet, that I cannot help holding up a little, simple, COTTAGE LAMP to try and get some of my readers to see it, and glorify God by embracing it to the salvation of their souls.

Readers! I ask again, Do you want to be saved? You will find no assurance of it, and, therefore, no peace of mind, until you cast all your hopes upon the Blood that was shed for you, and the righteousness that was wrought out for you. When you can feel that Jesus Christ’s Blood has power to cleanse you from all sin, and His righteousness power to make you righteous before God, you will fully understand what justification by faith is; and you will feel that every other thing you have hoped to find salvation in was nothing but a refuge of lies.

Oh! it is a glorious, Christ-exalting truth! It humbles the sinner; exalts the Saviour; glorifies God; casts down imaginations; and “brings into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.” There is no peace, because no truth, in any other justification, dear readers; no other justification will make your head lie easy on a dying pillow. Poor Roman Catholics die in a kind of blind hope, because they have faith in their priests, and have never known anything else; but we Protestants, even the most ignorant, know something that frightens us all terribly when we feel death drawing near, *unless* we are “washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.” This, dear readers, is the poultice that draws out the sting of death, and gives us sweet and refreshing rest. Never mind what anybody tells you, but God. *He* says you are saved

“by grace, through faith,” and it is your business to mind *Him*. All who have died rejoicing in hope have been justified by faith of Jesus Christ; and if you want to be saved, you must be so too. Do as Luther did—compare Scripture with Scripture, and depend increasingly on God in daily prayer; that is the way to learn the truth, for the Holy Spirit will “teach you all things,” and “give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist.” Let nothing and nobody hinder you from finding out what Justification by Faith is.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

THERE is, I am sorry to say, among the humble classes, a very great carelessness and indifference with respect to honesty, which leads sometimes to great crimes and severe punishments; and, in other cases, to doubt and suspicion where discovery may not have been possible; but, in all circumstances, shame, disgrace, and misery, are brought upon themselves and their families; for who will choose to employ either man or woman of whom it is felt that they are not trustworthy, although nothing can exactly be brought openly against them? It is the bounden duty of parents to look closely after their children in this matter, and not only strictly to check the very least appearance of dishonesty, but to set them a bold and bright example of faithfulness in all things. If a child sees its parent make light of evil, it will do so too; and if it is taught to go out and steal wood, or allowed to bring home a bunch of turnips, greens, or *anything whatsoever*, without inquiry or reproof, it will see no difference between taking what *seems* a trifle and what is considered worth bringing before the bench of magistrates. Children are quicker and sharper than we are ready to suppose; they see and know what is wrong in an instant; and the least want of thought in what their parents or betters say or do, leads to a great deal of mischief, the end of which cannot be foreseen.

Charles Smith lived for some years in the family of a gentleman, who had a kind of regard for him, because he knew all his family, some of whom had worked on the property for many years. When this gentleman settled in a small residence, with a garden, a field or two, and a couple of cows, he took Charles into his service, to live in the house, but to be an out-doot servant, and do every-

thing. He was just the sort of man for the place; he could garden, manage a little farm, brew, and turn his hand to everything. He was very good-tempered, quiet, obliging, and active, and loved the children dearly; was never tired of them, and would do anything at any time for all belonging to the family.

In the course of time, his master and mistress had occasion to suspect that there was dishonesty somewhere, and they soon found that Charles was the guilty person. Nothing of any consequence had been taken, but little trifling things disappeared, such as a blacking-brush, an old reaping-hook, odds and ends of useful things lying about, that were not forthcoming when inquired for, but that having no legs and feet could not possibly walk away. The beer, too, went at a great rate; in short, a stir was at last made, and Charles was found out as a petty pilferer. With the kindest intentions, but most unwisely, his master was melted by his grief and entreaties, and did not turn him away. He had married one of his fellow-servants, for whom the family had a great respect and regard; and principally on account of poor Betsey, who suffered more than her husband, and abhorred his crime, so that she never offered to screen or excuse him, Charles was kept in spite of his conduct, but was watched and looked after more closely. Constantly, however, little things were missed; he was scolded and threatened, but still, for his wife's sake, forgiven; and so it went on, year after year, until his master changed his residence, and no longer needed his services. He then settled in his native village, and took to day labour. He was at first employed regularly by one family, but his pilfering habits continued; things of no value, but still things that were not his own, were missing, and were sometimes found smuggled up in the stable, where they did not need to be; and, therefore, Charles was quietly parted with, and nothing more was said. He was such a quiet, steady man to all appearance, that others took him on, but he somehow left them after a time, though no one ever heard why.

At last he was taken into the employment of a very respectable miller, who settled in the village, and lived with him for some time. Sin will not always go undiscovered. The Eye above sees it, and the Hand above brings it to light. The miller, at various times, missed topping and pollards, and having no reason to suspect any one in particular, he kept a close watch upon all his men.

"Quite accidentally," as *men* say, but in accordance with the

will and purpose of *God*, the miller one day found, in a secret place, covered carefully over, a sack of topping. He marked the sack, and left it just as he found it. Under cover of night the man came to remove it; and the miller, who was watching, found that man to be Charles Smith. He suffered him to go quietly off with his booty, and gave him time to get home. Charles was sitting at tea, with his wife and children round him, all, but himself, unsuspecting and happy, when a tap at the door announced a visitor, and the miller, with a constable behind him, entered the cottage. It was a scene of sorrow. Charles never attempted to deny the fact, or resist the constable. He was a quiet, peaceable man in his character, and gave himself up at once. His horror was at the wretchedness of his poor afflicted wife, and having to leave her and his little children. It is a strange and remarkable thing, that a man who loves his wife and little ones so dearly should dare to be guilty of such a crime. One would think, for their sakes, if not on better grounds, a husband and father would forbear to do what must make them all very miserable, and ruin them besides, as well as himself. A man without feeling for others might not be wondered at, but Charles Smith was a tenderly attached husband and father, and never gave his wife one moment's pain, *except* in the matter of dishonesty.

Betsey Smith was left among her poor little children, weeping and miserable. She had long dreaded such an event, but it came at last like a clap of thunder, as afflictions always do. She had many friends, and they all helped her as well as they could; but they could not remove her trial, or make her forget it.

The miller was a very kind-hearted man, and would have been very glad to get poor Smith off when he was fairly committed for trial; but he was strongly advised to let him be punished, as one human means of doing him good. He did so—and six months' hard labour was the result.

Betsey sat alone with her children, supporting them by her needle. Her friends employed her, and did all they could for her; but, although submissive and resigned to her trial, her countenance was one of the deepest sadness. She felt it in the right way—as an offence against the Law of God, rather than that of man. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight," should be the confession of every heart; for the offence against man is as nothing compared with that against a holy and just God.

Let the experience of Charles Smith convince us that our sin is sure to find us out; that is to say, the Lord will, sooner or later, bring it to light. He will guide the foot, the hand, the eye, to our most secret haunts, and make that visible to man which we are not ashamed to do before His sight, "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Let us remember, too, that although there are different kinds and degrees of guilt among man, it is not so with God. In His sight, who searcheth the heart, there is no respect of person, or act, or sin; it is nothing *to us* what a man feels, it is only what he does, that our country's law can meddle with. But the Lord looks upon, and "is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart;" and it is the *intent*, and not the deed only, that He abhors. There is no *little* sin. Let us daily and hourly breathe this prayer from the ground of our hearts:—"Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep Thy law."

A TRUE STORY.

"LUTHER passed in the University library all the time he could snatch from his academical pursuits. Books were as yet rare, and it was a great privilege for him to profit by the treasures brought together in this vast collection. One day—he had then been two years at Erfurth, and was twenty years old—he opens many books in the library, one after another, to learn their writers' names. One volume that he comes to attracts his attention. He has never till this hour seen its like. He reads the title—it is a Bible! a rare book, unknown in those times. His interest is greatly excited: he is filled with astonishment at finding other matters than those fragments of the Epistles and Gospels that the Church has selected to be read to the people during public worship every Sunday throughout the year. Until this day he had imagined that they composed the whole Word of God. And now he sees so many pages, so many chapters,

so many books of which he had no idea! His heart beats as he holds the divinely-inspired volume in his hand. With eagerness, and with indescribable emotion, he turns over these leaves from God. The first page on which he fixes his attention narrates the story of Hannah and young Samuel. He reads, and his soul can hardly contain the joy it feels. This child, whom his parents lend to the Lord as long as he liveth; the song of Hannah, in which she declares that Jehovah 'raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the beggar from the dung-hill to set him among princes;' this child who grew up in the temple in the presence of the Lord; those sacrificers, the sons of Eli, who are wicked men, who live in debauchery, and make the Lord's people to transgress; all this history, all this revelation that he had just discovered, excites feelings till then unknown. He returns home with a full heart. Oh! that God would give me such

a book for myself, thought he. Luther was, as yet, ignorant both of Greek and Hebrew. It is scarcely probable that he had studied those languages during the first two or three years of his residence at the University. The Bible that had filled him with such transports was in Latin. He soon returned to the library to pore over his treasure. He read it again and again, and then, in his astonishment and joy, he returned to read it once more. The first glimmerings of a new truth were then beginning to dawn upon his mind. Thus had God led him to the discovery of His Word, of that Book of which he was one day to give his fellow-countrymen that admirable translation in which Germany has for three centuries read the oracles of God. Perhaps for the first time this precious volume has now been taken down from the place it occupied in the library of Erfurth. This book, deposited upon the unknown shelves of a gloomy hall, is about to become the book of life to a whole nation. In that Bible the Reformation lay hid."—*Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.*

COMMON SAYINGS.

"THE churchyard at E—, where my grandfather resided, used to be thronged on a Sunday, both before and after service, with all classes of people, who formed themselves into groups for a regular gossip. There were the dairymaid and ploughman, exchanging their nose-gays, and arranging for a walk in the evening. There were the farmers, talking over the weather, the crops, and the markets, while their wives and daughters were discussing the different modes of managing poultry and beer, or,

perhaps, inquiring the character of a servant, or answering the same. The doctor's lady and the lawyer's daughters were passing compliments, and arranging parties. The village dressmaker and the parish clerk's daughters pressed forward to catch a glimpse of the town-made bonnets and dresses of the squire's family, who, in their turn, condescended to indulge in a laugh at the vulgarity of the rustics. My grandfather used to grieve over all this, for he knew it was a poor preparation for the religious services in which they were professedly about to engage, or a poor improvement of the instructions they had just received. He sometimes dropped a hint on the impropriety of such conduct. I have more than once heard him do so when an unsuitable speech was addressed to him, with the apologising preface—'If it was another day and another place;' 'but as it is a sacred day and place,' my grandfather would reply, 'let us not make our Father's house a house of merchandise; but honour His Sabbaths, reverence His sanctuary, and count His day a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and honour him, not doing our own ways, nor finding our own pleasure, nor speaking our own words' (John ii. 16; Isaiah lviii. 18); then we may hope for His blessing on the religious exercises of the Sabbath, and on the lawful associations of the week. But depend upon it, no good can come of crowding the business of the week into the Sabbath; nor is it any sort of excuse, but rather an acknowledgment of conscious impropriety, to wish the day or the place other than what they are."

"Whither away, neighbour?" said my grandfather, to Stokes, the

wheelwright, whom he met one Sunday morning, as he was going to public worship. "I am going to the doctor's, to get blooded," was the reply. "How is that? are you ill?" "I can't say justly that I am ill; but I have always been used to lose a little blood at this time of the year, and I mostly take a Sunday morning for the job. You know 'the better day, the better deed.'" "Well, neighbour Stokes, I don't pretend to say anything about the bleeding, for I do not understand the matter. You ought to know best yourself whether or not it is requisite; for the saying is—'Every man at fifty, is either a fool, or his own physician,' and you are more than fifty. My notion is, to 'let well alone;' for you know 'was well, would be better, took physic, and died;' but be it how it may about the bleeding, I do not hold with the use of the saying to justify you in having it done on the Sabbath. Every day is best for what it was appointed for; the six days for labour, and the Sabbath for holy rest; and the deeds of the day should be conformed to the design of the day." "What, then, are you so strict for the Sabbath, that you would let a man die rather than go to the doctor?" "That is quite a different thing. The Lord of the Sabbath has plainly taught us, both by His precept and example, that as 'the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,' the observance of the Sabbath is not to set aside the duties of common humanity; that if a man, or even a beast, is really in danger or suffering, there is no Sabbath-breaking in doing whatever may be needful to give relief. But this does not justify the common practice of unnecessarily fixing on the Sabbath for taking

medicine, or anything else of the kind, for which there is no immediate occasion. And this I am sure of, that it is a great test of the state of a man's heart and mind, whether the doing of any thing not exactly according to the design of the Sabbath is complied with as a matter not desirable in itself, but which unavoidable circumstances have rendered a duty; or whether such things are done as matters of choice and convenience, and need to be apologised for, by some such saying as yours, 'the better day, the better deed.'"

"Stokes had a great respect for my grandfather, and did not much like to act contrary to his advice; so he turned round and accompanied him to the house of prayer. Whether or not he took another day for being bled I cannot say. If not, perhaps he was just as well without it."—*From "The Visitor."*

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"SEEK the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon him while He is near." Isaiah lv. 6.

Now, this moment, may He be found, if ye will seek Him; now, this moment, will the Lord hear you, if ye will call upon Him. And are there any who think they require not His aid? Are there any who think that they need not His help? Oh, how deluded are they if they do! how miserably deceived! Yes, I grant there may be points about you that, to one not born again, might pass for redeeming virtues; but know that no man can be saved by works; we cannot redeem ourselves. A man may be moral, generous, just; may feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the afflicted; but if he does all these things as having grace in themselves; if he sets

aside the justification of our Saviour by justifying himself, he is not of God; he is yet in his sins; he is in a more fearful state than even those who are laden with iniquity, and who, from the weight of their burdens, may at last be brought to confess that Jesus is their only refuge. Oh! let me beseech all ye who have not felt the awakening influence of God's Holy Spirit to tremble for yourselves. Rest not secure of your state, because you steal not, and do no murder. Remember that the command of God reacheth to the thoughts and intents of the heart; and are not the thoughts of our hearts evil continually? Pride, envy, hatred, uncharitableness, unwarrantable ambition, anger, covetousness, the love of worldly pleasures, and the neglect of true religion, bring us in guilty before God. Till we feel that God is love, till we acknowledge that we are saved by grace, through faith in the Lord Christ, we are not safe. Oh! then, seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near. Do not hesitate; say not, to-morrow will do; "this night thy soul may be required of thee." Would the bewildered traveller, ignorant of the road, and seeing the shades of night fast approaching, let pass a fellow-creature without asking him the way? Do not, then, let your God go so far from you that He will not hear you; but now, while He is near, cry unto Him; though the Lord tarry, wait for Him, because He will surely come, He will not tarry. Wrestle in prayer with God, and say with holy Jacob, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Remember the shades of eternal night are coming quickly; work, then, while it is called to-day, and

the Lord will preserve thee; He will be thy God for ever; "He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—From "*Scriptural Admonitions*."

RECEIPTS.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CANDLES.—Meadow-rushes, such as they tie hop-shoots to the poles with. Cut them full grown, but still green. Cut off the ends, leaving the prime part. Take off all the skin, excepting only about a fifth part of the way round the pith; thus it is a strip of skin all the way up that holds the pith together. Put melted grease into something rather longer than the rushes. Put them in, soak them well, then take them out, and let them dry.—*Cottager's Monthly Visitor*.

[Fuel and candles are very expensive parts of household consumption. A little trouble, and a little resolution, will enable the cottager to provide both much cheaper than they can be bought. What can be cheaper than grease and rushes? People like to read cheap, easy receipts, but they will not be at the trouble of trying them. Let my readers show their sense, and their willingness to "use, as not abusing," the much or the little their Father sees fit to give them, by trying such receipts; and if they do not know what to do with the money they save by it, let them "remember their poor brethren."—Ed. C. L.]

BOILING.—GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

LET the saucepan be as nearly as possible just the size to hold the joint or piece of meat that is to be boiled; so that no unnecessary quantity of water may be required to cover the meat, and yet that

every part of the meat may be covered by the water. Should any part be left uncovered, it will be hard and discoloured, and injure the quality of the whole.

Boiled meat, if not kept a long time on the fire *before* it boils, and then boiled *slowly*, is sure to prove hard and tasteless. The butcher is often blamed for this, when the blame ought to rest upon the cook for her ignorance or negligence.

All meat for boiling should be put into *lukewarm water* when first placed on the fire; and a quart of water should be allowed for every pound of meat. Salt meat requires rather more water than fresh meat.

The general fault in boiling is that of making the water boil too soon, and then allowing it to stop boiling entirely for a long time before the meat is finished cooking. It should, in fact, be kept boiling very gently all the time it is cooking.

A joint of meat, of ten pounds weight, should be at least *forty minutes* on the fire before it is allowed to boil.

The general rule is, to allow *twenty minutes* for *every pound* weight of meat to be boiled; but salt meat requires rather longer, and so does a particularly thick joint. And a leg of pork, or of lamb, will require about *twenty minutes*, in the whole, above this allowance.

Boiling in a well-floured cloth will make meat look white.

Excepting now and then, for removing the scum, the saucepan must be kept closely covered while the boiling is going on.

The scum must, from time to time, be carefully skimmed off, as, if suffered to boil down, it will make the meat black.

With the exception of carrots

and parsnips with boiled beef, vegetables must never be dressed with the meat.

TO BOIL A LEG OF MUTTON.

ATTEND to the *General Directions*. Put the meat into *lukewarm water*, and set the saucepan or boiler on the fire to boil *slowly*. A leg of mutton of *nine pounds weight* will require about *three hours* boiling.

It may be advisable for the mistress thus to examine her young cook:

Q. Here is a leg of mutton to be boiled for dinner: how will you go about it?

A. I must first prepare my fire, ma'am; but the fire does not require to be so strong for boiling as for roasting.

Q. The leg weighs *nine pounds*: how long will it take in boiling?

A. About *three hours*; that is, allowing *twenty minutes* for every pound of meat.

Q. What sized saucepan or boiler do you use?

A. One just large enough to hold the meat, and allow it to be completely covered with water. It takes about a quart of water to each pound of meat.

Q. Do you put the meat into *hot* or *cold* water?

A. The water should be *lukewarm*; not quite cold.

Q. How long should such a sized joint be on the fire before the water is allowed to boil?

A. About *forty minutes*; and then it should be kept boiling *very slowly* till the meat is done.

Q. Why should it boil slowly?

A. Because, if boiled fast, or suffered to stop boiling after it has begun, the meat will be shrunken, hard, and tasteless; but, if allowed to remain long enough on the fire before it boils, and then kept boil-

ing slowly until it be done, the meat will be plump, tender, juicy, and well-tasted.

Q. Do you keep the lid of the saucepan or boiler on or off?

A. The boiler must be kept closely covered while the boiling is going on.

Q. Do you never raise the lid?

A. Yes, the pot must be watched carefully, the lid be raised, and the water be frequently and thoroughly skimmed, or the scum will break and settle on the meat.

Q. Is any farther attention necessary?

A. A very little cold water—not enough to stop the boiling—should be added after each skimming, and that will cause the whole of the scum to rise.

Q. When you take up the meat, what do you do with the liquor it was boiled in?

A. That should be taken care of, to make broth or soup with.

Q. What vegetables is it usual to have with boiled mutton?

A. Turnips, ma'am.

Q. Should they be boiled with the meat?

A. Not unless as a matter of convenience, because they suffer in delicacy of colour by being so boiled. And other vegetables, if you wish for any, must be cooked in a separate saucepan.

Q. How do you prepare your turnips?

A. I peel them carefully, and, if large, cut them into halves or quarters.

Q. How long do they take to boil?

A. From an hour to an hour and a half. When sufficiently done, a fork will enter them freely.

Q. When you have taken them up, what next?

A. I place them in a sieve, or colander, to drain.

Q. Suppose I wish to have the turnips mashed?

A. After draining, I must place them between two flat trenchers, and press all the water from them; and then carefully mash them in a wooden bowl, with a wooden spoon, and a little pepper, salt, and butter. Or, if preferred, a little cream instead of butter.

Q. If we want any additional sauce, what should it be?

A. Caper-sauce, ma'am.

Q. How do you make that?

A. I chop a spoonful or two of capers small, and then, with a little of their vinegar, mix them with some melted butter.

Q. How do you make melted butter?

A. For about half-a-dozen persons, I cut two ounces of butter into little bits, and put them into a pint saucepan, with a large teaspoonful of flour, and two table-spoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed, I add six table-spoonfuls of water, hold the saucepan over the fire, and turn it round, always the same way as the sun goes, every minute, till it begins to simmer. I then let it stand and boil up once or twice, and it is done. Or I can make melted butter by mixing the flour and butter well together, on a trencher or plate before putting them into the water.

Q. Do you boil the capers in the melted butter?

A. I put them into the butter, and shake the sauce round while boiling, the same way as I did the butter by itself.

Q. If there are no capers in the house, is there anything that can be used instead?

A. Yes, ma'am; pickled nasturtium seeds, or a pickled gherkin or two, chopped up, and used in the same manner, will do, though not quite so well.—*Finchley Manual of Industry.*

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	OCTOBER. THE MOON'S CHANGES. New Moon—2nd Day, at 18 m. past 10 afternoon. FIRST QUARTER.—9th Day, at 26 m. past 3 afternoon. FULL MOON—17th Day, at 31 m. past midnight. LAST QUARTER—25th Day, at 20 m. past 5 morning.	SUN	
			Rises. h. m.	Sets. h. m.
1	S	My tongue shall speak of Thy word. <i>Ps. cxix. 172.</i>	6 3	5 35
2	☿	19 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. O Lord, be gracious unto us. <i>Is. xxxiii. 2.</i>	6 5	5 33
3	M	Seek ye first the kingdom of God. <i>Matt. vi. 33.</i>	6 6	5 31
4	T	A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit. <i>Matt. vii. 18.</i>	6 8	5 28
5	W	Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? <i>Matt. viii. 26.</i>	6 10	5 26
6	T	My yoke is easy. <i>Matt. xi. 30.</i>	6 11	5 24
7	F	Faith is the substance of things hoped for. <i>Heb. xi. 1.</i>	6 13	5 22
8	S	He hath said, I will never leave thee. <i>Heb. xiii. 5.</i>	6 15	5 19
9	☿	20 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Every perfect gift is from above. <i>James i. 17.</i>	6 16	5 17
10	M	Desire the sincere milk of the Word. <i>1 Peter ii. 2.</i>	6 18	5 15
11	T	Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things. <i>1 Peter i. 18.</i>	6 20	5 13
12	W	Be ye all of one mind. <i>1 Peter iii. 8.</i>	6 21	5 11
13	T	The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous. <i>1 Peter iii. 12.</i>	6 23	5 8
14	F	The end of all things is at hand. <i>1 Peter iv. 7.</i>	6 25	5 6
15	S	Feed the flock of God. <i>1 Peter v. 2.</i>	6 27	5 4
16	☿	21 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. The end of the commandment is charity. <i>1 Tim. i. 5.</i>	6 28	5 2
17	M	Godliness is profitable to all things. <i>1 Tim. iv. 8.</i>	6 30	5 0
18	T	They that will be rich fall into temptation. <i>1 Tim. vi. 9.</i>	6 32	4 58
19	W	Harden not your hearts. <i>Heb. iii. 15.</i>	6 33	4 56
20	T	I will be to them a God. <i>Heb. viii. 10.</i>	6 35	4 54
21	F	Help us, O Lord our God. <i>2 Chron. xiv. 11.</i>	6 37	4 52
22	S	The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him. <i>2 Chron. xv. 2.</i>	6 39	4 50
23	☿	22 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Satisfy us early with Thy mercy. <i>Ps. xc. 14.</i>	6 40	4 48
24	M	I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge. <i>Ps. xci. 2.</i>	6 42	4 46
25	T	Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord. <i>Ps. xxv. 15.</i>	6 44	4 44
26	W	But as for us, the Lord is our God. <i>2 Chron. xiii. 10.</i>	6 46	4 42
27	T	The Lord is my strength. <i>Ps. xxviii. 7.</i>	6 48	4 40
28	F	Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice. <i>Ps. xxvii. 7.</i>	6 49	4 38
29	S	Examine me, O Lord, and prove me. <i>Ps. xxvi. 2.</i>	6 51	4 36
30	☿	23 SUN. AFTER TRINITY. I will be with thee. <i>1 Kings xi. 32.</i>	6 53	4 34
31	M	The Lord is my light. <i>Ps. xxvii. 1.</i>	6 55	4 32

STOP, AND LISTEN !

THERE is a very remarkable and striking call from God, spoken by the prophet Isaiah, in the 55th chapter of his book. It is remarkable, not only from its gracious and affectionate invitation, but from its earnest and startling character. Every other address to sinners, in the Word of God, is just as gracious, just as affectionate as this ; but in this one particular call, the Lord seems, as it were, to be standing in the public ways, and shouting to the deaf, stupid, besotted multitude, as they go blundering on after the vain and worthless things of the world, pushing and jostling each other, to get first to the place they are going to, and tumbling over those before them, or being knocked down by those who are coming on behind.

Every man that is born into the world, dear readers, has something to do in the body. He is not intended to sit down idle, and kick his heels, and waste his time, like a poor lunatic, who has no sense to direct him ; he has something useful to do, or something necessary, because the Lord has appointed labour to be the lot of man. He cannot feed or clothe himself without food or clothing being got or made, either by himself, or some other person. There are many, of course, so well supplied with money, that they do not need to work for their bread like others, but even they have duties to do, which they will be called to answer for at the Day of Judgment. Very few do them, I grant you ; but they will have to answer for them all the same. The Jews were all brought up to some useful business in life, whether they were rich or poor. St. Paul, who was a man of high birth and consequence, was by occupation a tentmaker. It was not considered degrading, but honourable, to have trades among them ; and it would be a great deal better for rich men among us if they had each a useful occupation to follow ; something that would do good to others, and fill up their spare time profitably. Shooting, fishing, hunting, going about to places of worldly amusement, are the occupation of some rich men ; and they take as much trouble about them as poorer people do about weaving, and manufacturing, and working in the fields, and such things—only they are worthless, unprofitable, ways of filling up time, and do no good to anybody, besides doing much harm to their own-selves. Still everybody is at something ; and those who do nothing useful, are full as busy with their idle pleasures as those who have a profitable work in life.

Well, dear readers, all the multitude are pressing on, as I said before, after their different objects, and turning a deaf ear, and a stubborn mind, to all the gracious and affectionate invitations to turn from the evil of their ways that the Lord has spoken. They have pushed by Him, and are panting on, weary and heavy laden, with their different burdens, in spite of all He has spoken in their ears. But the Lord is not daunted even at this. He stands in the public ways, and calls aloud, as a watchman would call, or as a crier who has something very particular to make known. He says, "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" What a startling shout is this! If a man was to stand up in a market-place, with a great pile of goods before him to be sold cheap, how people would crowd about him. If he shouted out, "Ho, every one!" how people would stand and listen to what he was going to say! How they would hunt in their pockets for a shilling to buy some of the cheap things he held out to them! But supposing, now, he went on to say, "Ho, every one of you that is thirsty! Here is beer, and gin, to be had for nothing! Come and take just as much as ever you like—it is all a free gift—whoever comes shall have just what he will." Supposing this, now, readers! What would become of the market? Who would be left to buy and sell there, I wonder? The waggons and horses would be left to take care of themselves; the shops would be empty; the very houses would be deserted. Every soul in the place would be *thirsty*, and would go trooping after the beer and gin. Readers, dear readers! ask your own hearts whether it would not be—whether it *is not* so?

There is a mighty merchantman standing in the midst of us, dear readers, and shouting aloud in our ears, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price!" Do you hear *Him*? Do you heed *Him*? Are you thirsty? Do you want to cool your parched lips, and refresh your weary body? Are you willing to take wine and milk without money; or will you go stupidly on to the devil's stores and buy his deadly drugs? Do stop and listen to this Great Merchantman who makes such wonderful offers. Wine, "that makes man of a cheerful countenance," and milk, that nourishes and refreshes the soul! All for nothing! No money—No price is asked. He only says, "every one that thirsteth;" and "he that hath no money;" "without money;"

“without price!” Oh, what a wonderful Merchant; what a wonderful offer is this! In all England—in all the world, there is nothing to be found like it. People will offer you plenty of good things—all your soul lusteth after—but not for nothing—not without money and price! You must pay down your gold and your silver, even your hard-earned pence, dear cottage readers, must be given in exchange for the good things you want; but here is wine and milk offered, held out, with cries and shouts to all men to “come” and take them, without money, and without price! Was there ever such a thing heard of before?

Well, and how do people act now, with respect to this Wonderful Merchant? Do not they leave all they have, and go with vessels of all sorts and sizes to fetch their wine and milk? Do not they flock round him in crowds, and hold out their hands to take the sparkling wine, and the sweet, rich milk, without money, and without price? Alack a-day! men will hardly hear what He has to say! They go driving on after their vanity, and the Great Merchant calls and shouts in vain! Some do not hear—some do not heed—and some do not believe a word. The devil has a great blazing shop, a little further on, and hangs out all sorts of tempting things to lure people past the Great Merchant; and he has, besides, scores of paid labourers, whose business it is to stand at all corners, and mix with all companies, and divert men’s minds from what He is saying and calling out. Those that do not go straight on to the fine blazing shop, or that are standing about idle, these hired labourers deceive by telling them the Great Merchant is not so good as His word. Many people are so deaf, and stupid, and idle, and unconcerned, that they are content to hear what these deceivers say, instead of going boldly up to the Great Merchant Himself, and hearing the truth from His own lips. There are many lies told among us in this way, and some of these I will tell you about presently; but, first, dear readers, let us go quite up to this Great Merchant, and hear from His own mouth what He has got to say—“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” “Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will

make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

Oh, dear readers, come with thirsting hearts, and stretched-out arms, to take of this wine and milk! It is the "blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins:" it is the fruit of the "True Vine:" it is the full, free salvation, that Jesus Christ has purchased *for us*, and gives with His own hand: it is the everlasting Gospel: it is the covenant of grace, signed and sealed by Jesus Christ with His own hand and blood! Oh, readers! "Come, buy and eat!" Hear, and your souls shall live! Never mind what people whisper, or bawl in your ears; hear what the Great Merchant says Himself, for He can tell you all about it better than any man alive. He has bought the pardon of sinners from the God of Heaven and earth, and He holds it in His own hands. He will not *sell* so much as a nail-paring of it, but He *gives* it freely to all who come thirsting, and stretching out their hands that they may receive it from Him.

Be not deceived. There are many hired servants of the devil going up and down in the crowd now, trying to rob the Lord Jesus Christ of His glory, and get customers for their master. There are many lies told of what Christ says and does, because men do not care about Him, or trouble themselves to go and hear the truth from His own lips; and so are ready and willing to swallow every bait that the devil hangs out to hook ignorant souls.

There are scoffers, who treat the whole Scripture as one great falsehood, because their own deeds are evil, and it is pleasant to think there is no world to come. There are wise men, who cannot condescend to receive all that the Lord has spoken; because it humbles their pride, and makes nothing of them. There are ignorant and muddle-headed men who cannot see daylight through the Word, and who are very content to live and die in their ignorance; supposing all will be right, somehow or other, at the last day. There are wicked and artful men, who turn "the grace of God into lasciviousness, denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ." There are well-meaning and moral men, who mix up their own works with the work of Christ, and make such a hash of it, that if you ask them a reason of the hope that is in them, they cannot give you a reasonable answer.

My dear readers! we shall never find out the truth, unless we go to Jesus Christ, the Great Merchant, and hear it from His own lips. What we take upon trust may be all a lie. We do not often hear the truth about earthly things: no two people ever see or think exactly the same thing. If two people have witnessed any sight, or event, ten to one but they will give two very different accounts of it, even without meaning to make a mistake; and we often say we cannot believe anything we hear. One man will say something, and his neighbour will repeat it; and yet it will not be exactly what the man said. So do not let us take heavenly things upon trust; for if we do, we may lose our own souls. It is no great matter if a man's words are perverted, but it is a terrible thing if God's words are. Now, the poor Roman Catholics are told that the Great Merchant *sells* His wine and milk; that their being had for nothing is a lie, and ruins souls. They are told that without money, aye, and a highish price too, they cannot get this wine and milk. The Popish priests are very good-natured, however, and say, "Oh, pray do not trouble yourselves to go to the Great Merchant; you cannot understand a word He says. Give your money to us, and we will do it all: we are used to it, and know what to do. You are quite safe; only give us the money, and do as we bid you." The poor, priest-ridden people, who are brought up in shocking ignorance, and are never allowed to read the Bible, are satisfied that the priests are telling truth: they give them all they ask, and then they think they are pardoned and safe. The priests take as much as they can get; so that the people are fleeced by them completely for the salvation of their souls. They know nothing of Jesus Christ, the one great Mediator between God and man; the One Great Merchant, who gives freely to every one that thirsts the wine and milk "that He has purchased with His own blood. Oh! if this little tract falls into the hand of any poor Roman Catholic, may it lead him to the One Great Merchant! May it lead him to seek the truth from His own lips! May it lead him to find out that *He does not sell His pardon*, nor pass it through any other person's hand—no, not even the Pope's. *He gives it*, without money, and without price. I remember a gardener once, who had orders to carry baskets of fruit to his master's friends, during his absence, that they might enjoy a feast. This gardener took the fruit, but he demanded payment for it in his master's name. When the

gentleman came home, an old friend, who knew him well, told him what the gardener had done while he was absent; how he had got money from other gentlemen, instead of giving them the fruit freely. Oh, what a picture is this of Popish craft and falsehood! But Jesus Christ needs not to be told what men do in His Holy name. He hears and sees them, though He is in a distant kingdom now; and when He returns He will repay!

Oh, dear friends! be not deceived—Jesus Christ *sells* nothing. No man has a warrant to *sell* His wine and milk. If you give money for it, it is a counterfeit. The true and real article is given only by His hand—He has no agents.

Readers! you are all crowding and jostling one another along the path of life. Some are hunting after one thing, and some are wearying themselves after another. But remember, eternity is ahead of you; and the first thing you have to do is to prepare for that. This is a time of great national danger and judgment. The Lord has sent one of His “four sore judgments” upon us—the pestilence; and our fellow-countrymen are dropping every hour under its terrible attack. Dear readers! when death is so *very* busy among us, let us make *great* haste to meet it: let us buy wine and milk to nourish and strengthen our souls, so that if the body is struck down, we may have “a house not made with hands” ready to go into, when our soul is called to quit the one we live in now. “Let us not sleep as do others:” let us stop, and listen to what the Great Merchant says. He will give us that which will draw out the sting of death, and cause us to lie down in the grave in peace.

This is a time of great Christian rejoicing! The Advent of the Lord is about to be kept in remembrance. We are about to hear His voice, saying aloud, “Behold, I come quickly!” Oh, dear readers, *do* stop, and listen! It is a blessed time. Go boldly up to His very feet; stretch out the hand of faith, and lay hold on eternal life! Let no man hinder, or persuade, or shove you out of it. *No hand but His* can give you the wine and milk of the Gospel, without which your poor souls will perish. If any man says *he* can give you pardon, or buy it for you, *whoever he is*, and *wherever he comes from*, he is a *false prophet*, and the truth is not in him. Do not mind one word he says—do not listen to him—depend upon it, if the Word of God says nothing about buying and selling pardons, we have no business to do so. What is the meaning of “without money,”

and "without price," if we are not to have the thing promised for *nothing*?

Oh, dear readers! let no man deceive you; do stop and listen to the Great and Blessed Merchant, who offers you the Wine and Milk of the Gospel, and the Water of Life, for nothing! "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," are His gracious words! "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

DO RIGHT, AND FEAR NOTHING.

I AM now going to amuse, and, I hope, instruct my younger readers, by giving them a sketch from the life of a young person, which will show them how sturdy and irresistible is *truth* under every difficulty, how surely it stands upright, whatever may seem against it, and how certainly it will be brought to light in God's good time. Children, and some even of larger growth, are often led to tell untruths to screen themselves from blame—they are frightened at what they have done, and are more in dread of the angry word or blow from man, than of the wrath and punishment of God. This causes them to lose their character for truth, and no one, of course, can trust their word again; so that when they are really speaking honest truth no one can or dares believe them, and part of the suffering caused by sin begins.

Tom Watson is the son of highly respectable parents in humble life. His father began the world as helper in a garden and stable; but his steadiness raised him by degrees to the situation of in-door servant, and he has continued ever since in the same family—the trusty right-hand man of the lady with whom he has lived from his youth. His spare time is devoted to the culture of flowers, although he is confined to the slip of ground behind the house in which his mistress now resides; but his fondness for them is such, that it overcomes every disadvantage; and the choice and beautiful plants he blooms, prove how much may be done by energy and perseverance.

When Tom was a little fellow of about ten years old, his mother heard of a place she thought he could fill, in a family where he would be watched and cared for. It was to carry a

letter bag, clean knives and shoes, and do as he was bid:—he would be at home in the evenings, and she would see how her child was going on. He made his first appearance in a brown pinafore, a cap and tassel, and a very nice, open-looking child he was. He was a quiet, steady little fellow, and went on very well, of course needing frequent reproof and correction, but always speaking the truth, and seeming anxious to do all he could to please.

He had been two or three years in this place, when an event occurred to him which proved of great consequence, as it confirmed the good opinion entertained of him, and showed him very plainly, young as he was, that when we do right, we are sure to be cleared, sooner or later, even in the eyes of men. A mysterious death took place among some ducks: one of them died without any apparent reason. It was in good condition, had shown no symptom of disease, in fact it had been in perfect health, until one unhappy day it was found in the stable dead. Inquiries were set on foot; no one knew anything of it, no one had touched the duck, or noticed anything about it. The eyes of one or two of the household turned suspiciously upon little Tom. He might have done the deed. The bright tears coursed down his cheeks as he earnestly protested his innocence; but things went against him. His mistress stood up for him, because he had never been known to tell a lie. Think, my young readers, what a protection it was to little Tom, that he had never been known to tell a lie! Still, he had up-hill work, because the ducks were somewhat under his charge; and although no one could say he *had* stoned the creature to death, yet no one could positively say he had *not*. "Let the duck be feathered," his mistress at last said. It was done; and several red marks appeared on the body, evidently proving that the duck had died a violent death. "There" said the chief accuser, "there, ma'am, is the proof. See how the stones have wounded it; it has been stoned to death." The fate of poor little Tom hung by a slender thread. His mistress looked closely at them, and then said, "Those wounds are not from stones, but from the teeth of a dog." Impossible! there was not a dog about the place. How could it be? The poor duck had clearly been driven and stoned to death.

A further and closer inquiry was made, until the matter reached a man who had been for some days thrashing in the barn. He said, he remembered seeing a gentleman's servant coming away

from the house, followed by a large dog, and that the dog flew at the ducks and worried them, but was called off before he had done any further mischief. This fact recalled to the minds of the family the circumstance of a message having been brought by a friend's servant the very day before the duck was found dead, and that he had been accompanied by a dog.

It has been said that truth lies at the bottom of a well ; and the difficulty there sometimes is in reaching it, in finding it out, and bringing it to light, may be likened to diving into a deep well to bring something up that has been dropped into it. If man's unassisted reason only was to be trusted, we might be ready to despair in many cases ; but the God of Truth reigns over all the world ; and His infinite wisdom and power can do all things. Nothing is hid from His all-seeing eye—innocence as well as guilt stands confessed before Him, and in His good time will be brought surely to light. In the case of little children, the good providence of God is as fully concerned as in that of men ; they are just as much the objects of His tender care as their parents are ; and, therefore, children may be sure that in all their little simple affairs their Heavenly Father watches over them, and takes charge of them. Poor little Tom was in a "great strait" in the matter of the duck ; but God knew his innocence, and made it appear. No eye on earth saw the dog worry the duck, except that of the man in the barn ; but one evidence was enough to prove his innocence, and that evidence God had appointed. He has declared to us in His own Word, "and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day." It does not always happen that things are understood or discovered quite so soon as in this case ; many persons have to wait under unjust suspicion for many years, but what the Lord has pledged Himself to do, that He will perform when the fittest time comes, and none shall turn Him aside. We are told to "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." Let us do this, for He is our confidence and strength.

Now, though some of us may be old, and wise, and great, we are all helpless as children without the help of God. Our worldly affairs may be of a great deal more importance and weight than a dead duck, but still we may all learn a lesson from little Tom. Let us cleave closely to truth, even in the smallest matters—not because it is the best policy, but because God "desireth truth in the inward parts ;" and what He has enjoined, He will

honour and bless. Let "both young men and maidens, old men and children," approve themselves "unto God" in all their works and ways, and then they may safely trust Him for making them clear in the sight of men.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

"THE affection which dogs retain for their masters, through a long period of time, is well known. The following anecdote of faithful attachment was communicated to me by a gentleman well known. He had a small terrier which was much attached to him. On leaving this country for America, he placed the dog under the care of his sister, who resided in London. The dog at first was inconsolable, and could scarcely be persuaded to eat anything. At the end of three years his owner returned; and, upon knocking at the door of his sister's house, the dog knew his knock, ran down stairs with the utmost eagerness, fondled his master with the greatest affection, and when he was in the sitting-room, the faithful animal jumped upon the pianoforte, that he might get as near him as possible. The dog's attachment remained to the last moment of his life. He was taken ill, and was placed in his master's dressing-room, on one of his cloaks. When he could scarcely move, his kind protector met him endeavouring to crawl up stairs. He took him up in his arms, placed him on his cloak, when the dog gave him a look of affection which could not be mistaken, and immediately died. There can be no doubt, I think, that this affectionate animal, in his endeavour to get up the steps to his master, was influenced by sensations of love and attachment

which death alone could extinguish, and which the approach of death prompted him to show. I delight in these testimonies of the affection of dogs to a kind master. They serve to prove what I have said elsewhere; that these animals were designed, by an infinitely wise and good Being, to be the companions and friends of man, clinging to him under every circumstance of poverty and distress. Their attachment, fidelity, and sagacity, should protect them from that ill-usage to which they are so constantly subjected."

"It is curious to witness the assistance which some animals will afford to each other under circumstances of danger or difficulty. I have observed this in several instances, and it shows a kindness of disposition which may well be imitated. Nor is it confined to their own species, as the following fact will prove:—A farmer's boy had fed and taken great care of a colt. He was working one day in a field, and was attacked by a bull. The boy ran to a ditch, and got into it, just as the bull came up to him. The animal endeavoured to gore him, and would probably have succeeded, had not the colt come to his assistance. He not only kicked at the bull, but made so loud a scream, for it could be called nothing else, that some labourers, who were working near the place, came to see what was the matter, and extricated the boy, (that means,

got him out) from the danger he was in."—*From Jesse's "Gleanings in Natural History."*

[I shall give, from time to time, anecdotes of animals, in the hope of leading my cottage readers, both young and old, to look upon them with tenderness, and treat them more kindly than they do. God, who created them, has given them wonderful instinct and strong attachments, that might put some of their masters to shame; if tenderly used, they would reward us a hundred fold. Let the little farmer's boy teach all little boys to feed and be very kind to every animal they have anything to do with. — ED. C. L.]

THE POOR MAN'S TREASURY.

"BEHOLD, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." Rev. i. 7.

With what ardour of heart may every believer cry out, blessed be God, every hour brings nearer the solemn advent, the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus! Oh! christians, now is our salvation nearer than when we first believed. Come, thou once despised Nazarene, thou once crucified Saviour. He shall come. He will come quickly, and be seen in His human form. Shall we not see those wounds and scars in His body, the tokens of His inestimable love to, and perfect victory of, His cross, for us poor sinners? How joyful in the exercise of faith, the fervour of love, the expectation of hope, is this contemplation! This quells the fears of nature, mortifies its lusts, subdues its corruption. To this end we are born again of the Spirit, that we should enjoy the visions of faith, see Jesus, live by faith on Him, have fellowship with Him, in the suffering of His cross,

and long for His appearing in glory. Then shall we share with Him in the glories of His kingdom. "He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and admired in all them that believe." Believe steadfastly; hope constantly; obey cheerfully. . . . "To them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin unto salvation." Lift up your heads with joy, "for your redemption draweth nigh!"—*Mason's Spiritual Treasury.*

"WHEN I said, my foot slippeth; thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." Psalm xciv. 18.

When the child of God, walking in the slippery places of life, findeth himself falling into temptation, if he confesseth his inability to stand his ground, and crieth out, like Peter on the water, to his heavenly Father, "Lord, save me, I perish;" a merciful, gracious, and powerful hand will immediately be stretched out, to support his steps, and establish his goings.—*Bp. Horne on the Psalms.*

SCRIPTURAL CUSTOMS.

"AND the door was shut." Matt. xxv. 10.

At a marriage, the procession of which I saw some years ago, the bridegroom came from a distance, and the bride lived at Serampore, to which place the bridegroom was to come by water. After waiting two or three hours, at length, near midnight, it was announced, as if in the very words of Scripture, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." All the persons employed now lighted their lamps, and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession. Some of them had lost their lights, and were unprepared, but it was then too late

to seek them, and the cavalcade moved forward to the house of the bride, at which place the company entered a large and splendidly lighted area (that means *space*) before the house, covered with an awning, where a great multitude of friends, dressed in their best apparel, were seated upon mats. The bridegroom was carried in the arms of a friend, and placed on a superb seat in the midst of the company, where he sat a short time, and then went into the house, the door of which was *immediately* shut, and guarded by keepers. I and others expostulated with the door-keepers, *but in vain*.—*Ward's View of the Hindoos.*

"We have treasures in the field, of wheat, and of barley, and of oil, and of honey." Jer. xli. 8.

These "treasures in the field," were, doubtless, laid up in subterranean (that means *underground*) pits, like the *mattamores* in Barbary (a country in Africa), in which Dr. Shaw informs us they deposit the grain when winnowed, two or three hundred of them being sometimes together, and the smallest holding four hundred bushels. The same mode of keeping corn prevails in Syria and the Holy Land.—*Notes in the Treasury Bible.*

A PRAYERLESS FAMILY.

THE late Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, being on a journey, was overtaken by a violent storm, and compelled to take shelter in the first inn he came to. The people of the house treated him with great kindness and hospitality. They would fain have shown him into the parlour; but being very wet and cold, he begged permission to take a seat by the fireside with the family. The good old

man was friendly, cheerful, and well stored with entertaining anecdotes, and the family did their utmost to make him comfortable: they all supped together, and both the residents and the guests seemed mutually pleased with each other. At length, when the house was cleared, and the hour of rest approached, the stranger appeared uneasy, and looked up every time a door opened, as if expecting the appearance of something essential to his comfort. His host informed him, that his chamber was prepared whenever he chose to retire. "But," said he, "you have not had your family together." "Had my family together! for what purpose? I do not know what you mean;" said the landlord. "To read the Scriptures, and to pray with them," replied the guest: "surely, you do not retire to rest in the omission of so necessary a duty." The landlord confessed that he had never thought of doing such a thing. "Then, Sir," said Mr. R., "I must beg you to order my horse immediately." The landlord and his family entreated him not to expose himself to the inclemency of the weather at that late hour of the night; observing that the storm was as violent as when he first came in. "May be so," replied Mr. R., "but I had rather brave the storm than venture to sleep in a house where there is no prayer. Who can tell what may befall us before morning? No, sir, I dare not stay." The landlord still remonstrated, and expressing great regret that he should offend so agreeable a gentleman, at last said, he should have no objection to "call his family together," but he should not know what to do when they came. Mr. R. then proposed to conduct family worship, to which all readily con-

sented. The family was immediately assembled, and then Mr. R. called for a Bible; but no such book could be produced. However, he was enabled to supply the deficiency, as he always carried a small Bible or Testament in his pocket. He read a portion of Scripture, and then prayed with much fervour and solemnity, especially acknowledging the preserving goodness of God, that none present had been struck dead by the storm, and imploring protection through the night.

He earnestly prayed that the attention of all might be awakened to the things belonging to their everlasting peace, and that the family might never again meet in the morning, or separate at night, without prayer. When he rose from his knees, almost every individual was bathed in tears; and the inquiry was awakened in several hearts—"Sir, what must we do to be saved?" Much interesting and profitable conversation ensued. The following morning, Mr. R. again conducted family worship, and obtained from the landlord a promise, that, however feebly performed, it should not in future be omitted. This day was indeed the beginning of days to that family; most, if not all of them, became decided and devoted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and were the means of diffusing a knowledge of the gospel in a neighbourhood which had before been proverbially dark and destitute. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

TO CLEAN AND MANAGE STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, ETC.

Q. What is your usual method of cleaning *stoves*?

A. Having rolled up the hearth-rug, and taken it away to shake, I lay down a piece of drugget, or old carpet, or brown or black holland, in front of the fire-place, to prevent the carpet from getting soiled; I empty the stove of the cinders and ashes, sweep the dust carefully from the stove front, hobs, and hearth, and carry away all the dirt, in a dust-pan, to the bin.

Q. Well, as common parlour-stoves—their fronts, bars, and hobs—the fluted iron lining above the hobs—the points of the pokers and tongs, and inside of the fender and fire-shovel—all require to be polished with black-lead once, and sometimes twice a week, what are the materials you will want for the purpose?

A. I should have a box in which to keep the black-lead, the stove-brushes, and a little shallow earthen pan; also a piece of soft leather and some rotten-stone, to clean the fire-irons with.

Q. How do you prepare and apply the black-lead?

A. I put some of the black-lead into the little pan I mentioned, and add a small quantity of water, or small beer, but not sufficient to make it very wet; and then, all the dust having been carefully removed, I take a small round blacking-brush, dab it into the prepared blacking, and rub it over the stove, a part of the stove only at a time.

Q. Well?

A. Without suffering the blackened part of the stove to get quite dry, I take the polishing-brush, and use it briskly till I get a polish equal to that of varnish. I proceed in the same manner with each

remaining part of the stove, till the whole is finished.

Q. What are the bristles for at the end of the polishing brush?

A. They are intended for working into the corners, and into the ornamental work of the stove, which could not be properly polished by the flat part of the brush.

Q. As some stoves are, either wholly or in part, of bright highly-polished steel, how do you keep them—as well as the fire-irons—clean, and free from rust?

A. By rubbing them every day with a clean soft leather.

Q. But, should they accidentally get spotted with rust?

A. Then I put a little dry rotten-stone on the leather I rub them with.

Q. But, suppose that, from neglect or any other cause, they should be in a very bad state, how would you

Take Rust out of Polished Steel?

A. I would cover all the rusted parts with sweet oil, and let it remain on for eight-and-forty hours; then I would sprinkle finely-powdered unslaked lime over the oil, and rub the steel briskly with a polishing leather, till the rust should disappear.

Q. When you light a fire in a stove that has

Bright Bars,

what do you do to prevent the flame from touching the bars?

A. I put the wood as far back in the stove as I can.

Q. In case the bright bars should get black by the fire, do you know how to remove the black, and restore the polish, without much time or trouble?

A. Yes, ma'am; I get a pound of soft soap, and boil it slowly in two quarts of water till reduced to

one. It will then be a jelly, of which I take three or four spoonfuls, and mix with some emery. With this mixture, on a piece of woollen cloth (the cloth that gentlemen's coats are made of is the best) I rub the bars well; and, when the dirt is entirely removed, I wipe them clean, polish them with a piece of the finest glass paper (not sand paper, which is too coarse), and then rub them with soft leather and rotten-stone.

Q. As some stoves have two sets of moveable bars, one set black, to be used in winter, the other set of bright polished steel, to be used in summer, how do you preserve the steel set from rust, when they are laid by?

A. I melt some fresh mutton suet, and, while quite hot, I rub it well over the bars; and then, with unslaked lime, powdered, and tied up in a piece of muslin, I dust the bars well, wrap them in baize, and put them away in a dry place. Bright fire-irons, of any description, smeared with hot melted mutton, may be kept secure from rust for many months. It may be as well, however, to examine them occasionally.

Q. If your fender be cast-iron, how do you keep it in order?

A. By polishing with black-lead, in the same manner as the stove.

Q. If jappanned, or bronzed?

A. Then it need only be dusted, unless it should have been made very dirty; in which case it may be slightly washed, and wiped dry with a piece of soft clean rag.

Q. Well, having thoroughly cleaned and polished your stove, what more have you to do?

A. Only to fetch a pail of water, a flannel, and a dry cloth, and to wash the hearth.

Q. But you take care not to

allow the water to settle, or leave any mark or stain on the marble or stone?

A. Yes, ma'am.

RECEIPTS.

CHEAP BREAD.—Take pumpkins, and boil them in water until it is quite thick, and with this liquor mix flour, so as to make dough. It makes excellent bread, the quantity is increased one third, and it keeps good a length of time.

CHEAP FUEL.—Coal, charcoal, or saw-dust, one part; sand, two parts; marl or clay, one part; make the balls up wet, of a convenient size; when the fire is sufficiently strong, place these balls a little above the top bar. The fire will want no fuel for ten hours, and will need no stirring.

CHEAP DISH.—To seven quarts of water, one quart of split peas. Sliced carrots, onions, turnips, celery, thyme, parsley, and mint, to be fried in two ounces of butter, for a quarter of an hour. Pour these into the peas and water, and let all boil together, until the peas are soft enough to beat through a collander. Pepper and salt as you like.

ANOTHER CHEAP DISH.—Cut two ounces of lean bacon, or a red herring, in pieces, put it into a pot, with three onions, a few pepper corns, and a small bundle of thyme and parsley; put to it three pints of water, and let it boil three quarters of an hour; then add to it one pound of clean, picked rice, and let it boil just *three* minutes (no longer); draw the pot off the fire, and let it stand by the side of it, and the rice will swell, and take up all the water, and become quite soft. If properly done, it will weigh nearly five pounds, and will *completely* dine five men, as it fre-

quently did in the year of scarcity 1800. If the rice is not sufficiently tender, a little more water may be added as it stands by the fire.—*All taken from the "Cottager's Monthly Visitor."*

JESUS MY ALL.

Why should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field,
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied,
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is Power Divine,
Jesus is all, and He is mine!

Olney Hymns.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	NOVEMBER. THE MOON'S CHANGES. New Moon—1st Day, at 39 m. past 8 morning. First QUARTER.—8th Day, at 11 m. past midnight. FULL MOON—15th Day, at 6 afternoon. LAST QUARTER—23rd Day, at 35 m. past 10 afternoon. New Moon—30th day, at 13 m. past 7 afternoon.	SUN	
			Rises.	Sets.
			h. m.	h. m.
1	T	Strive to enter in at the strait gate. <i>Luke</i> xiii. 5.	6 55	4 32
2	W	Return, ye backsliding children. <i>Jer.</i> iii. 22.	6 56	4 30
3	T	He that keepeth the law, happy is he. <i>Prov.</i> xxix. 18.	6 58	4 29
4	F	Blessed are they that keep his testimonies. <i>Ps.</i> cxix. 2.	7 0	4 27
5	S	Remember me, O my God, for good. <i>Neh.</i> xiii. 31.	7 2	4 25
6	☿	24 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. On the seventh day thou shalt rest. <i>Ex.</i> xxiii. 12.	7 4	4 23
7	M	Judge not, and ye shall not be judged. <i>Luke</i> vi. 37.	7 5	4 22
8	T	Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. <i>Eph.</i> iv. 30.	7 7	4 20
9	W	Obey them that have the rule over you. <i>Heb.</i> xiii. 17.	7 9	4 19
10	T	Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth. <i>1 Cor.</i> viii. 1.	7 11	4 17
11	F	Let not sin reign in your mortal bodies. <i>Rom.</i> vi. 12.	7 12	4 15
12	S	Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion. <i>Amos</i> v. 8.	7 14	4 14
13	☿	25 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David. <i>Matt.</i> xx. 30.	7 16	4 12
14	M	Quicken me after thy loving kindness. <i>Ps.</i> cxix. 88.	7 18	4 11
15	T	Fear God, and keep his commandments. <i>Eccl.</i> xii. 13.	7 19	4 10
16	W	If sinners entice thee, consent thou not. <i>Prov.</i> i. 10.	7 21	4 8
17	T	Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. <i>Acts</i> xiii. 31.	7 23	4 7
18	F	Take heed lest any man deceive you. <i>Mark</i> xiii. 5.	7 25	4 6
19	S	Many are called, but few are chosen. <i>Matt.</i> xxii. 14.	7 26	4 4
20	☿	26 SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Hallow my Sabbaths. <i>Ezek.</i> xx. 20.	7 28	4 3
21	M	All things are possible to him that believeth. <i>Mark</i> ix. 23.	7 30	4 2
22	T	Cleanse thou me from secret faults. <i>Ps.</i> xix. 12.	7 31	4 1
23	W	Remove far from me vanity and lies. <i>Prov.</i> xxx. 8.	7 33	4 0
24	T	The sting of death is sin. <i>1 Cor.</i> xv. 56.	7 34	3 59
25	F	All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. <i>Rom.</i> iii. 23.	7 36	3 58
26	S	Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. <i>Rom.</i> x. 13.	7 38	3 57
27	☿	1 SUNDAY IN ADVENT. Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. <i>Rev.</i> xxii. 20.	7 39	3 56
28	M	Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. <i>John</i> xvi. 23.	7 41	3 55
29	T	I am the true vine. <i>John</i> xv. 1.	7 42	3 54
30	W	Follow me. <i>Luke</i> v. 27.	7 44	3 54

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

READERS! by the help and blessing of the Lord, the little COTTAGE LAMP has been brought to the end of a second year. It is but a poor, little, simple thing, but it speaks for God, though its voice is low, and its manner homely; it leads to God, though its wick is small, and its light feeble; it tells the truth at any rate; it does not cry "peace, when there is no peace;" but it warns the sinner; points to the Saviour; and seeks with all its heart to win souls for Christ. Now, this is all we can say for the poor little LAMP; but it has been kindly received by our readers, and blessed and helped along by the Lord for all that. May that blessing and that help be graciously continued to it, and then it will go burning on still.

It is a very unusual thing for writers to say the same thing over again; but, dear readers, I am going to do it, and I beg you to forgive me, and not think I have nothing else to say. I have a great many things to say; but while the little LAMP is trimmed by my hand it will throw its light upon certain Bible questions at the close of the year, because they are of very great consequence, and they come with more power and unction than any I could ask you; and so, do not fancy I put them in again because I have nothing else to say. I have nothing *better* to say, I grant you; nothing half so good; and therefore, in the name of the Lord, I ask you, once more, dear readers and friends, What are you doing?

Husbands—Are you loving your wives, "even as Christ also loved the Church;" are you loving them "as your own bodies?" Are you "dwelling with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife as the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Wives—Are you "submitting yourselves unto your husbands, as unto the Lord?" Are you "reverencing your husbands?" Are you "guiding the house," and give "none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully?" Are you adorning yourselves, not by "plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel," but with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Fathers and Mothers—Are you bringing up your children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?" Are you "training them up in the way they should go?" Are you teaching God's

Words to your children, "speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up?" Are you "chastening" them "while there is hope," and letting "not thy soul spare for their crying?" Are you restraining your children lest they "make themselves vile," and their souls perish? The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Children—Are you "obeying your parents in the Lord?" Are you "honouring your father and mother?" Are you hearing "the instruction of thy father," and "forsaking not the law of thy mother?" Are you "wasting your father, and chasing away your mother," causing "shame," and bringing "reproach?" Are you "ceasing to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge?" Are you "harkening to the father that begat thee, and forsaking not thy mother when she is old?" Do you "fear every man his father and his mother?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Brethren—Are you "dwelling together in unity?" Are you "kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love?" Are you "forbearing and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any?" Are you remembering the "seventy-times-seven" trespasses that we are to *forgive* our brother? Are you "seeing your brother have need, and shutting up your bowels of compassion from him?" Are you "loving your brother, as God gave you commandment?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Masters—Are you commanding your households, like Abraham? Are you and your house serving the Lord, like Joshua? Are you giving "unto your servants that which is just and equal," "forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master also is in heaven?" Are you keeping and *causing to be kept* "holy the sabbath day?" Are you causing all that serve you at home, and all that work for you abroad—men, women, and boys—to rest on the sabbath day, and to "go up to the house of the Lord?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Servants—Are you "obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as to the Lord and not to men," "not answering again; not purloining, but showing all good fidelity; that you may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in

all things?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Aged Men—Are you "sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience?" Is your "hoary head a crown of glory?" is it "found in the way of righteousness?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Aged Women—Are you "in behaviour as becometh holiness, not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things?" Are you examples to the young? Is your hoary head found in the way of righteousness, too? The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Young Men—Are you "remembering your Creator in the days of your youth?" Are you "sober-minded?" Are you "fleeing from youthful lusts?" Are you following "righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Young Women—Are you "sober?" Are you "discreet, chaste, keepers at home?" Are you "adorning yourselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Professing Christians—Are you "serving the Lord Christ?" Are you "following God as dear children?" Are you "walking in love, 'as Christ also hath loved us?'" Are you walking in the Spirit?" Are you crucifying "the flesh, with the affections and lusts?" Are you "taking up the cross daily, and following Christ?" Are you "pressing towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus?" Are you counting the loss of all things "but dung, that you may win Christ and be found in Him, not having your own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith?" Are you "worshipping God in the Spirit, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh?" Are you trusting for salvation only to the name of Jesus Christ, to His blood, His righteousness, His free and full atonement? Are you walking "worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace?" Are you "thinking

upon God's commandments to do them?" not hearing them repeated as a customary thing, Sunday after Sunday, and thinking no more about them till Sunday comes round again, but *thinking* upon them *to do* them? Are you "searching the Scriptures" daily, with prayer for "the unction from the Holy One," that it may "abide in you," and teach you "of all things?" Are you glad to "go up to the house of the Lord," to feed on Him by faith with thanksgiving, to eat of that bread, and drink of that cup, which He has commanded us to do "in remembrance of Him," and as "showing forth the Lord's death till He come?" Are you trying to love "the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and all your mind, and all your strength?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Neighbours—Are you "loving one another as yourself?" Are you "bearing false witness against your neighbour?" Are you "privily slandering your neighbour?" Are you "working no evil to your neighbour?" Are you "pleasing your neighbour for good?" Are you "speaking every man truth with his neighbour?" "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you," are you "doing so unto them?" The night is far spent, the day is at hand. What are you doing?

Readers! what have *you* been doing all this last year?

We are now passing through that time of year called Advent. Advent means coming—so our time of Advent is to prepare our minds for the season of Christmas, which is the coming of Christ in the flesh. For a month before Christmas the Church of England points to the coming of Christ in the flesh more than at any other time, to put us in mind of the full and free salvation brought into the world by Jesus Christ, when He came to bring "life and immortality to light." It is a glorious season, and a holy season—and should be kept holy, too—not spent in idleness, and drinking, and worldly amusements. It is a very joyful season—but the birthday of the Saviour is not to be kept as the birthday of the Queen is kept. The one is a great cause of rejoicing to us as loving subjects of an earthly monarch; the other is EVERYTHING to us as LOST SINNERS. Christ came "to save us from *our sins*:" and, if we *really* felt what sin is, and what our sins are, we should not drink and smoke, and dance and joke at being delivered from them. No. Saved sinners know better than that; and those who *do* drink and smoke, and dance,

at such a time, never have felt what sin is, and what Christ has done for them; that you may depend upon.

Dear readers! this is a very solemn time of year. Do think of it. It may never be kept by us any more; the next time it comes round the grass may be growing upon our graves, and you may have found, too late, that **THE COTTAGE LAMP** spoke truth. Remember, "No man can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him;" no money, no masses, no priests, no absolutions, no prayers to saints and virgins, no sacraments, no laying on of hands; no church, no forms and ceremonies, no crosses and crucifixes, no bowings and curtsies, can save us, or do us *any good whatsoever*. They are all utterly vain and useless—lying wonders—gins and traps of Satan, set and baited to catch and kill your souls. **NOTHING** can save you—**NOBODY** can pardon you—but **JESUS CHRIST**, who died for our offences, and rose again for our justification.

Readers! we are drawing on to the close of the old year—we are drawing on to the close of this present world—we are drawing on to the close of our own lives! Is not this a time to think? What are you doing? Are you getting ready for the year—the world—the life, that is drawing on? You are sowing your seed; providing bread for the body against next year. What are you doing for your souls? Are you providing bread for *them*? Every word that you have heard—every word that you have read—every word you might have heard and read, and *would not*, will rise up against you at the last day. Even this poor little **LAMP** will rise up against you, because it tells you that there is "a fountain once opened for sin, and for uncleanness;" it tells you that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" it tells you that "whosoever believeth in Him shall have everlasting life;" and that "he that believeth not shall be damned." Oh, dear friends! these are the words of the Holy Bible; of the everlasting Gospel; by them must we stand or fall! What are you thinking about? What are you doing? Are your hearts as cold and dry as the leafless trees? Are they as dead as the crisp, brown leaves, that whisk about in the wintry blasts? Are they as silent as the poor birds that hop among the bare boughs? Is there nothing stirring within you? Is there no work of the Spirit going on in your souls? no springing of Gospel seed? What have you all been about this passing year? Did you begin it with prayer, as **THE COTTAGE LAMP** begged you? Did

you implore a blessing upon your own souls—upon your Church, your families, your Queen, your country, your brethren everywhere, and of every clime and colour? Did you “consider your ways,” and pray for help to lead a new life? Have you tried with all your heart to do so, by the help and grace of God? Which of us can answer “Yes” to these questions?

Readers! Time is slipping away! Eternity is ready to begin! There will be no drinking, and Christmas carols, and mummings and dancings, when the last hour of the *world* is come; we shall have something else to do then. Let us think of that *something* before it comes, *now*, when it is not yet too late.

Remember to *pray out the old year* and to *pray in the new*. Have you been blessed and prospered this year? May you be so, more and more, for the next. Remember! pestilence, war, scarcity, trouble, “distress of nations with perplexity,” are all knocking at the door. “Brethren, the time is short: it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep as though they wept not; and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not: and they that buy as though they bought not: and they that use this world as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away. But I would have you without carefulness.”

We know not what a day may bring forth; but we know that when a day closes in we cannot bring it back, nor undo what we did in it. This it is that makes an old year such a solemn thing. Let us pray that the Lord will “so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

Readers, dear readers! once more—perhaps for the last time—I ask you, in the name of the Lord, What are you doing?

“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with” us “all. Amen.”

THE POOR TAILOR.

I AM going to introduce my readers to a scene of quiet, unobtrusive want and distress, which very few know anything about, and which it would be very wholesome to many of us to see and understand. Poverty is sometimes clamorous, and most frequently easy to be perceived. We look for it among the humblest classes, and for them, what can be done is always set

apart ; but there is a class of sufferers which do not come within the limits of what is called charity—they are too respectable, too delicate to beg, and too superior in their little station to be supposed to be in want ; so that kind hearts pass them by, and never hear the sigh of the sorrowful through the closed door.

William Jenkins is a tall, thin, pale, quiet village tailor. His wife is as tall, and pale, and thin as himself ; and they inhabit so small a cottage that one expects to see their heads protruding from the roof. Until last summer, they possessed three pale, sickly little children, whose voices were never heard, and whose figures were never seen, unless the door was opened, when Jenkins and his board seemed to take up full half of the little kitchen, leaving just room enough for the wife and children to stand or sit still in the darkness and closeness behind his seat. They are such remarkably quiet keepers at home, that no one seems to know anything of them. Jenkins has a bit of allotment ground, which he manages tolerably well, and to go down with their father sometimes to this garden has been the only air and exercise the poor little children enjoy ; and their large melancholy eyes, and solemn faces, speak volumes about the want of childish play which other children have, but which they cannot get at ; having no space behind the house, and being strictly kept from running into evil in the street.

Jenkins used always to have plenty of work. Early and late he was sitting before his window, with work piled about him ; and then he made nothing of “stepping” over to the nearest town, about seven miles from the village, besides going about for orders, and looking after his garden-ground too. He is a man who knows “the Truth,” and can speak well about it ; his habits are very sober, peaceable, and unoffending, and as a tailor he was rather an eminent character. He was always obliging, punctual, and fair in his charges—made capital shooting-coats, and rough country clothes, and things seemed to promise well for him and his pale family.

Alas ! times are changed with poor Jenkins. *My* views of political affairs are, of course, of none account ; as a lady, I am supposed to know and understand nothing ; but times are, nevertheless, changed, and Jenkins knows it well. There is no work for petty tailors, shoemakers, and artists of that stamp. People have no money, and their wants are narrowing into as small a compass as possible. More than one of the little-tradesmen in

the village are almost in a starving state; and they look with trembling upon that which is coming upon them.

Last summer, Mrs. Jenkins became the mother of twins. It seemed a severe calamity; for her weakness was great, their privations extreme, and the addition of the two babies to their other difficulties was almost overwhelming. One of the elder girls had always been afflicted in health; it was a pining, whining little creature, and its poor mother's nights had always been disturbed and broken with its cries and fretting. Two babies, in addition to other drawbacks, was almost beyond the strength and spirits of the poor mother, and her recovery was long and tedious. Fatigue, broken rest, no nourishment, and five children! Oh, little think the rich what sufferings are endured within the cottages that stand dotted thickly around them. Oh! if they would but search and look, and give with their *own* hand, how much misery would be removed, how much sorrow and sighing and sadness would be done away, even here, now, amid this world of tears and trouble.

One of their neighbours, a kind-hearted, pitying widow, told the tale of poor Jenkins' distresses. She said she knew they were literally in want of food, and that among themselves their poor neighbours had collected a few halfpence to relieve them. Inquiry was instantly made, and it was found quite true. Jenkins was himself unwell, his wife almost exhausted, and one of the twins had never ceased pining and fretting since its birth; so that by night and by day it was a burden to them. Some trifling assistance was at once given; and a kind-hearted farmer did the best thing of all, for he sent them a large can of milk every morning, which nourished parents and children; but it was not possible to do all that was wanted, for they had scarcely anything of their own. Now and then Jenkins earned a shilling, but they could not bear to be in debt, and would rather go without food than take out goods they knew not how to pay for.

Mrs. Jenkins at last recovered from her long illness, and got about again; but the door is always closed, the family are always shut quietly in, and no one sees or hears them.

One day, a lady was passing through a narrow passage that leads by Jenkins' back door to that of another cottage, and stopped to speak to his wife, who was washing in the small space that they called their pantry. Her eyes were bright, but she was thinner and paler than ever, and a child or two were standing

quietly by her side, in the midst of the steam and wet linen. In a calm, low voice, Mrs. Jenkins spoke a few words that led to further inquiries, and revealed the extremity of her weakness and distress. She said she has many blessings: her husband never goes into a beer-house, or spends one halfpenny from his wife and children—he is kind and thoughtful. Her nights are such with her two babies that when morning comes she has no strength or spirits. “I seem, ma’am, to be unable to get up—it seems too mighty for me; but then I think to myself, this won’t do; I must get on somehow, and I do get dressed at last. My husband lights the fire, and puts the kettle on, and does what he can; but sometimes I feel as if I could not live through it.” There was a vein of religious trust and faith in this poor sufferer’s mind. She knew and spoke of God’s promises, and she said they upheld her; but for them she should be utterly cast down; and she said she knew that nothing could overwhelm one who acted fully on them. She leaned against the wall, weeping, as she spoke, and said it did her good, and seemed to relieve her, when she could open her heart to one who felt for her; she thought much of her depression arose from weakness of body, for her heart seemed strong, though her limbs trembled, and tears flowed from her eyes.

Poverty like this, perhaps not so meekly borne, but poverty like this meets us at every turn. Where the purse is full, there is plenty for the hand to do; even a word of sympathy and consolation is a balm to the bruised reed, and that can always be given. Where there is only moderate means, much *might* be spared, cut down, or made the most of, to help the suffering, if they were only sought and cared for. A Christmas, a New Year’s dinner, would not do us the less good if it was shared and doled out to the poor, instead of being spread for the affluent. “They cannot recompense thee,” saith our Lord, “for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.” Will not *this* satisfy us? Can we not “call the poor, the lame, the maimed, the blind,” for *Jesus Christ’s sake*?

The old year is ready to depart, and I would say one word to my readers, for it is a “time to speak.” Are we all “considering our latter end?” “An end,” “*the end*” is coming upon us all. Who can say he will live to see the close of another year? Are we *watching*? for “the Lord is at hand.” Let us keep a solemn fast; not “to bow down the head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under” us; “wilt thou call this a fast and

an acceptable day to the Lord?" No. Let us listen to God's directions how we shall humble ourselves before Him. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am." My dear cottage readers, and *all* my readers, my pen will never stop if I transcribe these blessings. Let me refer you to the "table of stone," written with the finger of God. Turn, amidst your worldly hurry, to the 50th chapter of Isaiah, read it, *study it well*. Let it be your old year's chapter and your new year's chapter. "Draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul;" be ye followers of Christ, "the Lord is at hand." Every one of us has, I will engage to say, a "poor brother," a needy, or a suffering neighbour; however small our means may be, we may put a "cup of cold water" to the lips of one poorer and sicklier still. Let us remember the poor tailor, his weakly wife, and the cradle with a little head lying at each end. This will quicken our search after other objects of quiet, patient suffering; and we shall relish our own loaf a hundred times more when we have popped one in at a poor man's door. "Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am." Can we wish each other a richer heritage for the coming year?

HINTS TO THE POOR MAN'S WIFE.

At Christmas it is the custom, in many places, and with many kind persons, to give away meat to the poor. Some families receive two or three pounds, others one, according to the number of mouths; now, I have seen such bits of meat put into salt, and in some cases they are feasted upon, and got rid of at once, both which ways of management are wrong, unless, in the first case, there should be provisions in the house to last some

time, which does not often happen among the labouring classes. So I am going to give my readers some receipts for good nourishing broth, which will last some families pretty nearly all Christmas week, and do them much more good than devouring it all at once, or salting it, which destroys the juices, and cannot be done half so much with as when it is fresh. These receipts are taken from a little work, called the "Cottager's Monthly Visitor." The quantities in them are too

large for some families, but a good managing wife will see that at once, and make her soup with half, or a quarter of the things named, so that she may either cut a large piece of meat into two or three dressings, or make a smaller bit into a little soup that will be quite as good as the larger quantity.

"First Receipt.—Two pounds of beef, four onions, ten turnips, half-a-pound of rice, a large handful of parsley, thyme, and savory, some pepper and salt, eight quarts of water. Cut the beef in slices, and after it has boiled some time cut it smaller. The whole should boil gently about two hours, on a slow fire. If fuel be scarce, it may be stewed all night in an oven, and warmed up next day. You may add oatmeal and potatoes.

"Second Receipt.—Half-a-pound of beef, mutton, or pork, cut into small pieces, half-a-pint of peas, four sliced turnips, six potatoes cut very small, two onions, and seven quarts of water. Let the whole boil gently over a very slow fire two-hours-and-a-half. Thicken it with a quarter-of-a-pound of oatmeal. After the oatmeal is put in, boil it a quarter-of-an-hour, stirring it all the time. Then season it with salt or pepper.

"Third Receipt.—Take two pounds of salt beef, or pork, cut it into very small bits, and put it into a pot with six quarts of water, letting it boil on a slow fire for three-quarters-of-an-hour; then put a few carrots, parsnips, or turnips, all cut small, or a few potatoes sliced, and a cabbage. Thicken the whole with a pint of oatmeal. All these to be well seasoned with salt and pepper."

Now I have given this last receipt, because sometimes salt meat may be given to the poor, and a soup will go further than a bit of

plain meat; but there is no *goodness* in salted meat, and therefore it is better to use it fresh, if it can be done profitably, where meat is not very plentiful. One pint of soup, with a bit of meat in it, or a dumpling, is enough for a grown up person. A dumpling for each person, made only of flour and water, helps the soup wonderfully, saves meat, and bread too.

Perhaps some of my readers may like to give their children a pudding this Christmas, so I will give them a receipt for one out of of the same excellent little book: Two quarts of skim milk, half-a-pound of rice, two ounces of treacle. These, either baked or boiled, will make four pounds of pudding."

I must add one word to my readers before I close. Remember what Christmas is. Be temperate in all things. You may have neighbours poorer than yourselves, *do not forget them*. Do not think only of eating and drinking, but think of Him who was given "gall for His meat, and in His thirst, vinegar to drink." This thought will make you thankful for your *little*, and very moderate with your *much*. Remember what *He* came to do; this will surely make you "*watch and be sober*." "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

R.

THE DAILY WARFARE.

PERHAPS it is a greater energy of Divine power which keeps the Christian from day to day, from year to year—praying, hoping, running, believing—against all hindrances—which maintains him as a living martyr,—than that which bears him up for an hour in sacrificing himself at the stake.—*Cecil*.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	DECEMBER. THE MOON'S CHANGES. FIRST QUARTER— 7th Day, at 10 m. past noon. FULL MOON— 15th Day, at 34 m. past 1 afternoon. LAST QUARTER— 23rd Day, at 23 m. past 1 afternoon. New Moon— 30th day, at 6 m. past 6 morning.	SUN	
			Rises. h. m.	Sets. h. m.
1	T	I the Lord their God am with them. <i>Ezek. xxxiv. 30.</i>	7 45	3 53
2	F	The Lord hath brought forth our righteousness. <i>Jer. li. 10.</i>	7 47	3 52
3	S	Out of Zion shall go forth the law. <i>Is. ii. 3.</i>	7 48	3 52
4	☿	2 SUNDAY IN ADVENT. In my flesh shall I see God. <i>Job xix. 26.</i>	7 49	3 51
5	M	Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever. <i>Ps. xlv. 6.</i>	7 51	3 51
6	T	Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness. <i>Is. xxxii. 1.</i>	7 52	3 50
7	W	Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion. <i>Zech. ix. 9.</i>	7 53	3 50
8	T	And this Man shall be the peace. <i>Micah v. 5.</i>	7 54	3 50
9	F	I am the Lord your God, and none else. <i>Joel ii. 27.</i>	7 55	3 49
10	S	My God, we know thee. <i>Hosea viii. 2.</i>	7 57	3 49
11	☿	3 SUNDAY IN ADVENT. Seek the Lord, and ye shall live. <i>Amos v. 4.</i>	7 58	3 49
12	M	Upon Mount Zion shall be deliverance. <i>Obad. xvii.</i>	7 59	3 49
13	T	Salvation is of the Lord. <i>Jonah ii. 9.</i>	8 0	3 49
14	W	The desire of all nations shall come. <i>Hag. ii. 7.</i>	8 0	3 49
15	T	And of His kingdom there shall be no end. <i>Luke i. 33.</i>	8 1	3 49
16	F	Who may abide the day of His coming? <i>Mal. iii. 2.</i>	8 2	3 49
17	S	He shall save His people from their sins. <i>Matt. i. 21.</i>	8 3	3 49
18	☿	4 SUNDAY IN ADVENT. He that believeth on Him is not condemned. <i>John iii. 18.</i>	8 4	3 49
19	M	Repent ye, and believe the Gospel. <i>Mark i. 15.</i>	8 4	3 50
20	T	Lo! I come. <i>Heb. x. 7.</i>	8 5	3 51
21	W	His name shall be called Wonderful. <i>Is. ix. 6.</i>	8 6	3 51
22	T	The kingdom of God is at hand. <i>Mark i. 15.</i>	8 6	3 51
23	F	Where is He that is called King of the Jews, <i>Matt. ii. 2.</i>	8 7	3 52
24	S	There shall come a star out of Jacob. <i>Num. xxiv. 17.</i>	8 7	3 53
25	☿	CHRISTMAS DAY. And the Word was made flesh. <i>John i. 14.</i>	8 7	3 53
26	M	Arise, shine, for thy light is come. <i>Is. lx. 1.</i>	8 8	3 54
27	T	I am Alpha and Omega. <i>Rev. i. 8.</i>	8 8	3 55
28	W	We know that the Son of God is come. <i>1 John v. 20.</i>	8 8	3 56
29	T	How great is His beauty. <i>Zech. ix. 17.</i>	8 8	3 56
30	F	Teach us to number our days. <i>Ps. xc. 12.</i>	8 8	3 57
31	S	Surely I come quickly: Amen. <i>Rev. xxii. 20.</i>	8 8	3 58



